The Musical Quarterly

O. G. SONNECK, *Editor*

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O. G. SONNECK, *Editor*

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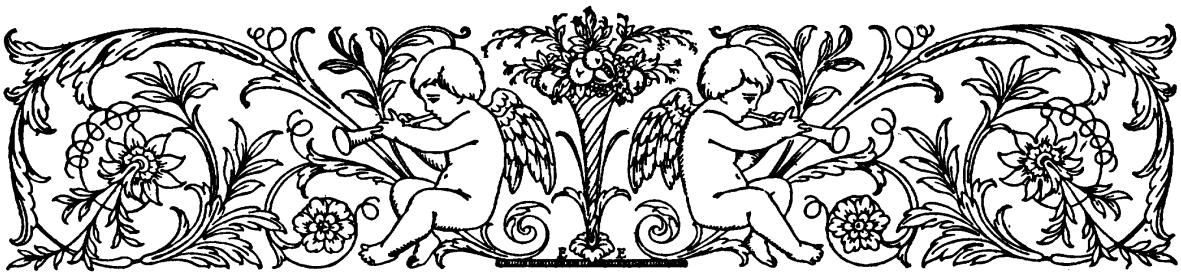


THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

VOL. I JANUARY, 1915 NO. I

ON BEHALF OF MUSICOLOGY

By WALDO S. PRATT

PERHAPS the first question is, Do we really need the *word* "musicology?" It is a word not instantly grateful to the ear or to the mind. The eye may confuse it with the botanist's "muscology," and the humorous fancy may even connect it with the ubiquitous *musca* of entomology. Even when we see what it is and that it is etymologically correct, we have to confess that it seems almost as hybrid as "sexology." At all events, it is more ingenious than euphonious, more curious than alluring.

One trouble is that it is extremely recent. It is so new and rare that it is not yet listed in any general English dictionary or in any catalogue of English musical terms. I doubt whether it even occurs in Grove's big "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." Yet it has been creeping in as a twentieth-century innovation. We may guess that it was suggested by the French *musicologie*, or perhaps coined to match the German *Musikwissenschaft*. Like them, it plainly means "the science of music"—a phrase, however, which has often been loosely used, in America at least, for the theory of composition, and which, therefore, does not at all express the proper sense of "musicology," if the latter corresponds to its French and German analogues. Assuming that there is a more general "science of music," for which a single technical term is required, "musicology" offers points of practical convenience. It resembles many other words ending in "-ology" or "-logy." It yields several handy derivatives, such as "musicologist" (or "musicologue"), "musicological," and the like. And, being new, it is free from entangling associations.

We may conclude, then, that the word will take its place in usage if its proper meaning justifies it. We need it if it represents

a significant and valuable conception. The purpose of the present essay is to take up some questions about the nature and bearings of the conception that seems to stand behind the word.

Before entering on the discussion we should note that at intervals during the last half-century there have been efforts to make encyclopaedic classifications of musical knowledge, mostly under the head of *Musikwissenschaft.* Under this word in Riemann's "Musik-Lexikon" (since 1905 at least) will be found references to essays as far back as 1863, and Riemann himself has issued a significant small manual entitled "Grundriss der Musikwissenschaft" (1908). There is a considerable amount of fragmentary material scattered about in numerous periodicals and books. Every writer who attempts to frame general surveys of musical facts, efforts or ideals is forced to give some space to fundamental classifications of this sort.

Special interest attaches to the schemes of Adler and Riemann. Adler makes an excellent distinction between the "historical" and the "systematic" methods of treatment. Under historical lines of study he enumerates those concerning (*a*) Notation and all methods of record, (*b*) Art-forms and the resulting classes of musical work, (*c*) Composition or the inner texture of works, and (*d*) Instruments. Under this head he names as collateral sciences Palaeography, Chronology, Diplomatics, Literary and Liturgical History, Biography—all these being special methods of research which may be applied to many other subjects besides music. Under systematic lines of study he ranks those concerning (*a*) Speculative Theory (i. e., pertaining to harmony, rhythm, meter), (*b*) Aesthetics, (*c*) Pedagogics, (*d*) Musicology (i. e., ethnological or comparative investigation). Collateral sciences here are Acoustics, Physiology, Psychology, Logic, Grammar, Pedagogy, Aesthetics. This classification is largely dictated by a knowledge of the kinds of publication that German scholarship has evolved. It bears marks of being made by a mind trained bibliographically and familiar with the traditional German encyclopaedic categories. It is more practically serviceable than theoretically satisfying. Its "systematic" division is less useful than the "historical." The application of "musicology" to comparative, ethnological research is surprising, and must be set aside as arbitrary.

Riemann's latest classification is much simpler, having but five main divisions: (*a*) Acoustics, (*b*) Tone-Physiology and Tone-Psychology, (*c*) Musical Aesthetics, (*d*) The Theory of Composition, (*e*) Music-History. This leaves out too much, and confuses

logical categories. Surely Music-History should not be ranked as in any way co-ordinate with disciplines like Acoustics or Physiology, for reasons that will appear more fully as we proceed.

Consideration of such schemes of classification as these brings sharply into view one of the initial difficulties of the general subject before us. What is to be included under the term "music"? Every practical worker is apt to draw some arbitrary circle for himself and to assume that only what lies within it is worthy of regard. Even thoughtful scholars are in danger of being unduly influenced by what we may call the incidents of publication, allowing the range of their thought to be fixed by the literary data before them. All may slip into some rut of popular or traditional thinking without realizing it. No great harm is done by such narrowness in many instances. But it is certainly obstructive to success in those inclusive, encyclopaedic surveys which evidently are suggested by "musicology." Here genuine scholarship must guard itself against every species of provincialism, from the pettiness of the ignorant to the snobbery of professed culture. Its outlook must be determined, as far as may be, not by the impulses of personal preference or prejudice, not by the demands of practical instruction, not even by the problems of library economy and system, but by the essential possibilities of the subject. "Musicology," if it is to rank with other comprehensive sciences, must include every conceivable scientific discussion of musical topics.

The truth is that in these latter days the territory of thought and action comprised under the word "music" has become almost disconcertingly large. The art proves to belong to all the centuries and to blossom in the soil of every civilization. Like what is called "literature," it takes on forms and idioms suited to every class, not excepting the most immature and even the very illiterate. Being an art that requires personal interpreters beyond all other arts, it calls into action a gigantic army of professional exponents, whose equipment and discipline constitute a striking branch of what we usually call "education." Its larger undertakings involve extraordinary outlays in the way of apparatus and personel, and these, together with the still more extraordinary endeavors of publication to provide its technical literature, give it a huge share in the domain of "business." Inasmuch as a major part of its expression is sought with the help of implements that we call "instruments," it summons to its aid a host of mechanical principles and devices—far more in number and importance than is commonly known, even by those otherwise well-informed. Dealing with lines of expression and aesthetic effect that are more

varied, intense and penetrating than those of any other fine art, and yet standing apart from all other fine arts in some of its most characteristic operations, it presents a fascinating array of psychical problems, pertaining not only to individual experience, but to collective social experience. These problems multiply before the inquirer the more because the art of music is not content to pursue its own peculiar paths alone, but shows a notable aptitude for composite undertakings in conjunction with various lines of effort that are essentially non-musical. And music still evinces the capacity for development, so that it is certain that it is not yet by any means a completed art.

In the light of considerations like these it is clear that "music" as a department of human interest and action is no small subject. If there is or should be a special science devoted to it, that science must be conceived with reference to what "music" already is and what it may become. "The world of music"—to use a convenient phrase—is extremely complex. It includes both subjective experiences and objective things, facts, principles, laws, processes, products, utensils, creators, organizations, institutions, powers, ideals. Any or all of these may be taken as topics of scientific scrutiny, and such scrutiny ought to yield something toward the building up of a comprehensive "science of music." Here, then, we may expect to find the field of "musicology." Whether that field is worth having a specific name depends mainly upon two things—whether it is skilfully cultivated, and whether its essential connections with cognate fields are judiciously made manifest.

The starting-point in a constructive discussion of "musicology," as most writers realize, is the distinction between the art of anything, and the science of it. The two are not the same, even when they deal with the same materials. In the field of music, the artistic is the side of practical action, largely controlled by intuition, feeling, imagination; while the scientific is the side of logical or rational examination, descriptive, analytic, definitive, philosophical. The goal of the former is the actual creation of music or the production of musical effects. The goal of the latter is the investigation of this artistic process in all its factors, elements, aspects and meanings. Hence in music, as always in such cases, the science of the art is subsequent to the development of the art itself, and is usually advanced chiefly by others than those to whom the art itself owes most. This fact often occasions a certain apparent chasm between the two classes of workers, due to the radical difference between the processes used by them respectively, even when it is evident that they are really working in the same

general field. On the whole, I think that the want of sympathy is usually greater on the side of the artistic worker. Yet we may be sure that every powerful artist works with a large amount of implicit science at his command, and that all well-reasoned science tends to supply a broader and sounder basis for artistic procedure. Surely, if artists are moved to exercise their powers with a full sense of the social and moral relations of their art, they cannot avoid just those habits of historical, critical and philosophical reflection upon it which are distinctly scientific in nature.

The word "science" embraces both the act of finding what there is to know, with whatever further processes of thought may be needed to co-ordinate and interpret what is discovered, and also the total result—the body of knowledge secured. It is applied both to a process and to its result. If our thought rests mainly upon the process, we say that science involves discovery, investigation, sifting, verification, codification, classification, definition, explanation, elucidation and the like. If we think mainly of the result—as we do when we speak comprehensively of some particular science—we must divide the total body of ascertained truth in accordance with the nature of the subject treated. Hence an encyclopaedic view of any special science necessitates an attempt to state what are the essential components of the field of fact, thought and effort which that science covers. "Musicology" can be properly defined only by describing in outline what is the field of "music" which is its subject.

My aim in the present essay is not to advocate a particular scheme of scientific thought about music, but only to discuss the usefulness of the kind of thinking that leads to the formation of such schemes. For purposes of illustration, however, it may be well to add to the outlines already mentioned still another that is made in a somewhat different way. In the main this is like that which I suggested in 1888 at a meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association in Chicago.

Inasmuch as all musical art is conditioned upon the phenomena of sound, especially those relating to tones and their various dynamic and metric arrangements, the first division in our scheme may well be *Musical Physics* (or *Acoustics*, if this term can be made sufficiently broad), including everything about the nature, transmission and interrelations of tones, so far as these data are employed for musical purposes. Due place must be made here for many facts under the heads of Metrics and Rhythmics, and perhaps for some aspects of Mechanics that have a bearing upon practical music-production.

Upon these physical phenomena as a basis—or using them as building-materials—the human mind proceeds in experiencing those notions, judgments, impulses, and purposes which are distinctively musical. Hence our second division is *Musical Psychics*, including all that is known or can be discovered about the origin, character and operation of these psychological phenomena. Until rather recently this has been a hazy and chaotic branch of musical science, occasionally running off into strange disquisitions that seem almost as mediaeval as astrology or alchemy. But trained observers are now rapidly rescuing the subject from its insignificance.

When musical ideas are expressed through the medium of tone, the objective procedure presents many special constructive or architectonic features, which are more or less analogous to the structural characteristics of speech. Music, we say, has its morphology, syntax and rhetoric, like a language, and its art-forms resemble those of literature. Hence our third division is *Musical Poetics* (using this term in its ancient Greek sense), including whatever pertains to the essential method or form of expression, regarded as a process of invention or manufacture. This, of course, must be one of the largest and most conspicuous of all our divisions, since it takes in most of what is usually called "the theory of composition," with many of the results of biographical research and the analytical criticism of works and styles. Because it is so extensive, it is open to much subdivision.

Since all artistic expression has for one of its prime purposes the appeal to a percipient (in music, to a hearer), involving both effects upon the senses and reactions through the senses upon the mind, our fourth division is *Musical Aesthetics*, including both aural physiology, so far as concerned in the perception of musical effects, and aesthetics proper. It needs to be said that the word "aesthetics" has sometimes been used very loosely in musical discussion, so as to include some topics that are better classified elsewhere.

Musical expression never has precision or permanence unless in some way it is recorded for preservation and dissemination. Hence our fifth division is *Musical Graphics* (or *Semeiotics*, if a somewhat more general term is desired), including everything pertaining to notation, whether manual or mechanical. This division is important because the recording of music differs much from all other forms of graphic symbolism. Here belong large bodies of facts pertaining to music-publishing.

Musical expression, furthermore, never occurs without employing certain implements or tools by which it is said to be

"performed." Hence our sixth division is *Musical Technics*, including two great subdivisions, (*a*) Instruments, which comprise both the human voice and an indefinite number of mechanical forms, and (*b*) Technique, the usual name for the methods in which instruments, whether vocal or mechanical, are artistically used. Here belong such topics as vocal physiology, instrument-making, and various kinds of technical gymnastics.

It remains to observe that music is very extensively used in combinations and applications that involve elements that are wholly non-musical. It is "applied" to various purposes that are not distinctively its own. It thus acquires a composite character that is often hard to analyze, and may even take on tendencies which are not connected with its own nature. Hence our seventh and last division in the present classification is *Musical Practics*, including, for example, its unions with the literary arts, especially poetry and the drama, with dancing and all bodily evolutions, with the dignified branch of religion known as liturgics, with hygiene and therapeutics, with the extensive institution of general education, with social undertakings on behalf of amusement, culture and the like, etc. No one knows how many subdivisions ought to be enumerated here, since it is one of the glories of musical art that its practical applications seem infinite.

Broad as is the scope of these seven divisions of musical science, they do not suffice for a comprehensive definition. These differ from each other in the objects taken for consideration, in their data or topics. We cannot forget that another series is secured if we differentiate by the method pursued and the end in view. The same data may be handled in more than one way. And if musical art in general is like other large subjects of scientific treatment, it is likely that the science of it must be defined methodologically as well as topically. Our first series of divisions or branches was determined by looking at what is most characteristic of music. The second series is determined by the essential nature of all scientific investigation, whether applied to music or something else. To make this distinction clear requires a brief statement of scientific procedure in general.

Sciences properly begin with facts, which are said to be "ascertained" when they are critically observed, verified and exactly recorded. As the body of ascertained facts upon any topic accumulates, they become objects of logical examination so as to reduce them to groups or classes about which collective statements can be made, and, if possible, to arrive by induction at the general truths which they embody or illustrate. Upon the

basis of such synoptic treatment the attempt is usually made to frame special presentations of selected data so as to serve this or that particular purpose of information, instigation or education. Scientific results of all kinds are made known for preservation and reference by publication. As publication proceeds and becomes elaborate there is a gradual advance from the stage of detached and tentative personal opinions toward that of relatively settled and unified collective opinion. It is to this developed stage of thought regarding any field that the name of "the science" of that field is ordinarily applied. Since this mature science—like a mature art—represents a social habit of thought, it has many of the qualities of what we call an "institution." Although built up by the efforts of individuals, it finally acquires a standing that seems independent of its creators. It then seems to maintain itself and to grow with a vitality of its own.

Now, as the growth of any science advances, a separation tends to take place between different ways of treating the materials at hand. In most fields of study the two general scientific processes or methods of treatment which are of the highest importance are (as Adler recognizes in his scheme above noted) the historical and the systematic. The aim of the historical method is to arrange facts in their various chronological relations, with special reference to the course of progressive development and to the personal and other factors concerned in that development. With many subjects, where evolution has been long continued, this method takes precedence of all others. But in other subjects, where the emphasis falls on the present status or condition of things, prominence belongs to the systematic or analytic method, the aim of which is nicety, penetration and completeness of logical definition and classification. History as a science views facts horizontally, in their sequence in time, while System views them vertically, in their static logical relations. The facts regarded may be substantially the same in the two cases, but the methods employed and the aims in view are different, so that the results are diverse.

Still other methods are conceivable. Thus in many fields the critical or judicial method is called for. The aim of this is to arrange facts with reference to certain standards of relative excellence or success. Here science merges with what is often called philosophy, since the facts are not only compared with each other, but also measured somewhat by ideals. Again, in many fields importance attaches to some constructive or pedagogical method, the aim of which is progress or culture, either by raising the

standards of thought in general or by bringing such standards to realization in an increasing number of minds. Here, also, science becomes decidedly idealistic.

In a field like that of music all these four methods are possible and desirable. Each may be pursued more or less alone, or they may be combined in various proportions. The field is so large that we may speak of its scientific treatment as dividing into *Musical History*, *Musical Encyclopaedia* (to use the technical term for scientific taxonomy), *Musical Criticism*, and *Musical Pedagogy*. This series of four needs to be distinguished from the previous series of seven, simply because arrived at by a different path. Only as both series are in mind do we approach a fair sense of Musical Science in its totality. Or, to put it in another way, Musical Science must allow for the pursuit of any one of its seven topical branches by any one of the four leading methods of consideration. If this distinction is sound, it will be seen why objection arises to both Adler's and Riemann's schemes as given above. In both of them there seems to be a confusion of categories.

Before leaving this question of the scope and plan of Musical Science it is only fair to say that there is one branch of "music" as a large social fact which is hard to classify in any scheme, and yet for which some suitable place must be found. This is the branch which includes those associations, organizations or collective business enterprises whose object is to produce or disseminate musical knowledge or implements on a large scale. The difficulty about these is to determine what is their essential nature. At one moment they appear to be so much a part of the total enterprise of "music" in the world that they should be ranked as an eighth member of our first series—perhaps with some technical name like Musical Synergistics! At another moment they seem to be merely economic or co-operative expansions of practical efforts with a pedagogical or constructive intention. The enterprises of the modern business world known as choral societies, permanent orchestras, opera-companies, associations of teachers, publishing-houses, periodicals, and the like, are surely too important not to receive full consideration and classification.

Whatever may be thought about this debatable point, or even about other points in the foregoing scheme—which it will, be remembered, is here introduced only by way of illustration—it is obvious that any "science of music" must in some way include such branches of knowledge as have been indicated. Such a field of research and doctrine must be what a term like "musicology" is designed to cover. If "musicology" were a recognized and

settled science, there would be no need of the details which are here suggested. At present, however, we are confronted by the peculiar situation that the majority of those who, as musicians, are most concerned with the facts, theories and implications of "musicology" hardly realize that it exists. And the general world of scientific specialism is still less aware of this newcomer into the domain of "the ologies." Of course, there is no real difficulty in showing that "musicology" is already far advanced in range, dignity and power. It is enough to point to the thirty volumes containing the papers of the International Musical Society since 1899, or the extraordinary "Denkmäler" published in more than one country, or the monumental histories and biographies of high rank. Musical scholarship is fully equal in ability to scholarship in any other field whatsoever. But its total impression upon the general world of thought is slight, partly because its well-equipped workers are relatively few, partly because scientists in other fields are too busy with their own affairs to keep up with what has been going on here for several decades, partly because many who are proud to be called musicians have the habit of waxing scornful over people who merely study and write "about music."

The chasm between the artistic and the scientific worker is most noticeable in the field of the fine arts. It has been somewhat obliterated in arts not usually called "fine." The arts of medicine and surgery, of war by land or sea, of government and social progress—all these and many more are not divorced from their companion sciences. But the only fine art whose artists and scientists have much visible sympathy is the art of literature. Probably this situation is due to the comparative intangibility of the factors with which creative art does its best work. Something is also due to the intense subjectivity of the artistic life. These explanations, however, do not entirely explain, much less justify, the fact. When once an artist in any field has exercised his mind scientifically, or a scientist has sought for artistic accomplishment, he is bound to see that the two sorts of mental operation are not only equally normal and delightful, but that both are essential to well-rounded mentality. They are complementary, not antagonistic.

I set this down in general terms, applying it to all arts rather than simply to music, because when it is affirmed of music it is often called special pleading. The point is strong as regards music, not because an indefinite number of apt illustrations can be cited in the musical realm, but because it is always and everywhere strong. Knowing and doing, reasoning and accomplishing, science

and art—these belong together in healthy, normal life. They cannot be dissociated. One can, however, focus his attention so much upon one side as to push it into undue prominence and thus partially to cripple power. Artistic workers, especially musicians, have good cause for complaint that the so-called scientific world does not show proper respect or sympathy for what they are doing. But they need to remember that they, on their part, have not always kept themselves sensitive on the scientific side, and that by their disdain they have often alienated those who would apply scientific methods to artistic subjects. An essay like this cannot do much to alter the faulty mental habits of individuals. But it is possible to instance some specific ways in which scientific research interlocks with artistic effort. Without attempting anything comprehensive, let us now indicate certain points of utility of musicological studies for music and musicians.

Of the branches of "musicology" that we have named the one whose utility would be conceded most freely is Musical History, including not only details about composers and famous works, but accounts of the development of forms and styles of composition, of instruments, of methods of performance, of notation, and of the social applications of music. The popular use of historical text-books and their introduction into schools have made many minds familiar with this type of scientific inquiry, at least in its summary form. The benefit of all kinds of history, as reported in such reference-books, lies both in the substantial information supplied and in the stimulus of "the historical imagination," without which no amount of information is worth much. History ought to place things before the student as the results of some sort of vital growth, as expressions of living forces, both those of individual personality and those of periods and races, as evidences of the expanding spirit of humanity. Much of this benefit is possible for those who merely aim to absorb books in which history is furnished in partially predigested shape. But the best good comes from doing some investigating for one's self. It is true that only those with exceptional training, peculiar access to materials, and leisure for long and hard labor can hope to discover and publish that which is new to the scientific world. But a humbler type of "original research" is possible for all, that which discovers to the student what he knew only from "authorities." Every such effort toughens the muscles of the reasoning faculties, and helps to set us free from the bondage to mere tradition and the idolatry of mere authority which debilitate the mind like insidious poisons.

In the field of Criticism musicians are sometimes more voluble than impressive. The artistic temperament is apt to be intense in its likes and dislikes, and is often lavish in the utterance of its prejudices. No sensible person would doubt the potential value of the critical judgments of artistic workers, but we may demand that they be based upon scientific foundations, that is, be accurate and clear in their references, embody real knowledge both of historical relations and of essential details of analysis, and show the working of sane and consistent principles of estimation. Sound criticism is not the froth of sentiment or the vapor of whimsicality, and emptiness of inner content cannot be hidden under a voluminous costume of rhetoric. Critical valuations are properly the fruit of exact analysis and comparison, often of the driest and dreariest sort, and they involve not only extensive knowledge, but much intellectual acumen. In spite of the difficulty of making them well, it is to be wished that more musicians would undertake them in earnest. The exercise would be of immediate benefit to them in judging their own productive work, and in opening the door for others into the domain of genuine music-appreciaton. And such exercises tend to disclose the importance and the fascinating possibilities of one great branch of musical science. Criticism is properly the division of "musicology" which binds together history and theory on the one side with constructive and pedagogical effort on the other. But it can fulfill its mission only when in thoughtful thoroughness it stands abreast of its colleagues.

We may well add here a few words about the use in musical circles of scientific Pedagogy. The extent of the "music-teaching" industry is almost appalling. In every city, town and hamlet "teachers of music" multiply almost as fast as physicians and lawyers. If this were a sure token of abounding musical vitality in modern life, we could only give thanks. But there are signs that in too many cases neither teachers nor taught have high or large notions of what they are about. Much of the process, though naturally claiming to be educational, is not far from being the exercise of a clever trade or even the perpetration of a pathetic swindle. Now, I am not one who believes much in what is often called "pedagogy" in these days, if that means an abstract, generalized science of teaching. Accordingly, I am not solicitous that every music-teacher shall be "pedagogically trained" before he may teach, though science may help art here as everywhere else. But I would most earnestly plead for the importance for every teacher of being so grounded in *what* he is to teach that

pedagogical skill and wisdom shall spring up almost unconsciously. For what is pedagogical method as applied to any subject? Is it not essentially an idealistic grasp of the subject itself? Does it not stand where we have placed it in our analysis a few paragraphs back, as the fourth member in the series of which history, system and criticism are the first three? History mostly looks backward over the past. System and criticism regard both past and present. Pedagogy faces toward the future, not so much the long vista of time, but the immediate future of the pupil. The pedagogical treatment of music, to be truly effective, involves a fairly profound sense of what music may be and ought to be for the pupil, which means, of course, that back of the act of teaching shall be a large experience on the teacher's part of what music is. Hence we may speak of pedagogical method as "ideal and constructive." Surely, while this is the highest and most difficult of the great branches of scientific effort, it is also the most useful and the most rewarding.

In these last remarks about history, criticism and pedagogy I would not imply that musicians are wholly devoid of scientificness. My impression is rather that the best of them are far more scientific than they know. My one contention is that they might greatly augment both their delight in their art and their power in its exercise if they would frankly discover that they are "musicologists" and that their artistic work is helping to the better establishment of "musicology." Let us now enlarge the argument by referring briefly to one or two of the aspects of music which have marked scientific possibilities.

It is hardly necessary to argue for the utility of that branch of science which deals with the construction of music—what we have called Musical Poetics. The pupils of our numerous music-schools are mostly bent upon "making music," either primarily by composition or secondarily by performance. To be a music-maker is to most minds what it means to be a musician. It is being seen more and more clearly that the adequate exercise of this artistic function necessitates discipline and training, a large part of which must be more scientific than artistic. The would-be composer must in some way master the theory or science of harmony, of form, of instrumentation, of style, not that he may presently apply parrotwise a system of manufacturing rules, but that he take advantage of all that has been discovered as to the principles of fashioning or building musical structures. He must know a large number of masterpieces, representing more than one type or tendency, expressing manifold varieties of mood and personality, and using this or that means of embodiment. These forms of knowledge

or science, to be productive, must be exact and thorough, analytic and systematic. Only on the basis of such discipline can artistic creation in these days set forth with assurance or dignity. Every great composer of the last half-century has been a musical scientist of distinction. Similar remarks may be made about performers, if they are to be genuine interpreters. Interpretation implies the power to think music as the composer thought it, to tread in his footprints the path of creative inspiration. Performers, too, rise into real eminence only through such discipline as makes them potential composers, in close sympathy and fellowship with those whose works they reproduce. They, too, need to know the whole scientific framework of the art, not simply in the form of vague intuitions and "feelings," but by the stern discipline of study. To-day, more than ever before, all superior singers, players and conductors are musical scientists. One of the main reasons why so many "practical musicians" amount to so little as composers and performers is because this need of grounding in the science of the art is not properly realized.

What has just been said has a certain hackneyed quality. It is substantially what is always being said, without being much heeded. But another line of thought follows naturally which is not so common. Musical Poetics offers something more than good discipline for composers and performers. There is room in it for considerable original research, even of a sort that launches out into the unknown. The last word has not been spoken in the acute, logical analysis of the ways in which tone-materials have actually been employed and fitted together by composers, especially those of recent date. And, surely, all the possibilities of the subject have not been explored. When one considers how in the last decades the traditional limits and habits of composition have been stretched or transformed by men like Schumann, Wagner and Brahms, by Strauss and Reger, by Debussy and other impressionists, by Tschaikowsky, Grieg and Dvořák, by Elgar and MacDowell —not to speak of hosts of others—he does not need to be told that for two generations or more composers have been making incessant journeys of exploration into unknown or uncharted regions. I am not here speaking of the general freshness of the artistic inspiration of these writers, or of the quality of their "message," but only of the novelty of the structural procedures which they employ. In their search for expression or effect they have proved themselves inventors in construction. Everywhere we see expansions of harmonic and contrapuntal theory. There is a wealth of unprecedented rhythmic and metric patterns. Both

the details and the ensemble of form assume new aspects. Tone-effects that are best described as those of "color" rather than contour are insistently tried in every combination. All this suggests that the science of Musical Poetics is still plastic and incomplete. Much that our fathers considered "settled" is now felt to be only transitional. Much that we ourselves think is axiomatic and inevitable may be only the characteristic idiom of the class or school that happens now to be dominant. Remarks like these are not made out of a spirit of radicalism or iconoclasm. A good deal of the restlessness of the advanced musical world is probably only feverish or morbid. But let us always hold the door wide open for anyone who, either by close reasoning or even by a happy guess, shall show paths in composition that are untried or unknown. Such work may be almost wholly scientific in its first forms, but no one can tell to what artistic results it may lead.

One almost hesitates even to mention the relation of science to art in one or two specialties of musical work where they seem usually not to be entirely amicable. We should expect that many of the facts of Acoustics would be emphasized in teaching the art of composition, and in the practical treatment of instruments, especially of the voice. In the phenomena of vocalization we encounter a blending of elements related on one side to acoustics, on the other to physiology, just as in instrumentation acoustics is combined with mechanics. A real grasp of questions of phonetics and of tone-color everywhere would seem to be possible only when their purely physical factors were exhaustively considered. Yet musical acoustics is not often given a strong place in musical education, and we often find much lack of sympathy between those who approach phonetics, for example, from the sides of the linguistic scientist and the elocutionary or singing-teacher respectively. The various parties in this and kindred areas of debate ought to get together under some reasonable *modus vivendi*. Each of them needs something that the others can supply. They belong in company and in fraternal co-operation.

Similar remarks are in order regarding the relation of acoustics, aural physiology and Musical Aesthetics, except that here scientific research has not been so much divorced from practical discussions. We may wonder, however, whether there are not large tracts of fact and theory that are worth the serious attention of those dealing with the popularization of musical art which as yet have not received careful consideration. What is to have "a musical ear"? What defects in this faculty interfere most

with musical appreciation? What can be done to remove or prevent such defects? These and other questions are scientific in nature, but artistic in practical bearing.

When we turn to the many applications of music as an art to the furtherance of institutions or interests that are not in themselves musical, it is obvious that the harmonization between whatever pertains to the theory of that with which music thus makes connection and whatever pertains to music in its adaptation to such special applications must be worked out by thought-processes that are in large measure scientific. In the last analysis it is probable that most of the difficulties and misunderstandings that occur, for example, in the liturgical or the educational applications of music, are due to some failure to employ the methods of critical definition and classification which every trained scientific worker uses constantly. To develop this point here would require more space than is available. But its general cogency is evident.

One concluding remark may not be out of place. It is likely that no one person, in these days of advanced specialism, can hope to be a full master of details in all branches of what has been called "musicology" in this article, or to be engaged in fruitful original discovery in many lines. But it is not too much to hope that more disciplined scholars in the musical circle will so familiarize themselves with the total range of the subject that they can in their own persons and work commend the science of music to the attention of both the scientific and the artistic worlds. It may even be that sometime there will be in the faculties of certain large institutions a professorship of "musicology," whose function shall be to unfold the broad outlines of the science and to demonstrate not only its intellectual dignity among other sciences, but its practical utility on a large scale to hosts of musicians and music-lovers.

EDWARD MAC DOWELL

As I Knew Him

By T. P. CURRIER

I

LATE in the spring of 1905 I received a letter from Mrs. Mac Dowell containing these words: "Edward has broken down completely, and we are crushed. . . . . O! If we had never left Boston!"

This letter was written from Hill Crest, the farm at Peterboro, N. H., where Mac Dowell had been taken immediately after his first pronounced collapse in New York.

* * * *

Out of the entire company gathered to meet the young American composer at his first formal appearance in Boston in the autumn of 1888, it would be safe to say that not one could have dreamed that the man who returned their greetings with boyish cordiality, sincerity and gratification, would have come to so untimely an end.

Mac Dowell, as he appeared to them, was a picture of robust manliness. His finely shaped head, carried a little to one side, was well set on slightly drooping shoulders. His very dark hair was close-cut, for he had no liking for the "artistic pose." There was about him no trace of the "professional artist," save perhaps in the stray lock prematurely streaked with grey that would persistently fall on his broad forehead, and in the Kaiser-like curl of his light sandy moustache, which at that time was balanced by a fairly large goatee. His skin was light and clear, showing a slight color in his rather delicately rounded cheeks. Light blue eyes, with light bordering of eye-brows and lashes, a well-cut aquiline nose, and an agreeable mouth and firm chin, completed what any one would immediately call a handsome face.

It was equally expressive. Even casual acquaintance could read in it a kindly disposition, strong sense of humor, energy and determination. In conversation he regarded one frankly and intently; and his face mirrored with extreme quickness his instinctive

To T. P. C.
from
E. Marx.

Boston April 24. 1895.

response. Anything pleasant or humorous would bring a lively twinkle into the eyes, rapid winking of eye-lids, and a contagious smile, or deep hearty laugh, as the case might be. Profuse compliments would be received with a mingled look of boyish bashfulness and sly suspicion.

Like any artist, Mac Dowell was made happy by appreciation. But somehow, keenly as he inwardly enjoyed the good opinions of others, he could seldom quite subdue doubts of the sincerity behind the compliments. In a letter to me he writes, "You know that I always take things, (praise) with a liberal allowance of salt." It was this sudden uprising of his super-sensitive nature that often held his warmest admirers in check, even while his generally winning personality, like a lode-stone, drew them to him.

Opinions and statements expressed to him, especially those pertaining to music and its profession, would immediately command serious attention: and, it might be added, more frequently than otherwise, engender opposition on his part. For Mac Dowell found it difficult to agree with most of his contemporaries on these subjects. It was then that the twinkle became a glint, and the humorous expression one of aggressive determination. You could not regard him at such times without feeling that here was a man, not only of keen comprehension and power, but one not to be trifled with on matters dear to his heart.

These evidences of strong character were intensified by his bodily appearance. He looked strong. And his strength was practically evinced by his surprisingly vital hand-grasp; no surprise, however, to those who knew his inherent strength of limb. His arms, the special reservoir of power to the pianist, were as solid as those of a trained athlete. His hands were finely but strongly made; and in tramping he knew no fatigue. Mac Dowell, had he not had innate aversion to exercise for the mere sake of physical well-being, might easily have had a body to match his uncommonly strong and active brain.

In fact, strength and determination were his dominating characteristics. They were, however, seldom markedly apparent in ordinary intercourse. His easy good-nature, and especially his extraordinary sense of humor, were far more frequently observable. This last quality was continually betraying itself in eye and lip. It might be said by those who knew him well, that all sorts and conditions of men, their appearance and utterances, seemed to afford him unending food for humorous reflection.

Such was the man so cordially greeted by the large gathering, representative of the professional life and culture of musical Boston

which Mr. B. J. Lang had called together at his house that night in the autumn of 1888. Happily married, hopeful, filled with the desire to do everything possible for his art in his native country, with twenty-nine years behind him, he himself was looking forward eagerly to a life of productive work.

During the last months of his residence in Wiesbaden, he had begun to grow weary of the restraint of life in Germany. He longed for the greater freedom and the stimulus of his native land. Although he had been a stranger to it for many years, he was a true American, and intensely patriotic; and he felt that his place was here. Pressure had already been exerted to induce him to settle in New York. But an interview with Mr. Lang in the summer of 1888 fixed his determination to choose Boston. He knew that this musician, who in those days might well have been termed the friend of all rising composers, had already made Boston's musical circles familiar with many of his compositions. He wanted to be where American musical life was sufficiently active, yet where he could find a quiet home, make a living, and have many undisturbed hours for further composition. For these reasons Boston appealed to him. And the early autumn of 1888 found him settled in a cosy suite in the old-world-like surroundings of the West End.

II

Those who are acquainted with Lawrence Gilman's delightful book, are largely familiar with Mac Dowell's European experiences. His had been a full and arduous life. From the age of fifteen to the year he married and settled in Wiesbaden, to compose in earnest, he had worked ceaselessly and suffered much. Good fortune, it is true, had come to him in invaluable ways. The terrible grind of the Paris Conservatoire gave him at least a technique which needed only the finishing touches of Carl Heymann to make it complete, and in a sense unique. Joachim Raff was a father to him, grounding him thoroughly in composition and handing him wise, straight-from-the-shoulder criticism. Then there was Louis Ehlert who gave him generous help; and last of all Liszt, who became acquainted and impressed with Mac Dowell through the first Concerto, which the latter played before him. He expressed the wish to do everything possible for the young American, and undoubtedly would have eased his early struggles much more than he was destined to do. For at this time, one of the crises of Mac Dowell's life, Liszt died. It was a distinct shock and grief to Mac Dowell, for it practically meant the loss of his last influential friend in Germany.

He once spoke to me feelingly about his singular ill-luck in losing his four best friends at a time when he needed them most. Heymann became seriously ill in the early 80's. Raff died in 1882, Ehlert in 1884, and Liszt in 1886.

When Mac Dowell arrived at Wiesbaden in 1878, he showed fully the effects of his strenuous, nerve-racking labors in Paris. He was moody and depressed and knew scarcely which way to turn. And but for the kindly Ehlert, and later on Heymann and Raff, he might never have been known to fame. Heymann, himself, already suffering from ill-health, immediately took a strong fancy to him, and it was not long before he came to treat the young foreigner more like a brother than a pupil. Mac Dowell told me how happy he was at being permitted to go to Heymann's home and hear him practice. Heymann, he said, was a wonderful pianist. His trill and passage playing were marvelous. To sit beside him and hear him create tonal effects exquisite in delicacy and color, was a revelation to the student who had become wholly dissatisfied with the facile, empty pianism of Paris. To Heymann, Mac Dowell was doubly indebted. For during those fruitful months he not only learned how to create those effects which afterwards vivified his renderings of his own piano music; but this power undoubtedly influenced him decidedly in the construction of much of the singularly original passage work of his own compositions. Thus, with Heymann and Raff for teachers and friends, and Ehlert ever ready with good advice, Mac Dowell came to a clear understanding of what he wanted to do.

His extraordinarily fortunate and happy marriage in 1884 to Miss Marian Nevins, and the quiet, restful home-life at Wiesbaden, devoted wholly to composition, rounded out these eventful years in Germany. So that, mentally and physically at last in normal condition, he was quite ready to face the stress of existence in his native land.

III

The early months in Boston, however, in spite of the cordial reception, were not untinged with disappointment. Mac Dowell's fixed idea, as he said to me, was to teach for a living, and compose for his own pleasure. He desired particularly to teach composition; and he was eager to teach it in ways of his own, largely arrived at through the influence of Raff, ways, however, more or less contrary to methods then prevailing. His first shock was the discovery that students possessing creative talent were mostly conspicuous by their absence; and that to live, he must teach pianoforte

playing to any and all who had the price of lessons. Worst of all, to make himself "favorably known," he must play in public! To have to make himself "favorably known," was in fact, not over pleasing to one already with a European reputation. And to face the public as a pianist was at this time to him simply obnoxious.

During his last years in Germany he had become so absorbed in writing that his playing had suffered accordingly. He had renounced all idea of pursuing concert work, and, in spite of evidence to the contrary, he really adhered to his decision. For though circumstance compelled him the rest of his life into periodical appearances before the public, he always spoke of himself to intimates simply as a player of his own compositions. "I hate to practice," he said, "and if people think I don't play well,—well, I don't profess to;—I'm merely a composer-pianist."

The necessity for practicing and playing, however, was quickly forced upon him. Musical Boston was anxious to estimate for itself the ability of the young composer, whose music they liked. And the only way they could do so was through his public playing of the accepted repertory in general and his own compositions in particular.

The Kneisel Quartette offered an engagement. The Symphony audiences were ready to hear him interpret his concertos. The Harvard Musical Association asked him as an honored guest to their annual dinner, which meant that he would be expected to play. And the doors of private houses were open to him for their private musicales.

His first public appearance was at a Kneisel Quartette concert. He played the piano part of a quartette, and movements from his first Suite. His performance met with polite friendliness. It was not notably good, though certainly to Boston's ears notably strange. And it was therefore scarcely calculated to arouse enthusiasm.

Mac Dowell had no love for the string quartette, which, he said to me, was to him like so much "cold veal." It may easily be guessed also that ensemble playing was no more to his taste.

At the Harvard Musical Association dinner, the venerable John S. Dwight's cordial introduction of the distinguished young musician ended with the question, "would he speak or play?" The bashful streak was in full possession of Mac Dowell as he, replying inaudibly "I'll play," slid quickly toward the piano. Once there, however, his spirit of aggressive determination asserted itself. Falling on the keys with a power he would have used to fill old Music Hall, he launched into a performance which confounded the

conservatives of the Association, and delighted the rest. Winding up with his "Czardas," which he rushed through with terrifying speed, he hastened to his seat amid amazed applause. Later in the evening he played with Mr. Lang a "Tone-Poem" for two pianos by his dear friend Templeton Strong. By this time, the company, however pleased or displeased with his playing, was vibrantly aroused and interested. Like the "Czardas," this piece contained much rapid passage work, which fell largely to Mac Dowell. The performance, owing to the pace he set, together with the efforts of the elder pianist to keep up, was something the like of which the Association had perhaps never experienced.

Mac Dowell's playing that evening is dwelt upon because it largely influenced opinion regarding its merits in general. Soon it became apparent that the musical set then dominating Boston did not like his "method." The consensus was that his "scales" were extravagantly fast and blurred, his chord playing too loud, his effects too often vague and violent in contrast, and his use of the rubato and the soft pedal extreme.

It should be said, that at this time, at least, these opinions were not wholly astray. Mac Dowell was badly out of practice, and his hasty efforts at preparation were apparent. Moreover he was still wrathful over the necessity for playing at all, and still doggedly determined not to practice.

Gradually, nevertheless, compulsion had its due effect. By degrees he worked back into a state of technical efficiency, to the end that his performances of his Second Concerto with Thomas in New York, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, in the spring of 1889, stamped his playing as distinctly virtuosic, even if it was not universally liked.

IV

Mac Dowell's playing was not only virtuosic; it possessed marked original qualities. It had, in a sense, little in common with that of the virtuosi of those days. His scale and passage playing were decidedly hazy. As he told me, he hated scales and arpeggi for their own sake; and the sole use he had for them was for the purpose of creating effects,—waves and swirls and rushes of sound that should merely fill their place in the tone-picture he desired to portray. His octaves and chord playing, too, were extremely powerful and often harsh in FF, and in PP hardly more clear than his passage playing. In accordance with his own viewpoint, he was always seeking for atmospheric and overtone effects, and to do so he made constant use of the "half-pedal" instead of

the full pedal, which latter would have cut things out too clearly to suit him. Add to this his equally constant use of the "soft" pedal, his sudden and extreme contrasts, and his thundering fortissimi, (fff), and it is not difficult to realize why as a pianist in general he failed at first to satisfy the cultivated listener of that period.

It was not until Mac Dowell appeared in recitals containing a large proportion of his own works, that he won hearty recognition even from those who had been coldly critical, and enraptured those to whom his playing had been from the first more comprehensible.

He had been in Boston three years before he brought himself to the point of returning to the concert platform. In the autumn of 1891, he announced a series of three recitals, to take place in the old Chickering Hall on Tremont Street. I well recall the first drafts of the programmes. They contained that "old chestnut," as he called it, the "Moonlight" Sonata, and a miscellaneous collection of stock pieces, but included only small groups of his own music.

I may be pardoned for referring to my part in their rearrangement. On looking them over, "My dear man," I said, "why do you make programmes like these? What the public wants is to hear you play your own music. You ought to cut out about half of these things and put in much more of your own."

"Get out!" he replied, (a favorite expression of his whenever one opposed his own notions). A few days later, however, he acknowledged that he had "changed the programmes somewhat."

At one of these recitals I sat with Templeton Strong. Strong had been Mac Dowell's dearest friend in Wiesbaden, where the two had worked and tramped together; and Mac Dowell had no sooner got well settled in Boston before he began to urge Strong to return also. But the latter did not share Mac Dowell's enthusiasm for his own country, and was far more devoted to life in the old world. He finally, however, consented to try living in his native land again, and had come that autumn to Boston.

On this programme was what afterwards became the slow movement of the "Sonata Tragica." This was the first part of that work which Mac Dowell wrote. I am not sure that he had even sketched the remaining movements. After listening to it Strong said, "Well, that is about the finest thing Mac Dowell has done yet."

The recitals were successful. His would-be admirers were for the first time able to estimate Mac Dowell's playing at its true worth. They appreciated his exquisite and vivid presentations

of his own music and were made to realize that a poet-pianist lived among them, whose gifts were not paled even by those of Paderewski himself.

At these recitals, also, Mac Dowell's pianistic limitations were made plain. His treatment of the Moonlight Sonata, for example, was erratic, and out of all proportion. For here he tried to create tonal effects to his own liking, with material that would not stand it. In spite of certain beautiful results attained by his radical interpretation, as a whole it lacked unity and Beethovenish feeling.

As an interpreter of the works of other composers, in general, Mac Dowell did not make a marked impression. The fact is that constant improvising and experimenting in the course of writing had quite habituated him to the pianistic style peculiarly suited to his own music. He was entirely out of the ruts of regular practice. To pin himself down to the demands of the standard repertory had grown beyond his patience. For similar reasons it was difficult for him in making programmes to find pieces that would harmonize with his own, and at the same time afford him opportunities for effective playing. He was fond of little things like the Bach Courante, (arranged by himself), and the prelude in C sharp minor, Schubert's Minuet in B minor and Impromptu in E flat, and he rendered them delightfully. His playing of Liszt's fourteenth Rhapsody, Balakireff's "Islamey" and other things of the kind, were virtuosic, but always left him disgusted. He said to me, "I *used* to play them real well!"

I am certain that, had he chosen the career of a concert pianist, he would have proved himself a virile and original interpreter. His pianistic ideals were high and exacting. He had the pianist-composer's love for great playing, and doubtless felt within himself the ability to take a place in the front ranks. But to meet the requirements he would have demanded of himself, meant giving up his life to piano playing, and this idea he scouted. He often expressed the longing to have some big works in hand, like, for example, the Schumann Fantasie. This was a favorite with him and in its rendering his imagination and technique would have found free play. Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, and the first movement of Opus III also strongly appealed to him, and Liszt's Sonata as well. But the prime thing to him then, was time in which to compose. Practicing meant tremendous sacrifice; for not only had the pieces to be worked up, but certain weaknesses in his technique would have to be overcome.

Mac Dowell had been from the outset trained in a school where velocity first and last was the goal. Speed, indeed, coincided

with his temperament; and when in good practice he could sustain marvellous tempi. But the years devoted to composition had so weakened his control that in his American recitals his fingers at times literally ran away with him, a thing, he told me, he always feared. Technical difficulties in general did not exist for him. Yet certain kinds troubled him. "I don't know what players mean when they talk of difficulties," he would say. "Passages they call hard are easy for me, and others they handle without trouble give me a lot." Again, "I wish I had as clean-cut a finger technique as so and so," naming certain well-known pianists.

These were the conditions that confronted him in his early recitals; for recitals were a very different matter from "getting through" a concerto with orchestra; and they only renewed at that time his determination to "quit the whole business."

No one, however, more quickly recognized and enthusiastically admired the art of the great players than Mac Dowell. The year following his settling in Boston, D'Albert gave his first concerts in this country. D'Albert was an old acquaintance, and had played with Mac Dowell the second piano part of the latter's first concerto before Liszt. He was then in his prime, both technically and emotionally, and his playing deeply stirred Mac Dowell. De Pachmann, too, excited his interest. That inexplicable pianist was in those days a wizard indeed. His overwhelmning execution of Chopin's Double Third Study worked Mac Dowell's curiosity up to fever heat. After hearing it played several times, he made up his mind that the "trick" lay in the fingering. And one day he refingered the entire study, hoping thus to discover the secret of De Pachmann's unheard-of velocity. This fingering I cannot fully recall, but Mac Dowell excluded the fifth finger wherever possible and slid the second finger from D flat to C, going down,—thus anticipating Moszkowski's similar fingering.

But above all the others, to Mac Dowell, was Paderewski. When Mac Dowell first heard him in Boston, the two had never met, and the young American's modesty restrained him from seeking the great player's acquaintance. But Paderewski, learning that Mac Dowell was living in Boston, immediately sought occasion to meet the bashful young composer. It was during Paderewski's second visit to Boston that, in conversation with the late J. Montgomery Sears, he expressed his opinion that Mac Dowell was "wasting his time in teaching, when he was just the man to write an opera." Mr. Sears intimating his desire to further this idea, Paderewski gave a small dinner for the purpose of bringing Mac Dowell and Mr. Sears together. At that dinner were

Mr. and Mrs. Nikisch, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Apthorp, Mr. and Mrs. Sears, Mac Dowell and myself. Later in the evening Mr. Sears had a long conversation with Mac Dowell, in which he urged the young composer to give up teaching and accept pecuniary aid from him for any length of time that might be required to "write an opera."

Mac Dowell was deeply touched by this sincere offer. His native independence, however, led him definitely to refuse it. He said to me, "I couldn't accept such a proposition. It would be too much like writing on order. And even if I tried, suppose the opera turned out no good!" And then his genuine modesty was revealed as he added, "but I'm mighty glad any one should think well enough of me to make it."

Mac Dowell's admiration of Paderewski and his playing was unbounded. His manipulation and effects were in complete accord with Mac Dowell's own ideals regarding pianistic art. Once, when sitting with me at a recital by the great Pole, he exclaimed with suppressed emotion, "That's what I call piano playing!" It was, I think, after that recital that he ran all the way across the Common to his house, fearing to meet some one who might stop him "to talk," and thus break into his impressions.

If his feelings aroused by Paderewski's playing are contrasted with those he experienced after hearing later on another pianist, celebrated for his unsurpassed technique, what Mac Dowell liked and disliked in piano-playing may be readily inferred. "It's wonderful," he said, "but you get so sick of hearing those perfect runs in double-thirds trickling up and down the key-board!" Mere technical display, however masterly, left him cold. And I quote these remarks because they indicate clearly what was in his mind when he sat at the piano himself.

Perhaps the advent of these celebrated pianists helped to stir within Mac Dowell his old liking for public playing. In any case, all his early student life had been bent towards this end, and he had known success. Most of all, he felt the composer's natural longing to have his own works heard; and he knew that if that were to be, he must exploit them himself. He had already played for the first time his "Sonata Tragica," at a Kneisel concert. For this initial performance I can fairly claim to have been the promoter. Talking one day to Mr. Comee, manager of the Quartette, I intimated that, if Mr. Kneisel desired, he could induce MacDowell to play it at one of his concerts. This suggestion was promptly acted upon; MacDowell saying to me after he was engaged: "You must have piled it on thick to Comee!"

Both the Sonata and Mac Dowell's playing compelled deep admiration and respect. The critics wrote enthusiastically of the Sonata as an important addition to piano literature, and no less warmly of Mac Dowell's dramatic presentation of it.

Thus encouraged, he announced in the following year a recital to take place in the old Steinert Hall, where the Hotel Touraine now stands. The programme contained the Sonata Tragica, and others of his own works. Mac Dowell had this time practiced hard, and hoped to make the recital an emphatic success. Unfortunately, however, the hard work brought catastrophe in its wake. Shortly before the recital he broke the nail of one finger, with the result that on the day announced he was suffering constant pain. He made a brave beginning and actually got through about half of the Sonata. Suddenly he stopped short. Rising, he held up his finger, explained its condition, invited the audience to "get their money back," and left the platform. The affair was a severe disappointment and discouragement to him, and he characterized it as one more instance when his "Demon of ill-luck got in his work."

But these feelings were not long allowed to remain uppermost. There were by now many demands for recitals from him. Clubs in various sections of the West sent importuning letters; and finally a manager induced him to embark upon concertizing in earnest.

He had two immediate reasons for entering the concert field. He had now completed three important piano works, which he naturally desired to have known; and any addition to his income was decidedly welcome, though material prosperity had in fact already come to him. At the beginning of his third season in Boston he was astonished at being literally besieged by would-be piano pupils. And that year for the first time in his life, he tasted the pleasure of pecuniary ease.

These sudden demands for his services in teaching and playing were a natural result of reports that had spread abroad concerning his activities in Boston. Pupils who could boast of having lessons from him extolled his pedagogic powers and were in raptures over his magnetic personality. Several new compositions written since coming to Boston, "Les Orientales," "Twelve Studies," containing the fascinating "Shadow Dance," and the "Twelve Virtuoso Studies," among which were the "Novelette," "Improvisation," and "March Wind," increased the general desire to hear in recital the genius who had become recognized not only as a poet-composer, but a poet-pianist.

The consequence of this great and sudden interest was that Mac Dowell now became more deeply interested than ever in playing. He studied to increase his own technical resources, making notable progress, as his subsequent performances proved. He planned also a large work on technique, of which he wrote two books only. For the more deeply he got into such experiments the more discouraged he became over the possibility of communicating his own views to others. Many were the discussions I had with him over technical ways and means. His final state of mind on this matter may be summed up in his reply to my question as to when he was going to finish his third book on technique, wherein he had planned to discuss pedalling, etc., and the more subtle ways of handling the piano: "Never," he said.

V

For about ten years Mac Dowell concertized, largely through the Middle West. He limited his tours generally to the three weeks of each winter following Christmas. The recitals were all arranged beforehand, and the renumeration was guaranteed. He was firm in his decision to waste no time in taking the chances of ordinary concert tours.

To pull himself together, so to say, for these tours, was something he always dreaded. The preparation for them required a large amount of mental and physical effort, which, as subsequently appeared, was altogether too much for him, and an effort he ought never to have made. Through every autumn, up to Christmas time, he worked exceedingly hard during many lesson hours. And although he took only a certain number of pupils, each afternoon found him really too tired for further effort. Yet the remaining hours had to be utilized, and so the spur was applied. Composition, above all, he would have loved to work at. But he was already convinced that in winter this had become out of the question. And since recitals meant added income, they seemed the best way of filling out his time, for the thought of any increased burden of lessons with their attending monotonous grind was absolutely intolerable.

Yielding to the demands of his audiences, his programmes now consisted mainly of his own works. At first thought it would seem a comparatively easy matter for one of his musical grasp and technical resource to play at least his own compositions without an enormous amount of preparation. I once gave expression to this thought.

He replied, "It may seem so to you. But if you had written a passage in half a dozen different ways, you'd find it difficult to remember which one you'd finally decided to let stand."

Evidently there was an obstacle to overcome which could not possibly confront a mere pianist. Nevertheless I do not believe that Mac Dowell was ever at a loss when playing his own works in public. But I suspect he not infrequently improvised to some extent. Mrs. Mac Dowell said to me not long ago that she never understood how he could remember his music so well, and get through his programmes so successfully. This fact is indeed remarkable in view of his comparatively few hours of practicing, and his almost uniformly fine and unique performances.

Another thing that troubled him greatly was getting into the "swing" of playing in public. Even if he had carefully prepared himself, sitting down before people and playing to them, had to be reckoned with. Walking from the lesson-room to the platform, so to say, is an experience no pianist covets. Mac Dowell naturally desired to put his works in the best possible light. And many were his disappointments, accompanied by acute anguish over real or fancied failures. Speaking of them, he said at the end of one of his brief tours, "If I could only start in now and do it right over again, I could play quite decently!"

These tours, although fatiguing, and often undertaken when beset with hard colds and even severer illness, brought him nevertheless change of scene, and compensation, artistic as well as pecuniary. The people, he wrote me, were all that was kind, and their hospitality was shown on every side.

These audiences of the West had one great advantage over Mac Dowell's eastern friends and admirers: they heard him play far more frequently and at his very best. His sensitive nature, together with his shrinkingly modest opinions of his own works, were not calculated to make him determined literally to force them upon people already surfeited with music. The sympathetic attitude and enthusiasm of his western hearers warmed his heart, and he played as he rarely played elsewhere. Those who heard him under those conditions may treasure the belief that they are to be envied by many of his nearest friends.

Mac Dowell's playing of his own music was a revelation of its possibilities, and, to players who had studied it, unexpected and startling. It was as original as the pieces themselves. As Lawrence Gilman has said, Mac Dowell's music, in form and structure, with all its exquisite delicacy and suggestiveness, is

clarity itself. Yet other pianists who had tried their best to give it with commensurate delicacy, suggestion and clarity, found themselves after hearing him far at sea.

Mac Dowell prided himself on his adherence to form. "Nobody," he remarked to me, "can say my pieces and my sonatas haven't form." His playing, nevertheless, far from emphasizing form, was distinctly impressionistic. When listening to him, thoughts of form one entirely forgot; the lingering impression was of a Monet-like tone-painting. It was mystifying. Melodies others loved and learned to play on conventional lines, with definite, singing tone, and correctly subordinated accompaniment, sounded under his hands vague, far off, floating in space. Pieces clearly written, and "splendid for practice," became streams of murmuring or rushing tone. Delicate chord-groups, like his melodies, floated in air; while those in *fortissimi* resembled nothing so much as full orchestral bursts. Who that heard him can forget their first astonishment at his marvellously fascinating renderings of the "Hexentanz," over, almost before it had begun; of the "Shadow Dance," a vaporous mass of vanishing sound; of the ethereal "Water Lily"; of the surging rolling "To the Sea"; his impetuous, virtuosic playing of the "March wind"; and his great tone-massing in the Sonatas? And who can forget their subsequent conviction that these were the inevitable, the only true renderings?

At the piano Mac Dowell was a poet-musician. He was no mere note-player, and was not and never could have been a pianist in the conventional sense of the term. He was the same teller of exquisite poems, the same impressionistic tone-painter, that he was at his desk. He made his pieces suggest their title or story so vividly that notes and manner of sounding them were entirely lost sight of. For the moment he was an improviser. He had a command over technique, pedals, and especially the *rubato*, (which he used with infinite skill,) rarely attained. And back of all was his musical and poetic nature,—the real mainspring of his playing. Few pianists, it is safe to say, have, in this last respect, been so richly endowed.

VI

Throughout his eight years of professional activities in Boston, Mac Dowell lived an ideal home-life. Home was the veritable backbone of his existence. It was more precious to him than professional success; even composition was a secondary

consideration. Giving up his cozy cottage at Wiesbaden, where the first years after his marriage were so happily spent, he desired above all to continue the same kind of life as far as possible; and so he had drifted naturally to the quiet of Beacon Hill. After the first experimental year, he and his wife removed to West Cedar Street, where they remained until opportunity offered to secure the more attractive house at No. 38 Chestnut Street.

Gradually the figure of "Mac Dowell the composer," became a familiar one on the Common's walks and the near-by streets. It is interesting to recall the change in his personal appearance that came about after several months residence in Boston. For some time he had clung, innocently enough, as it afterward proved, to the high, full-crowned felt hat, the rather fiercely curled moustache, and the goatee, all of which a photograph in Mr. Gilman's book reveals. Then suddenly he appeared in a derby hat, which became him extremely well; and shortly afterward the goatee vanished. Commenting one day on these changes as gratifying, to my eye at least, he replied in genuinely injured tones, "Why didn't you say so, long ago?" Somebody evidently had "tipped him off,"—a thing I for one seldom ventured to do at that stage of our acquaintance.

This metamorphisis having been achieved, Mac Dowell's one desire thereafter was to look like an unobtrusively well-dressed young American, and he succeeded admirably. He was now in his prime. He had gained in weight, and with his well-set-up figure, and easy, leisurely gait, whether walking the streets or strolling on the Common with his collie "Charlie," he was sure to attract attention.

From '92 to '95 were undoubtedly the happiest years of Mac Dowell's life in Boston. The first three, and more, had been checkered with doubts, disappointments, and strenuous experiences, not only exasperating, but creating uncertainty as to the wisdom of having settled in Boston at all. But he had at last won a distinct place in its musical life. He had drawn about him a circle of sympathetic followers, whose numbers were constantly increasing, and he had secured plenty of remunerative work. Best of all, in his own mind, he had maintained what was to him one of the most cherished possessions: his independence. He had asked and received no help from influential sources. He had absolutely made his own way, against considerable odds. His wife, too, had regained health after a severe illness that had necessitated her absence from home for an entire winter. And the extraordinarily congenial couple had found comfort and content in the

Chestnut Street house where their remaining years in Boston were passed. So it was at this time that Mac Dowell enjoyed his work and home, with mind freer from disappointments and anxiety than ever in his professional life.

He was always an inveterate home-body. Generally speaking it was about impossible to get him out for any particular amusement, or for exercise. He liked the theatre, but would rarely go. Fond as he was of base-ball, he was only occasionally seen at a game. Long walks did not appeal to him, except in the country; and no persuasion could have led him into a gymnasium. At one time he reluctantly consented to let me send a gymnastic trainer to his house. The man gave him one lesson,—the first and last.

I speak of this aversion to forms of exercise which would have kept him more fit for his strenuous work, because I believe that lack of it contributed largely to his early break-down. Once in a while he would make half-hearted attempts to "do something." At one of these moments he put a billiard table in his house, which gave him and his wife much pleasure.

What suited him better than anything was a quiet stroll late in the afternoon after the grind of teaching, then home, to read for the evening, unless he was entertaining company, or felt inclined to practice or write. In these hours of leisure, I saw much of him throughout his years in Boston. At my studio he liked to joke and talk about almost anything except musical matters. These he avoided, although in natural course, we "talked shop" a good deal. Of his personal affairs and professional interests he spoke freely, often energetically relieving his mind on matters disagreeable to him. He seemed to like to come; and in various notes occur such words as "hope to find you in to-morrow at four," or, "glanced up at your windows, but they had such a moved-out-last-month-look that I didn't try your door." Occasionally he would play, though he was usually too tired from the "grind," to touch the piano. Often he amused himself and me by going over the keyboard with his gloves on,—a feat he accomplished with great dexterity.

On the streets he found entertainment in watching the passers-by. He had a lightning-like way of taking in their peculiarities, while carrying an expression of perfect indifference. He dearly loved a joke, and at times to get one on the other fellow!

Mac Dowell was not a "club man," although he had most of the necessary qualifications. He really liked club-life, and enjoyed meeting "good fellows." Shyness, more than anything else, kept him from being a frequent attendant. More often than

otherwise it was difficult to draw him into conversation; yet at times he would jump in unexpectedly. I remember well an instance. We were sitting in one of the club-rooms, listening to the talk of several members, who had tried to get Mac Dowell started. They were unsuccessful until the talk drifted to tobacco and its original users. Suddenly Mac Dowell said quietly, "I believe tobacco was first used in such a country, (I forget the one he named,) wasn't it?" A dead silence followed, and then uncertain replies, showing that no one was prepared to controvert him. Afterwards as we walked home I remarked that I didn't know tobacco was first used in ————! "I didn't either," he replied, "that was just a bluff!"

At dinner and afterwards Mac Dowell was almost invariably an exceedingly good companion. He always had something interesting to say; and he rarely failed to reveal in some way his naturally sweet nature. His sympathies were quickly aroused for those who were sick or unlucky or, according to his notions, imposed upon; and his admiration for those who were kindly disposed was especially pronounced. His absolute honesty, strong sense of justice, and humaneness of feeling, easily came uppermost. Sensitive and wrathful he often was over real or fancied injuries to himself, but he readily forgot these to him unhappy moments. There was in him no trace of vindictiveness. He had pretty set notions regarding people he knew, although these frequently changed in the case of individuals as he came to know them better. Discussing the future life one night, he broke out with, "I don't believe *everybody* has a soul. Now ———— *he* hasn't any, he can't have!" Opinions like these I found were influenced by the kindness or unkindness of heart which he believed the individual in question possessed.

That trait of his already touched upon,—his inability to discuss musical matters with other musicians holding divergent opinions, always seemed to me an unfortunate one. Even with his strong prejudices and fixed ideas, his views on other matters he could and would modify; but in these he could and would yield to no man. No matter how amicably he might begin, he was pretty sure to end impatiently, or to change the subject abruptly. I think he regretted this trait in himself, and for this reason strove to avoid such discussions altogether.

Nevertheless Mac Dowell was singularly modest regarding the merits of his own music, and with his intimates would often joke about it. Mr. Gilman has recorded him as apologizing to some friends for leaving them because he had to go and write some

"rotten melodies." To me he would talk in similar vein. Once when I had spoken of my fondness for some of his charming "Idyllen," Op. 28, he answered by telling me how the pieces happened to be written. In Wiesbaden, Strong and he had made a bet that each could write a new piece daily for a week. Every evening they trotted out their efforts of the day. At first they broke even; but finally, Strong's muse deserted him and Mac Dowell finished, an easy winner with the "Idyllen."

Again, he said, "I've got a good joke on the critics. They have discovered "reminiscences" in my—(mentioning one of his poems for orchestra,) but not one has found those bars in it that are straight out of "Tristan and Isolde!" And at another time, "That passage sounds just like Brahms, confound it!"

In a note to me after his Second Suite and his Second Concerto were given at Cambridge, Mass., he writes jovially of the performance:

> Killed the Indian again at Cambridge last night. I raised particular merry H. there, and your absence was the only blot.—That section of Cambridge was a lively spot for a while. The orchestra did pretty well, and I think Emil was a bit 'shook up',—The racket was awful. I don't think I ever played better. Will be in your pleasant den to-morrow, Monday, or Tuesday, or some other day.—N.B. New hat! Have given up bicycle, am now expecting the chariot of fire!

Mac Dowell, by the way, was deeply grateful to Emil Paur for consulting him and for making every effort to render this suite according to his own ideas and wishes, and to the orchestra for its splendid, hearty cooperation. He showed it by dedicating it to him and to the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It is well known that Mac Dowell early displayed decided talent for drawing and painting. And it was at one time a toss up whether he would stick to music or enter the art studios of Paris. This other natural bent brought him in later life many hours of pleasure, besides being undoubtedly helpful in his own sphere of art. He loved beautiful pictures, and his keen eye surely singled them out. Often he would say of some fine painting, "I'd like to own that!" Since, like many another he could not buy what he really wanted, he turned naturally to photographic reproductions. He made exceedingly clever "snap-shots" himself, some of which enlarged into remarkably good views. Finally he took the notion to invest in a large plate camera; whereupon he wanted to experiment on me. For two entire Sunday mornings, to our mutual amusement, he worked with all the airs of a professional, using

up numberless plates. The proofs in general were an agreeable surprise to him. One plate, in which I appeared with head well down, looking at the floor, he particularly liked, all but the pose. The happy thought struck him to cut off the corners, thus bringing the face to look straight ahead. Two or three days later I received a note enclosing this "chef d'oeuvre" (!): "Here is a new picture of you, and a *good* one, I think. No more theatre box, 'flies on the floor' effect. Now be a good boy and either save this for me, or have another printed thus."

It is a matter of rejoicing with me that there are extant a number of beautiful photographs of Mac Dowell. He was not desirious of "being taken," but yielded to the wishes of others, and to business necessities. The horrible "commercial-looking" head of his, taken to "adorn" his early circulars, amused him intensely. "The photographer," he explained, grinning, "said it had to be *hard*, to reproduce well!"

The first artistic photographs of Mac Dowell were taken in Boston by Mr. Benjamin Kimball, one of the finest amateur photographers of the day. Although others subsequently taken in New York are remarkably characteristic, I think none more perfectly reveals the poet-musician than that by Mr. Kimball, reproduced here. When inscribing it Mac Dowell said "he guessed we didn't want any "distinguished regards" or "loving remembrances," to which I replied, "*Not on your life!*"

VII

After the Mac Dowells had satisfactorily settled upon their city residence, there was still the question of where to spend the summers. It was a problem that had to be solved again and again, with the advent of each spring. To Mac Dowell the summers were of vital importance; for it was then only that he could give himself uninterruptedly to composition.

The first summer after settling in Boston they spent once more in Europe. The opportunity came through the offer of an engagement to Mac Dowell to play his Second Concerto in Paris at a concert to be devoted to the performance of compositions by American composers. What chiefly made this engagement attractive, as he told me, was that it furnished him the money to meet the expenses of a summer in Switzerland.

It was about this time, I think, that the second Concerto was finally ready for publication. Mac Dowell revised it considerably before he let it go. One day he said to me that he

had finished it, and that he thought he "had made it *hard* enough now!" There spoke the ambitious young composer who evidently hoped that the passage work of his Op. 23 would prove a sufficiently difficult nut to crack for some time to come! He himself always played the concerto with magnificent verve, power and abandon. In it his brilliant technique fairly glittered; while certain of his tonal effects were truly remarkable, and at that period novel as well. The power he revealed was astonishing. I said to him after a certain performance that he had filled Music Hall easily enough. "Well," he answered, "I hit the piano pretty hard!"

The summer of 1890 found the Mac Dowells for the first time in Peterboro; and thereafter, except for three years they returned every summer to this New Hampshire village which from the first had attracted them strongly. In 1896, they bought the farm. Its acquisition was a great event. They had hoped to get at the most ten or fifteen acres with the little house they wanted. Their amazement and joy can be imagined when the farmer-owner proposed that they should take nearly seventy acres at about the price they had expected to pay for the smaller tract!

Mac Dowell was proud of his ownership. He often spoke of his pleasure at being able to "tramp all day on his own land." Every one interested in him knows now what the place meant to him for the rest of his life.

York, Maine, was tried experimentally in 1891, but not successfully. A letter from there says:

> Please excuse my not answering. I really have been very busy doing nothing,—a confoundedly fatiguing job, as you know . . . . Our summer has not been quite the success as last year's. . . . I think we will go back rather early, owing to the fogs and general moist unpleasantness of the seaside in September.

A letter from Peterboro in Sept., 1892 tells of a saddening and exceedingly anxious summer, notwithstanding which some important work was done. It also indicates his attitude toward certain critics and their views on "American Music,"—which, later in life he made public more freely, frequently to his own disadvantage, and still more so to his own peace of mind.

> My poor wife has had a very bad time of it. The heat brought on heart failure and she came as near the edge as I ever want to see any body. For two weeks it was touch and go at any moment. . . . There is a capital doctor here, but my sister-in-law really saved her

life. . . . . By the way X— tried to 'newspaper' me again, and I wrote him a regular skyrocket,—told him I thought his paper was the most inimical thing to American art in America. . . . . He wrote me a very quiet note and said he agreed with me and would back down in his next number. . . . . There is only one trouble with X—'s paper. It is rapidly acquiring a poor reputation. I think he does his level best, and his back down, if he does it, proves his courage and desire to improve. A paper, however, which jumps to conclusions so easily, and has to back down in the next number, is a paper which no one cares a hang for. A paper ought to be the Devil or the Lord God. Now, Z— is a very minor devil, and sports a singed tail; still, as a genuine Diabolus his words are at least listened to, and dancing on red hot frying pans is his vocation. . . . . N.B. My Sonata (Tragica) is being printed (Breitkopf and Haertel) and will appear in November. I am just finishing Suite No. 2 for Orchestra. (Indian Suite).

The completion of the Tragica was doubtless a relief to Mac Dowell. He had spent much time over it, for he naturally was anxious to make his first work in sonata form a good one. I recall an evening when he played more or less of it to me from the manuscript. He still had doubts about the introduction, playing it several times, and discussing it. This page he changed somewhat before letting it go. Some time after the sonata was published I remarked to him that it didn't seem so difficult to me as at first. He replied in disappointed tones, "It doesn't to me, either!"

Of the Indian Suite I heard little before it was completed, save that in connection with it, he mentioned several times Dvořák and his "New World" Symphony. Whether the latter's talk in interviews anent the practicablity of "American themes" in composition, influenced Mac Dowell to try his own hand with them, I am not sure.

Through the following summer of 1893 at Peterboro, Mac Dowell evidently kept himself nailed to his desk. In one of his letters then written he could not forego a fling at the coming musical season which, as he viewed it, was looming up for Boston. As has been already said, however, he was afterwards grateful to the new symphony conductor for evincing interest in his compositions, and several times so expressed himself to me:

Hard work and no end of writing have prevented my answering yours sooner. I simply hate the sight of a pen, having just finished twelve new "Virtuosen-Etüden" for piano, eight songs, and some other stuff. Breitkopf and Haertel are to publish them. . . . The newspaper puffs over P.... are very laughable to me—as for instance, his and his wife's "solistic" laurels never existed. It is said that he has no command of his orchestra, as he is very nervous and uncertain.

. . . . But who knows—perhaps he will be just the man to suit Boston. I can see those cock-tail criticisms from here. . . . I wish you were in the neighborhood. The drives are beautiful. There is very little to tell you. As I said, I have been working for dear life and will have a pull of it to get through before commencing the lesson grind. I wish I dared take a complete rest, but I know if I don't seize the summer opportunity I must shut up for a year. . . . . Remember the twenty-second and to try to make our lunch a possibility. . . . .

The set of Virtuosen Etüden, Op. 46, was his second attempt to write practically for piano study. Following Chopin and Heller, he aimed to write a set of pieces designed not only to advance the student's technique, but his style as well. With the reception of his first like venture in this field, Op. 39, written for moderately advanced students, he was disappointed, not to say disgusted.

I suspect that general opinion of this work, which included the ever popular "Shadow Dance," was voiced by a piano teacher, who said to me, "They are very pretty pieces, but there's no 'étude' about them." Upon my expressing to Mac Dowell my pleasure in them, and belief in their practicability, he dilated with unexpected warmth; taking great pains to call my attention to every technical detail he had in mind. I recall this as the only instance but one of his saying anything in explanation or defense of his own music.

The Virtuosen-Etüden are similarly constructed, though more obviously for technical development. Commenting on them as he handed me an autograph copy he said, "You won't like them, and probably no one will." "Why not?" I asked. "O! they are too strange, too dissonant." It must be remembered that this was ten years before Debussy.

Mac Dowell planned to make these studies different from similar works by other composers, and he attained considerable success. In effect they are *pieces*, and each in its own way is charming or brilliant and well worth learning. The "Novelette" and the "Improvisation" instantly became popular. Mac Dowell himself played the "Perpetual Motion," "March Wind" and the "Polonaise," with irresistible bravura. Some-day, he said to me, he might rewrite and enlarge the Polonaise, thus making it a more important concert piece. But the day never came.

At that time also appeared the first book of Technical Exercises. These, too, proved radically different from other existing exercises. Mac Dowell did not believe in much practicing with both hands together for finger development, and therefore wrote the exercises

for each hand separately. Joseffy was immediately interested in this book. But evidently thinking that "life is short," he wrote for his own benefit an exercise in counterpoint to each one of Mac Dowell's, thus enabling himself to practice them with *both* hands together! It was with an air of great pride that he showed this fruit of his own inventiveness to Mac Dowell.

The group of "Eight Songs" for voice and piano, appeared as op. 47. The preceding, "Six Love Songs," op. 40, published in 1890, was the first set that Mac Dowell wrote in this country. I recall his showing me a somewhat large collection of verses sent him by their author, and that he had considerable difficulty in finding any that appealed to him. At last he chose six and rather reluctantly undertook to write the music. Thus came into being the popular "Thy Beaming Eyes," one of those peculiarly fortunate instances where with a few strokes of the pen the public is captured and held indefinitely.

Finding words for song-writing made Mac Dowell a good deal of trouble, until he concluded, as he told me with much irritation, that he "could write better ones himself." As subsequently appeared he certainly succeeded in writing some that were quite as good, and doubtless more stimulating to his musical thought.

VIII

Mac Dowell had hardly got well-settled in this country before he began to take a deep interest in American sports. Base Ball entranced him, though as I have said, he seldom attended the games. He would boil with suppressed enthusiasm, and the blood would fairly suffuse his face as he took in with keen zest critical moments of the game. "It's great," he said, "to watch the cock-sure playing of these professionals." The only thing that kept him from playing himself, was the "danger of smashing his hands." His ventures, therefore, were confined to throwing a "soft" ball with some boys at Peterboro. Bicycling also seized his fancy. Lover of outdoors as he was, the bicycle seemed to him an open sesame to the country. For some time he rode as often as possible, and whenever he could get some one to go along. He learned (as he assured me), to clutch the handle bar so lightly as to stiffen neither his hands nor wrists. Unfortunately his interest in this sport gradually waned. It was "too much trouble," or "no fun going alone."

The following letter seems worth printing since it reveals his boyish love of outdoor life. It is written from Cumberland,

Maine, in August 1894, when the Mac Dowells had once more tried the sea-shore.

How are you getting along and how is the good Frau? I haven't seen any account of the 'Flosshilda's' being wrecked anywhere—so conclude luck has not deserted you. I helped a fellow launch his boat the other day (a Hampden), and after the almightiest kind of a tussle we found ourselves on board, adrift with an oar and a boat hook, no shoes nor stockings—while the very devil of a wind was coming up. The boat had as yet no masts, and the tender, (*my* boat) had broken loose and was thumping the rocks. This was about six o'clock,—and all we could do was to struggle to get to the mooring in mid stream. The other fellow had played guard on a foot ball team last autumn, and to his athletics I attribute our managing to hit it so that we got up to the float. The way we hung on to that darned buoy licks anything I ever went through,—thought our arms would come out. Once moored we "sot and sot," yelling to the landscape generally to come and take us off. I had been deep sea fishing all day too, and had no lunch at all but a sandwich and the rather cloying smell of the clam bait (it was real "antika"). I came near getting the 'Risorssardonicans' that Bret Harte tells about.

I have learned to ride a bicycle and to swim this summer—am even rapidly getting over my fear of thunderstorms. This I attribute to the very few we have had!

The summer of 1895 was once more spent in Switzerland. This was the last summer the Mac Dowells passed away from their beloved Peterboro, before becoming permanent residents of that town. A letter written me soon after their arrival at Paris, portions of which I quote, indicates Mac Dowell's state of mind on returning to the capital where he had spent several lonely and painful years during his boyhood. The life in general of that great city gave him no pleasure; and the so-called "attractions" of Paris were oftener than not revolting to his innate purity of thought.

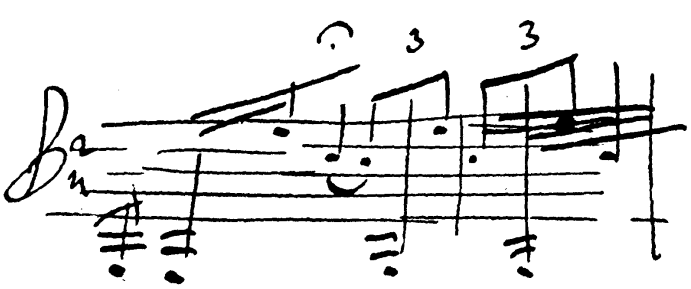
June, 1895—We are still alive and kicking most damnably. The French famine for money is something awful,—regular swindling at every turn,—and the worm turns often—generally to uncover a spot twice as vulnerable as the one already tapped. . . . Went to the Salon—never saw so many nude pictures in my life. Went to the Opera (Widor's Korrigane Ballet,) and it was about the same, only the nudities *moved*, ... God knows I am not a Puritan of Puritans, but about the worst you can imagine would have seemed decent to it. . . . Paris is the same as ever. The Devil does his Virgilpractice Clavier work in places like Boston etc. *Here* he leads full orchestra with specially loud brass. The up and down clicks wouldn't be heard here. . . . Poor G— is laid up in London with typhoid ever since he landed. Goes back as soon as he mends enough. Poor Devil! We go to Frankfort for a few days on Sunday and then to Switzerland. I will yodel to you through the mail when I get there."

In the following note came the yodel:

E. A. MacDOWELL,
38 Chestnut St.,
Boston, Mass.

15 July 1895
Hotel du Lac
Vevey Switzerland

My dear Currier
Do you think I am going to waste my
billion on stamps for letters to you
without even an echo – ?!!! – – –
(fill the dashes out yourself –) – or
haven't you yet gotten over patriots
(seemed to me "pat-riots") day?
How's your boat and do you often
jump for the life preserver?
You probably often cry Dundreary's
"bird of one feather" – You remember
"Well I'll reserve that anecdote as
you may be ill and it might
shake you up too much. I have no
news to tell you until I receive
a screed from you. We are well
and both of you are likewise
affectionate regards –



E. A. MacDowell
you see I've
forgotten my
lines or spaces.

Another brief note came later on:

"Laas-Fee, Sept, 1895.—I have been working hard all summer, and only the last two weeks have been free. Lovely weather until now, and we have enjoyed it immensely. My wife has improved in health steadily and it is a good start for next winter. We were delighted to hear the good news. . . Now get a start on your bicycle and we will have some fine rides."

That summer he finished the "Sonata Eroica." Meeting him in the autumn I said "What have you been doing?" "Sir," he replied, "I've written another Sonata." Then he added seriously, "It's curious, too, but I never noticed for some time that it was in the same key as the "Tragica!"

This certainly was curious, for Mac Dowell was extremely sensitive to the "color" of different keys,—one appearing to him as "red" another "green," etc. His sensitiveness to the pitch of a piano was equally remarkable. He once spoke of having played the "Moonlight Sonata" on a piano which was off the customary pitch, saying that he "heard the whole thing in another key and it nearly knocked him out."

The wear and tear of this high strung organization of his was in fact constantly going on. He could not hear music of any kind without listening with extreme intensity. One evening I enveigled him into going with me to a social gathering given in their rooms by a club of artists. Some one, among others, played a violin solo,—not very well at that. A lady remarked to me afterwards, "Did you see Mac Dowell? The poor fellow couldn't keep his head still through all that dreadful playing!"

It was largely due to this pull upon his nerves that he kept away from concerts as much as possible. At the Symphony Concerts, his had become a familiar figure in the second balcony of the old Music Hall. Curious people soon began to notice that frequently during the performances of "classics" he would disappear,—to return when some modern number was to be played.

"What's the matter with Mac Dowell?" they said, "he can't seem to stand a Beethoven Symphony." And, "Why doesn't Mac Dowell go to concerts like the other fellows," (referring to his brother composers). The truth was that Mac Dowell, knowing the classics from A to Z did not care to waste his strength on them. New and other modern works were more interesting, and their scoring more important to him. To take in more than one such work of large dimensions was all he could possibly endure without exhaustion. Therefore he was actually compelled to save himself whenever possible.

The appearance of the "Erioca" excited in my mind wonderment at Mac Dowell's continuing to write in this form for the piano. In orchestral writing he had apparently come to a standstill. I asked him the reason and received this reply: "It's one thing to write works for orchestra, and another to get them performed. There isn't much satisfaction in having a thing played once in two or three years. If I write large works for the piano I can play them myself as often as I like."

Much is revealed in this reply. Mac Dowell had reached the point where he wanted to express himself more often in the larger forms. It may have been that with the completion of the "Eroica" he had in mind a general scheme which found fruition in the "Norse" and "Keltic" Sonatas. Writing for the orchestra had begun to look unpromising, in spite of its being his chief ambition; and he felt the futility of giving up the many hours to writing works that he would hear so seldom. He lamented the fact also, that a composer could never hear a score tried out here by a friendly conductor, as was possible in Europe. And besides all this he could not get sundry experiences with conductors out of his mind. The production in Boston of his first Suite was a sore memory. Mr. N— intimated his desire to play this suite, then in manuscript, and Mac Dowell, anxious to have it done "exactly right" took great pains to indicate all dynamic effects, and especially, with metronome, the fluctuating tempi. His feelings may be imagined when, as he told me, N— paid not the slightest attention to these marks, but played the work "to suit himself!" "Conductors are devils!" he wrathfully exclaimed.

It should not be inferred from this that Mac Dowell was inordinately conceited concerning his own music. The very opposite is true. He composed as he said, "for his own pleasure." But, though this might be construed that he didn't care whether any body liked his music or not, he really had an inward longing both to have it liked and understood. He was genuinely grateful for what he felt to be real appreciation. Also, Mac Dowell had a genuine desire to help others as he would be helped. He would give his time to any one whom he believed needed it. Had he himself been a conductor, I am sure that he would have done everything in his power to give the young composer opportunities to hear his own works; and his time in criticism as well.

His sense of honesty and justice, however, was the unfortunate cause of his being frequently misunderstood. No matter how strong his desire to be friendly and helpful, he could not refrain from saying what he honestly thought. A young composer, for

instance, brought to him for criticism a piece he had been trying to score for orchestra. The scoring was so hopelessly bad that Mac Dowell knew hardly what to say. But gently going over it he criticised as lightly as possible this point and that, flinging in encouragement on the way. At the end he was suddenly aghast at the thought that he really had about "cut up the whole thing." The young man at last, with a faint smile, moved toward the door. "And then," said Mac Dowell, "as I opened the door for him, I *couldn't* let him go without telling him that the 'cello part was written all wrong!"

There are undoubtedly many of Mac Dowell's pupils who have not forgetten his inspiring enthusiasm, and his cordial interest and words of sympathy and encouragement. He was impatient with the foolishly helpless, but would do his utmost for those who were willing to work hard. Himself a tremendous worker, he could not brook laziness or half-heartedness in others. The amount of energy that he put into his piano lessons would have exhausted most teachers, as it frequently did exhaust himself. But he threw himself into this work with good-will and the desire to give his pupils their "money's worth." He labored long and patiently, even with dull, inefficient pupils, who sometimes got into his classes; although these occasionally aroused his ire. Once he told me of a young man who was so aggravatingly flabby in body and hands when sitting at the piano, that Mac Dowell couldn't stand it. "I gave him," he said, "a slap on the back that nearly knocked him off the seat, and told him to sit up and play like a man!" Shortly afterward, this student stopped his lessons!

Of his best pupils he was proud. He liked quick results, and to be able to say that this or that pupil had learned such a piece in a very few hours. Sometimes, when trying to whip his pupils into velocity, he perhaps forgot the years he had spent in acquiring it himself. Speaking of a certain finger exercise, he said, "Try it. I practiced it about an hour a day for months, and *thought* it did me good!"

Of the numberless hints and suggestions continually thrown out by him, one was proved signally fruitful. Wishing to incite several of his more ambitious pupils to still greater efforts, he urged them to get together frequently and play to one another. They eagerly seized upon the idea, and promptly formed a "practice club." From this informal beginning evolved the Mac Dowell Club of Boston, now large and thoroughly organized, helpful to students, and in many ways beneficial to musical interests of the city.

The winter of '95 and '96 found Mac Dowell at the pinnacle of his success in Boston. He had about him a very large circle of devoted and enthusiastic friends, admirers and followers, to whom his words and suggestions were law. With an ample income, far beyond, no doubt, what he once had even dreamed of commanding, with applications for lessons that he had constantly to refuse, he was in an enviable position.

But this had really been true for the past three years. And the novelty had begun to wear off. In fact, the strain involved to maintain this position was beginning to make itself felt. Mac Dowell had struck a great pace, and anxiety as to his power of maintaining it was creeping in. Thoughts of the fluctuations in business that are liable to come even to the most successful private teacher, unquestionably gave him uneasy moments.

He was by no means a money-getter for the sake of mere possession. He valued money only for what it would secure in comfort and independence. Like most young men, he was eager to make a competence on which he and his wife might depend later in life; and this desire more than any other led him to take all the work he could possibly stand. The moments of fear he experienced were enhanced also by his doubts concerning his own physical strength. Not infrequently he felt "used up," he as expressed it to me; and for some time during this, his last year in Boston, I had noticed that he was displaying less of his customary buoyancy and jollity of spirit. It had become harder to get hold of him and to get him out. "Work" was his more constant excuse. His quiet, secluded home environment was the only thing that was keeping him going.

So the winter drifted into spring. And with it came the first proposals that he should take the position of Professor of Music at Columbia University, New York City, and organize a department of music. Mac Dowell considered this proposal for weeks before he decided to accept it. It would take him to New York, where he had so far steadfastly refused to go. It meant eight months of constant, hard work in a field to which he must accustom himself. There would be little time which he could call his own. And for the first year at least, he would be obliged largely to make up his courses as he went along. Nevertheless the position was one of rank and honor. The opportunity presented itself to demonstrate views concerning the teaching of music which had long been forming in his mind and were now more or less crystalized. And he had been promised absolute

independence as to his methods of procedure. The fixed income, too, appealed strongly to him. There would be no worry for a number of years over financial problems; and there would be chances to add to his receipts through private work. Altogether it appeared the opportunity of his life; and so he embraced it.

Having decided, Mac Dowell's spirits, already elated at having just acquired the farm at Peterboro, rose to the occasion. The summer was spent largely in reading up and otherwise preparing for his prospective work. He found time, however, to superintend improvements on his house, and to write the "Woodland Sketches,"—those tone-poems so exquisite in inspiration and finish, which included two that will doubtless remain among the most appealing and popular of his for a long time to come: "To a Wild Rose" and "To a Water Lily."

In the middle of September I received a letter from him which indicated his state of mind over the coming removal, and the anticipated effect his first year in New York would have upon him.

Hill Crest, Peterboro, Sept. '96. . . . . I was just on the point of writing to you when your letter came. . . We will be very sorry not to see you in Boston. We will be there only one night, however, and perhaps putting off seeing you now may mean seeing you sooner in New York. . . . . We are so sick of trunks and packing that anything of that nature seems a calamity. . . . . I will take you up on your offer to keep me posted as to matters musical in Boston.

I expect to be ten years older by springtime, and any little alleviations you can give me from time to time as to what "dam fools" other people are, will be welcome.

IX

The season opened auspiciously, and Mac Dowell began his works with hopes high. His election to the conductorship of the Mendelssohn Glee Club was a great pleasure to him. He felt that here was a chance to show what he could do in conducting; and the men promised enthusiastic response to the original work he had in mind.

A letter written after two months in New York tells the story of complete absorption in his new labors.

If you only knew how wildly busy I am you would forgive my not writing—probably you do, any way. I wish you would write oftener. Boston seems far, far away, but the friends in it somehow grow dearer. . . . . I am delighted with my work in many ways, though composition is as far off as ever, and I haven't touched the piano for many months. If I live until spring I will give up complaining about my health and look down with a pitying smile on malt-fed Sandows and the rest.

The lecturing is intensely interesting and I think it has been fairly successful. I have received many offers of engagements, the last being to deliver a course in New Orleans. I will do three weeks piano playing in January and February. The Mendelssohn Club is good fun and the men act well and work for me like demons. The first concert will doubtless be ragged but I hope the chorus will do wonders before the season is over. . . . Glad everything goes well with you. . . . Oh! the hustle and bustle of this city!. . . . I have to "address" a meeting to-night (students). You wouldn't know me. I'm getting a Dan'l Webster look in spite of the bristles having grown again.

No wonder that he and Mrs. Mac Dowell eagerly rushed away in the December holidays to Peterboro for a few days of much needed rest. The following note came from there in December:

Christmas Day we are to be with Miss — (in Boston). I think the number is 503 or 533. Your giant intellect will probably pierce the mystery without difficulty. Hope to get a glimpse of you. If I get in your neighborhood I will try your bell. . . . Our "estate" here is looking fine.

At last came May, when he hailed with joy the completion of his first year at Columbia.

May 7, '97.—To-night is my last Mendelssohn Glee Club concert and on the fifteenth I give my last lecture. On the sixteenth I expect we will be on our way to Peterboro via Boston. The Parker House will probably shelter us over Monday. . . We will go to the farm (an "admirer" has promised me one pig for it!) and in the week of June ninth I will have to return here for commencement and examinations, on which occasion gown, hood and exceedingly wise cast of face will be in order. . . . . Hope to find you blooming and a year younger. It will be pleasant and homelike to see Boston again to say nothing of you.

It is not my intention to dwell in detail upon Mac Dowell's life in New York. The nature of it is indicated in his letter of November '96, already quoted. My dear friend had again struck a pace compared with which his Boston "gait" was a gentle stroll. Work and more work was the order of the day. At the end of two years he gave up the leadership of the Mendelssohn Glee Club; but foolishly, as I then thought, he allowed himself to be drawn deeply into private teaching. The summers were spent in hard work at composition. The list of his opus numbers reveals his untiring energy and his wonderful recuperative powers. For during these last vacations he wrote the two Sonatas, "Norse" and "Keltic," the "Sea Pieces," the "Fireside Tales" and the "New England Idyls," besides choruses and songs.

These new important piano works naturally were an added incentive for a continuance of winter concert playing, for which the demand was ever increasing. In March, 1899, Mac Dowell ended a tour in the West with a recital in Boston. The programme included the "Eroica" and many other pieces of his own. He was greeted with a crowded house, and never played better.

After the recital he and George Marston, the song writer, (of whom he was extremely fond) and I, dined together. Mac Dowell was in good spirits, though very tired. I was much impressed by the marked change that had come over him. He appeared older, and his mind seemed weighted with responsibility and the load he was carrying. Not that he alluded to such matters; he tried to be as jolly as ever. One remark that he made, however, as we walked across the Public Garden together, has since appeared to me "a key note:" "The only thing is to be as useful as we can." More and more he was feeling it a solemn duty to do all that he possibly could for his beloved art and for those interested in it.

A few days after the recital I received a letter which shows his thoughtfulness for others, and his sensitiveness to criticism. It is the only letter to me in which he ever defended his playing or his compositions.

March 27, '99.—I forgot all about that porter of the hall. Will you not give him the money for which I enclose check. If you should think it too small just add what you like and let me know. I will be 'eternally obliged.' I have unhappily still one more concert in D—, next Tuesday. They wouldn't take no for an answer, so I've got to air my 'hard tone'—much to my regret. I see A— has chimed in with K—. Well, we have been in the 'Merry dance' together before, so I suppose I needn't mind. . . . My compositions have stood the racket, and as for the playing, I am receiving more offers of engagements than I can answer. The New York recital has made a great time I think, and while you know I always take things with a liberal allowance of salt, I will confess to feeling gratified at the appreciation. . . . Pardon this egoism of yours,———,

For over a year thereafter I was in Europe. No letters passed between us during that period. Mac Dowell was driven harder than ever, and I in turn found little time for letter writing.

In December, 1900, after my return, I received New Year's greetings from Mac Dowell:

If this reaches you it will bring our best wishes for the New Year. I trust it will be a happy one and prosperous. We are much the same

here. . . . Poor Marston is having a hard struggle, I suppose you know. . . . Well, we will all have to fight for our lives and fail sometime. Rather gloomy, no doubt, and you must forgive creoking at this jolly time of year. . . . As for you it will probably take months of "put yo' fum under," (Marston's jokes do recur to one!) to take down your foreign exuberance. . . If you come to New York don't let us miss you. I'm doubtful of being near Boston this winter.

Another evidence of his increasingly serious attitude toward life. One more note from him, the last I find of interest here:

Feb. 8, 1902.—Stress of work has prevented my writing you sooner. I too was sorry to have missed you in Boston. but last summer was a dreadful one, and I was only at the club for convenience's sake. I am glad the Indian music gave you pleasure. G— played it here—but as he didn't send me a ticket or ask me to a rehearsal, I did not go. But from what I heard of it, the Indians must have worn their Tuxedos. My Sabbatical year at Columbia comes next winter, and I shall (D. V.) go abroad and play and bring out some new things."

His mention thus early of his first "Sabbatical Year," indicates that the rest coming to him was already being looked forward to with longing.

It was in Easter week of 1905 that I saw Mac Dowell in New York,—so shortly before his complete collapse. Receiving word of my arrival, he made an engagement for dinner, or rather Mrs. Mac Dowell made it. That dinner was an unforgetable experience. When my wife and I reached the place of appointment we found Mrs. Mac Dowell waiting for us. At her request I remained at the door until Mac Dowell should come. At last he appeared. His looks and response to my eager greeting struck a chill to my heart. Pale, and thin, all his old brightness and energetic bearing gone, he seemed like one just up from a serious sickness. With no show of interest he replied feebly and almost inaudibly, "I'm not very well. Where is Mrs. Mac Dowell?" Already he had begun to cling helplessly to her. At dinner he brightened somewhat. Yet he found little to talk about except the one thing that still, after a year, was constantly going around in his mind: his break with Columbia. All its details he rehearsed with painful elaboration, in the manner of one utterly weary of the struggle. No other subject excited any interest on his part. On the way to our hotel one other thought seemed to fill his mind: the fear of being run over. A few weeks before he had been knocked down by a cab, which nearly passed over him, to which accident was partly attributed his final breakdown. With the utmost care he piloted my wife across the street; and there we parted.

A few days later I attended an informal recital by some of his pupils. His manner then was that of one struggling to hold onto himself. Sitting beside the piano he tried by slowly waving his hand to stimulate each pupil to added expression or brilliancy; but activity and animation were absent. After the recital he endeavored to speak encouragingly to each of the pupils, as one after another bade him goodbye. One young girl of twelve or fourteen stood looking up at him intently for several moments before he spoke. At last he looked down at her and almost whispered, "Little giant!"

When he was free I asked him if we could not do something or go somewhere. Mrs. Mac Dowell replied for him, "He has an engagement. Things are very different here in New York." He repeated mechanically, "Things are very different here in New York. I have an engagement at one."

I therefore departed. And I did not see him again for a year, when he had become like a little child.

A few weeks after I left New York, Mrs. Mac Dowell in great alarm got her husband to Peterboro. And shortly afterwards came the letter from her from which I have quoted the words at the beginning of these recollections.

The high-strung, extraordinarily sensitive organization, sapped by over-work and the terrible anguish caused by the termination of his connection with Columbia, brought on Mac Dowell's end. He was not fitted by nature to cope with situations where change, or interference with plans he had set his heart on, might have seemed advisable. He could not argue. Either he must do what he wanted to do in his own way, or not at all. In this peculiarity he was not set apart from many another. Where he differed from many, however, was in his utter inability to throw off the pain and disappointments which followed his rupture with Columbia. Matters troubling him less vitally he could have risen above. But to his far-reaching, progressive plans (as they appeared to him), for the musical department, he had given his whole heart and strength. When, therefore, the impossibility of carrying them on was borne in upon him, he suffered a cruel hurt. And it came at a time when his overworked mind and body were in no condition to withstand the shock. Others would have "washed their hands of the whole business," and regained their health and poise through rest and private work, but he simply succumbed. For weeks he could not sleep. And it was at this time that he said to Mrs. Mac Dowell, "This business will kill me." After this first result, his wife, as she told

me, began to notice the change creeping over him, which continued its insidious work, until his death.

On June twenty-third, in his forty-seventh year, after a comparatively painless illness of about two and a half years, Mac Dowell quietly passed away. He was buried the twenty-sixth at the Peterboro farm,—as his devoted wife wrote me, "in a beautiful spot on one of the hills he loved so well."

X

In view of all that has been written of Mac Dowell's music and its place in the literature of music, further comment or conclusions here by me are uncalled for. With Mr. Gilman's penetrating and sympathetic analysis I heartily agree. No one of Mac Dowell's friends and contemporaries could, at the date of his writing have done the task more completely. And Mr. Gilman himself says, "There is no need to attempt at this juncture to speculate concerning his place among the company of the greater dead; it is enough to avow the conviction that he possessed genius of a rare order, that he wrought nobly and valuably for the art of the country which he loved."

I may add that his personality always seemed to me a part of his music, as his music was a part of himself. He was of the same type as his music The originality and fertility of invention, the love of color, the exquisite taste, the underlying hints of melancholy, deep-felt and never sentimental, the warmth and depth of imagination—these were the expression alike of the musical genius and of the magnetic personality, the high ideals, purity of thought and purpose of the whole-souled, sweet-hearted man.

Mac Dowell's influence and memory are doubtless felt and cherished more and more by others who knew him well, as they are by me. As a composer he will be known principally by his pianoforte works. I believe, too, that admiration and love for these works will steadily increase. His smaller, more immediately appealing pieces are already secure in the affections of numberless music-lovers. It only remains for the highest achievements of his genius,—the Suites, the Sea-Pieces, the Sonatas,—to find through frequent and sympathetic interpretation by the great players their rightful place among the master works of pianoforte literature.

THE DELIGHTS OF CHORUSSING

By W. J. LAWRENCE

TO the natural man no impulse is more difficult to resist than the desire to join in a chorus. One of the distinguishing qualities of the music-hall lies in the fact that it administers to that craving. People like to get immersed in the rhythm of a titillating ditty just as they like to fall in step. Men with a keen sense of propriety, obsessed even with the wraith of their own personal dignity, have been known after a struggle to yield themselves publicly to the impulse. They were victims of collective psychology, or what is more popularly known as "the law of the crowd." It is now clearly recognised that to bring people together in considerable numbers is to less their normal intellectuality and to increase their sensuous perceptions and their emotional energy. As Mr. A. B. Walkley puts it "the crowd has the credulity, the absence of judicial faculty, the uncontrolled violence of a feeling of a child." In our day there is, however, one serious check upon this momentary weakening of self-control. With the advance of civilisation the tendency has been to repress all manifestations of emotion, especially in public. I am convinced that much of the neurasthenia of the hour is due to this mistaken trend. Doctors should prescribe hearty laughter as an antidote.

Former ages had a saner standard of good breeding. We are apt to marvel over the compelling magnetism of the great players of the eighteenth century in being able to move strong men to tears; but the truth is, human nature at bottom being always the same, their powers were no greater than those possessed by the few highly gifted theatrical geniuses of today. The difference lies entirely in the attitude of the audience.

Although stoicism neither began nor ended with Zeno and his disciples, it may safely be predicted that the earlier the period in the world's history the nearer to the surface and the less restrained were the natural emotions. But, strangely enough, when we come to apply this conclusion to the common impulse towards chorussing, the argument, possibly from lack of full acquaintance ship with the characteristics of remoter times, falls to the ground. Most people would be inclined to say that if ever there was an

age when the natural man reigned supreme it was the Elizabethian age. Assuredly there was little toleration for the "prunes and prisms" propaganda in that blunt-spoken era when the Virgin Queen set the fashion by indulging in full-mouthed oaths in her moments of passion. Song was very popular in those days in the open-roofed playhouses on the Bankside. The true musical comedy was seen then by the gallants in the private theatres, and has seldom been seen since. Nothing is so certain as that the Tarletons of that multicolored day indulged their admirers with all the comic ditties of the hour. But the strange thing is that, remarkable as were the Bankside groundlings for turbulence and unrestraint, we gain no hint in the abounding pamphlets of the period of any participation on their part in the delights of chorussing. Yet there must have been many songs, with a "terry derry ding, terry derry ding, terry derry dino," such as those so inappropriately sung by Valerius in Heywood's tragedy, *The Rape of Lucrece*, which lent themselves readily to the practice. Neither Stephen Gosson in *The Schoole of Abuse* nor Dekker in his ironical instructions to the budding playgoer in his *Gul's Hornbooke* has aught to say of any such habit. Gayton, who wrote at a somewhat later period and who is equally illuminative is also equally silent. Perhaps the conclusion forced on the inquirer is as fallacious as caution and experience would lead us to believe. However that may be, one thing at least is certain: the practice of chorussing never gained material sway in the English theatre. The national temperament—that curious quality of reserve and self-isolation for which the Englishman is noted—formed an effective barrier. If it be asked, then, why should the custom have sprung up in the English music-hall, one might find an answer in the study of origins. The music-hall was an organised development of the old Free-and-Easy held in the bar-parlours of taverns, and the frequenters of the Free-and-Easy not only habitually joined in the chorus, but occasionally provided the songs.

That the custom was unknown in England in 1711 is shown by an experience related by Addison in the 29th number of *The Spectator*. In discussing opera generally, the serene-minded essayist writes:

> The Musick of the French is indeed very properly adapted to their pronunciation and accent. as their whole opera wonderfully favours the genius of such a gay, airy people. The chorus in which that opera abounds, gives the parterre frequent opportunities of joining in consort with the stage. This inclination of the audience to sing along with the actors so prevails with them, that I have sometimes known the performer on the stage do no more in a celebrated song than the clerk of a parish

church, who serves only to raise the Psalm, and is afterwards drown'd in the musick of the congregation.

We have here a hint that the national equation proves a differentiating factor in the uprise of playgoing customs and the amusements of a people. The French are undoubtedly "a gay airy people." So, too, in the regions south of the Boyne, are the Irish; and it is in a Dublin music-hall that chorussing, this practice of drowning the singer, is most heartily indulged in. Nowhere else does the audience carol with the same verve and gusto.

Not long after Addison embalmed his impressions curious advantage was taken in Paris of the French predilection for chorussing. With the view of suppressing the comedians who played in booths at the great annual fairs of Saint Germain and Saint Laurent, the Royal Academy of Music, otherwise the controllers of the Opera, exercised their prerogative and forbade the comedians from favouring their patrons with any singing. Highly ingenious was the method whereby the harried players evaded the issue. When a juncture came in the performance when one of the characters should have sung a song, a large scroll descended from the sky-borders on which was inscribed in bold letters the words of the ditty. Then the orchestra proceeded to play the air and the audience, having caught its rhythms, sang the song. Meanwhile the silenced actor went on with the dumb shew of his part. All the world and his wife were attracted by this novelty. So far from injuring the mummers, the Royal Academy of Music had done them service. Such were the first faint beginnings of that delightful genre known as *opéra-comique.*

With one accord, all the French historians of the theatre have adjudged this device of evasion purely indigenous. As a matter of fact the idea was borrowed from Italy and probably owed its transplantation to the Italian mimes who frequented the fairs. Hogarth, in the opening chapter of his *Memoirs of the Musical Drama* (1838) writes:

Towards the end of the seventeenth century a species of entertainment was introduced at Venice which was for a short time in great vogue. It consisted of little dramas, in which the actors appeared on the stage without speaking. Scrolls descended from the roof upon their heads in succession, in which were written, in large letters, verses of songs, the airs of which were played by the orchestra, while the words were sung by the spectators; the performers on the stage, meanwhile, carrying on the action in dumb shew. The spectators found it very amusing to sing, in this manner, the dialogue of the piece, but soon began, doubtless, to think it somewhat childish; for the 'scroll-pieces' did not long remain in fashion.

It would doubtless be considering too curiously to infer that the first recorded instances of chorussing in an English audience were due to French initiative, particularly as the conditions which evoked the chorussing were peculiarly individual. About the second decade of the eighteenth century it became usual for the members of the ancient Order of Free Masons both in London and in Dublin to visit the theatre in full regalia on St. John's Day, the period of their annual festivity. On these occasions Masonic songs were sung between the acts by the players and chorussed in pit and boxes by the brethern. Seeing that the songs were not sung in any sort of theatrical entertainment but were merely substantive ditties rendered in downright music-hall style, this may be taken as the first faint foreshadowing of the latter day music-hall habit. Of the visit paid by the Irish Free Masons to old Smock Alley on St. John's Day, June 24, 1725, we read in *The Dublin Weekly Journal:*

> They all went to the Play, with their aprons, etc., the private Brothers sat in the Pit, but the Grand Master and Grand Warden, in the Government Box; at the conclusion of the play, Mr. Griffith the player, who is a Brother, sang the Free Mason's Apprentice's song, the Grand Master and the whole brotherhood joining in the chorus.

The Government box, it should be noted was the box occupied by the Lord Lieutenant on "command nights," or, in his absence, by the Lords Justices.

No rules for general playhouse conduct can be deduced from special circumstances such as these, and, although it was but a step from the chorussing of a substantive song to the chorussing of an incidental air in a theatrical entertainment, some time elapsed before it was taken. It was not till the great success of *The Beggar's Opera* had created a taste for light musical pieces that the players made any attempt to popularize the French habit of chorussing in the auditorium during the performance. When Colley Cibber's unlucky ballad-opera, *Love in a Riddle,* was first brought out at Drury Lane in January, 1729, Harper, the jolly fat comedian, was provided with a ballad-epilogue of four stanzas in which he sang:

> Since songs to plays are nowadays,
> Like to your meals a salad;
> Permit us then, kind gentlemen,
> To try our skill by ballad:
> While you, to grace our native lays,
> As France has done before us,
> Belle, beau and cit from box and pit,
> All join the jolly chorus.

The chorus ran—

> Then freeborn boys, all make a noise,
> As France has done before us;
> With English hearts all bear your parts,
> And join the jolly chorus.

Agreeable to command the freeborn boys made the devil of a row in the pit, but it was not of the kind anticipated. For some not too well defined reason a cabal had been organised against Cibber's piece and the result was its summary damnation. Thus what may be styled a happy misfortune negatived all possibility of the transference of the French custom to English soil. Even the Masonic practice in due course fell into desuetude. The great public was not to give way to its natural impulse towards chorussing for considerably over a century, and then only in the music-hall.

Doubtless to the great majority of my readers this paper will bear the aspect of the famous chapter "on Snakes in Iceland," inasmuch as the delights of chorussing are unknown to, or if known scorned by, the American people. Why this should be so in a country which has been the crucible of the nations I cannot pretend to determine. As a stranger without the gate, I had perforce to seek some solution of the problem from an old friend, Mr. Wm. R. McClelland of New Brunswick, N. J., who has visited in his day all the varied places of song, North, East, South and West, from Maine to California. After informing me that the practice of joining in the chorus on the part of the audience is a thing unknown, he adds:

> There were developments about five or six years ago along this line. A number of singers tried to get the audience to join in the chorus and succeeded in some instances by constant plugging in obtaining a sort of lukewarm response. Vesta Victoria wheedled the audience into singing in rendering her song "Waiting at the Church," but this was merely a flash in the pan and established no kind of custom. A few American singers made a hard try but they eventually abandoned the effort as hopeless, finding the average result cold enough to freeze a geyser.

From all of which it would appear that America is considerably more than "the telephone exchange for European thought," as William Archer once styled it, and, in matters of habit has, very decidedly, a mind of its own.

SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN MUSIC

By W. H. HADOW

WHEN the critic is young he regards every new movement as a sacred cause to be defended, and every man who stands on the old ways as an adversary to be challenged and overthrown. When he grow older he begins to find reason for modifying both these opinions. The claims of novelty if not less attractive become less urgent. Like Browning's Ogniben he has "seen three and twenty leaders of revolts" and the appearance of a four and twentieth although it rouses him to keen interest no longer thrills him with the sense of adventure. He has exchanged the arena for the laboratory, he has come to see that there are many aspects of truth and that they are all worth studying; he finds himself in sympathy with all forms of original expression, and holds that the only unpardonable sins are imposture and pretentiousness.

It may be said at once that the advantage is not all on the side of age. The quieter temper and the broader outlook are in part compensated by a less quick intelligence and a less ready enthusiasm. A man in middle-life has already fallen to some extent under the dominion of use and custom, his experience has moulded his character in certain directions, his early preferences have tended to harden and stereotype: the very forces that are maturing his judgment are taking their revenge by blunting his sensibility. Not that art means less to him; in many ways it means a great deal more, but the meaning is different, and in the fact of that difference something has been lost. Many of us can remember that stab of physical pleasure with which we first heard the opening of Beethoven's Violin Concerto, or of Bach's B minor Mass or of the second act of Tristan. Much of the new music is charming and admirable and intensely interesting, but it does not reproduce for us these supreme moments of delight.

Hence there is a real difficulty in discussing a phase of art which is making its appeal primarily to a younger generation. And the difficulty is increased by the extreme rapidity with which the language and idiom of music have altered during the last twenty years. To this it may be doubted whether the whole

history of the art can furnish a parallel. We have learned that the Florentine Revolution is a historical myth, and that the first "opera" followed traditions which had been steadily growing for more than a century. Bach's equal temperament gave a new direction to music, but the splendid harmonic audacity with which he used it had little or no influence on composition until fifty years after his death. Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, are not so far from each other as the music of 1880 from that of 1914. The Romantic movement was in many ways frankly conservative, and Brahms with greater genius followed it on the conservative side. Wagner broke down the conventions of drama and gave music a new emotional content, but the considerable changes of idiom which this entailed never really crossed the border into a new language. At the present day it appears as if the whole problem was being restated; as if the very principles of the art were called in question; as if its vocabulary were being written afresh and its most vital distinctions dismissed as obsolete. The first thing then is to enquire whether this is indeed the case, and whether if so an art of equal or greater value can be raised on the new foundation.

Here we are met by two rather disheartening obstacles. One of the besetting sins of the present age is its habit of intellectual slovenliness. Everybody wants to be in the movement, everybody is half-educated, there are abundant articles and little handbooks from which you can get up enough for dinner conversation, and with that lowly ideal many men seem to be satisfied. It is not easy to discuss recent painting with people who believe that Futurism and Post Impressionism are the same thing: or to discuss recent music with people who ask you "if you like such composers as Strauss and Debussy." Criticism is lost in a prevalent fog through which you can hear nothing but the megaphone and see nothing but the electric light. The advertiser strains his voice to the furthest breaking point and the journalist encourages him with shouting, every opinion is expressed in superlatives, partly to conceal ignorance and partly to attract attention, every shanty is a Saloon and every inn a Palace, guessing riddles is called a Tournament and killing flies a Crusade: in all this general welter it is not surprising that distinctions are forgotten, that shades of meaning are confused and that the power of discrimination is becoming atrophied by disuse. We have many excellent qualities at the present day but we are losing our sense of scholarship.

The second obstacle, which is, I believe, complementary to the first, is the extreme complexity of much contemporary music. For

instance, I am told that Schönberg's "Gurre Lieder" is a fine work, and so far as I can make it out I am ready to endorse this opinion. But it is written for five solo voices, besides a "Sprecher," for two choruses of eight and twelve voices respectively, and for a band which contains one hundred and fourteen orchestral parts. In order to publish it at all it has to be engraved, not printed, on an enormous sheet of paper with notes the size of pin points, directions which are almost unreadable, and leger lines which sometimes require a magnifying glass. The style is that of advanced modern polyphony in which every part is real, no eye can possibly take in a whole page at once, and the chances of hearing the music may perhaps occur twice in a lifetime.

No doubt this is an extreme case, but it is not so extreme as to be outside fair criticism, and it is not unfair to urge that there must be something wrong with a work which, in aiming at its effect, is obliged to use such a suicidal prodigality of means. In the seventeenth century a learned Jesuit named Athanasius Kircher published a treatise on music and quoted as one of his examples a composition which he calls the Nodus Salomonis; a canon in 12,200,000 real parts, and capable of further extension. He does not regard it as practically possible in this world, though he expresses a pious hope that he may hear it in the next; its effect would be that of the chord of G major reiterated for ever and ever; and his account of it ends with the words "haec ad mirificam Musicae combinationis vim demonstrandam sufficiant."

Now with all deference we would submit that they can do nothing of the kind. We are not supplicating that music should be starved to the measure of our understanding, but maintaining that when it swells beyond a certain bulk it topples over. No doubt we must allow for the immense improvement in executive skill through which our modern orchestras can play passages which would have been impossible half a century ago: that is all to the good and we may take full advantage of it; but we are pressing executive skill beyond bounds when we use it for compositions which outstrip the capacity of the human ear. A great deal of the most elaborate modern music sounds as if it was all of the same colour: a rich blur of sound in which the different voices are hardly distinguishable, and from which, if current stories are true, they may sometimes absent themselves without detection. It is a far cry from this to the perfect transparence of Debussy's Pelléas, where every note tells, and where the full orchestra is used only once throughout the entire work.

We may be told that the ear will adapt itself to the new conditions as it has done many times before, and that the day will come when a symphonic poem of Schönberg is as straightforward as we now find a symphony of Mozart. To this it is a sufficient rejoinder that by that time men will be writing something else, and that these works are therefore in danger of withering before they grow up. But there is a more serious reason for disquietude. One of the clearest lessons in history is that when an artistic school begins to grow luxurious or self-conscious or erudite it is carrying in it the seeds of its own decadence. It was so with the Alexandrine school of Greek literature, it was so with the Roman poetry of the fourth century, it was so with the counterpoint of the middle ages, and precisely the same peril confronts the German school of which Schönberg is the greatest exponent. It seems to me not new but old, not adventurous but deliberate; its experiments appear to be the outcome of theories and formulas rather than the spontaneous impulse of artistic passion. With his early work, derived in some degree from Mahler and influenced in some degree by Strauss, we need not here be concerned: the centre of his mature work is best explained by his own treatise on Harmony. In this admirable book, written with style, distinction, and humour he sets forth very clearly certain artistic principles, of which two seem to be specially significant. In the first place he treats as stable harmonic masses effects which in the older composers were used only as appoggiaturas or as passing discords: holding in other words that anything which the ear can endure for a transitory instant it can equally endure as a point of rest.[1] This drives straight to the roots of the difference between concord and discord, and incidentally, I believe, accounts for many of the more serious experiments in modern harmony. In the second place he sets himself to construct a harmonic scheme on a system of superimposed fourths, now treated melodically, as in the opening theme of his 'Chamber symphony,' now raised in a towering structure across the whole of the great stave. Here he admits some limitations in practice, but it is difficult to see where the line is to be drawn for he quotes with approval a chord of eleven fourths which contains, in one or other of its forms, every semitone in the chromatic scale. No doubt the discord may be

[1]In his Harmonienlehre, (p. 363), he quotes instances from Mozart and Bach, of which the former is an appoggiatura, the latter a dominant seventh cadence with passing notes which are regarded as vital parts of the harmony. I believe that a corollary from this will be the doctrine that if any notes in a chord be chromatically altered, this chord may resolve as though the alteration had not taken place. And this will lead to a considerable extension of harmonic freedom.

veiled by differences of orchestral timbre, but even so it is sufficiently striking.[1]

Now this is well enough in a treatise, but as composition it is surely the purest Alexandrinism. It is music made according to rule and measure, written by a man of unusual intellect and great receptivity who spoils everything by too obvious an adherence to method. We need not enquire whether the chords in themselves are ugly—there is probably no combination of notes which cannot in its proper context be made to sound beautiful: the primary fault is that they are written to order, that they remind one too much of Leibnitz's definition of music as "Arithmetic become self conscious." And if this is true, the harmony of Schönberg may become a most valuable store house and training school, but it will not itself lead far into the art of the future.

Yet when all is said one remembers the Schönberg of the early songs and the early chamber music and wonders whether after all this learned and professorial art may not be a transitional stage towards something larger and finer. The little pianoforte pieces, Op. 11 and Op. 19, give me the impression that they mean something to which I have not yet the clue. They start on a different hypothesis from other music, like Lobatchevski's geometry which started on the supposition that the triangle contained less than two right angles. And here we come to an alternative on which we may well be content to suspend judgment. If they are spontaneous they will live, and the world will come round to them, though they have little pleasure for us now. If, as I think at present, they are deliberate and artificial, they will go the way of all artificialities and will end their days in the dusty corners of the museum. But in either case the impression that they give me is that of the end of an old art, not the beginning of a new one.

Over against them, arrayed in all the panoply of youth, comes the vigorous and aggressive band of the Futurists. Here again the dispassionate student is confronted with a difficulty, for the very clever young men who surround Signor Marinetti are so peremptory that it is hardly possible to hear them without irritation. "They raise aloft," says one of them, "their blood-red banner." "They advance," as another tells us, "with their hearts full of fire, hatred and swiftness." They wage implacable war upon every known place of instruction. They demand the immediate demolition of every picture more than twenty years old. They write fierce critical volumes to prove the inutility of criticism, and declare

[1]See also the chord from Schönberg's "Erwartung" quoted in the passage on Harmonised instrumentation. It contains thirteen different notes—two enharmonic.

in the most egotistical of manifestoes that they have destroyed the egotist from the earth. They have constructed a literature without verbs or particles, they have painted nightmares and built statues out of cigarettes and lamp-shades: there is no extravagance which they have not committed. And yet there is something in it.

The idea which animates Futurism may be summarised in two propositions. First, that all art is being strangled by tradition, that it is clogged and impeded by the inheritance of the past. We see through the eyes of our forefathers, we hear through their ears, we think through their brains; we have no longer the courage to face nature at first hand, but are dependent on the suggestions of our teachers. Therefore, say the Futurists, if art is to be saved alive, let us sweep away tradition altogether and start fresh. Second, that apart from the essential evils of pupilage, the past has no longer anything relevant to teach us. The conditions of life have so radically altered that they demand an entirely new form of artistic expression. We live in an age of swift movement and dynamic force, of radium and electricity, of the motor and the aeroplane, of a hundred appliances all concentrated on the rapid exercise of power: the characteristics of the new age are force and vigour and lusty youth, impatient of delay, scornful of oppostion, annihilating time and space as it flies on its immediate purpose. What have we to do with the suave and leisurely art of the past, with its quiet thoughts and its passive gratifications, its long-drawn problem of style and its logical coherence of structure? The music of old time was an art of peace and luxury, we are for war 'seule hygiène du monde.'[1]

The conclusions which follow from these principles have been made familiar in more than one manifesto. There is to be no more academic instruction, but every man working out his own salvation in his own way: no more romance—love is too soft for the warrior: no more well-constructed art,—when the blood leaps high you have not time to think of style: no more restriction but undisputed liberty of utterance. Melody is to be regarded as a 'synthesis of harmony,' based on the chromatic scale as unit and wholly free in rhythm; the old symphonic structures are to go by the board and the form of each composition is to be 'generated by its own motive of passion'; Church music is to be abolished as impotent, and opera (in which the composer must be his own librettist) is to be treated as a symphonic poem where the singers have no pride of

[1]Marinetti Le Futurisims ch. 5. p. 53. "Qui peut affirmer," he says on the preceding page "que le mot *homme* et le mot *lutteur* ne soient pas synonymes."

place but rank alongside the instruments of the orchesta. Lastly it is to be the function of the Futurist composer "to express the soul of factories and trains and steamships . . . . and to wed to his central motive the dominion of the machine and the victorious reign of electricity."[1]

It is plain that we have here much food for contemplation: it is equally plain that there is much with which we are prepared to agree. Every great artist has always stood for freedom, and if the claim is here more strident than usual, that may perhaps be explained by some circumstances of provocation. Again it is natural that art should express the ideals and emotions of its own time: its function is to interpret, not to recall, and in every advance of civilized man it has taken its place among the pioneers. But both these points require further consideration before we can understand their meaning. The freedom of the artist means immunity from prescriptive rule: the indefeasable right to see beauty in his own way and to express it in his own terms. But art is not something separate and distinct from human nature, it is an essential aspect of humanity itself; and one measure of the artist's genuineness is that what he sees now the world, through his interpretation, will come to see later. And because the artist is a man born of men his vision will not be out of relation to that which was seen by his fathers before him. He will speak parables, but he will not speak them in an unknown tongue. Hence any attempt to break violently with the past is foreign to the real nature of art. The sense of beauty may develop more rapidly in one period than another: it has developed with exceptional rapidity in our own generation: but in proportion as it is living it will draw sustenance from the roots of its mother earth.

Free rhythm, free harmony, free use of the chromatic scale, free treatment of structural forms;—all these are the colours on the artist's palette which he may employ as he will. It is not about these that there should be any contest but about the question what he does with them. Does he equally avoid monotony and incoherence, does he express noble feeling, does he use his medium with such reserve as to throw his light upon special points of colour, has he melody and passion and the power of climax? If so he may go where he pleases, secure that we are ready to follow him. The types of artistic beauty are not one but many and each type is inexhaustible.

A word should be added on the worship of Mechanism which seems to be an essential part of the Futurist creed. It is no doubt

[1]Pratella, Musica Futurista, pp. 15-16.

intelligible that a group of men who derive their inspiration from power and swiftness should be attracfed by the marvels of mechanical science and should even come, like the engineer in Mr. Wells' story, to attach religious significance to a dynamo. This exactly fits with the revolt from formal beauty which is at the other side of their minds and is liable to precisely the same danger. Force and speed are preeminent in their own sphere: to be made subjects of art they need to be transfigured and irradiated by something more than their own light. And the same insensibility which accepts them as artistic ideals is apparent in the poetry and the music which these men have offered as the first outcome of their school. Marinetti's poem on the Balkan war is extraordinarily vivid and direct: it carries the reader forward with almost the force of personal experience: but it is entirely without any delight except that of swift motion. Pratella's example of composition, printed at the end of Musica Futurista, has some vigorous and swinging rhythm; but there is little in it to arrest the attention, and the greater part of it seems to me either trivial or monotonous.[1] The territory which the Futurists claim may be theirs by right, but they have not yet shown that they can administer it.

Traditionalism closes a chapter, revolt attempts to tear the pages out of the book. A wiser and more progressive art recognises the value of what has been written and begins its new chapter at the point where the last concluded. Of this we have, in the music of the present day, many instances from many lands:—the native wood-notes of Sibelius, the delicate and tender art of Ravel, Stravinsky's melody and humour and amazing gift of orchestral colour;—all in their way breaking new ground, all taking their points of departure from past achievement. Among these is one man who may specially be taken as typical: an artist who as yet attempted few fields of composition but in those has shown remarkable genius and a rapid and continuous advance. Scriabine is still a young man, and of his published works, which have now passed the seventieth opus-number, more than half have been produced during the last six years. A large majority of them are written for pianoforte solo; among the others are a piano concerto (op. 20) three symphonies (op. 26, 29, 43) and two very striking symphonic poems of which "Prometheus" (op. 60) has done more than anything else to establish his reputation. It is worth adding that ten of his pianoforte works are sonatas and that the latest of these is op. 70.

[1]It is fair to say that I am judging by the pianoforte score. But it is this which Pratella quotes as his illustration.

So far it would seem as though he were merely a 'conservative' musician, content to accept the traditional forms and little concerned with their extension or development. But when we study the music we find that the reverse is the case. In his hands the sonata widens and enlarges until it becomes a new means of expression. Each symphony is more adventurous than its predecessor, and the symphonic poems are triumphs of successful audacity. Here is no timid and laggard art: every step is planted firmly and every movement is onward. His early work shows traces of Chopin's influence, yet always with a distinctive note: by the time that he has reached op. 25, (a set of nine dainty mazurkas) the period of studentship is definitely over and from thence forward he speaks with his own voice. As his work proceeds it grown more sonorous, more impetuous, more passionate: the formal restraints fall away, not by violence but by natural expansion from within: it is music as free as thought and as vigorous as life, which has won strength through discipline, and liberty through reverence for law. Among technical points may be noted the variety and flexibility of his rhythm, the fulness and richness of his harmonisation, and his gradual acceptance of the chromatic scale as basis, an acceptance so frankly given in the end that two of his latest sonatas have no key-signature. But these speak only of the grammar and vocabulary of his art, they are the dry bones upon which he has breathed the spirit of romance. Amid the younger composers of Europe there is none whose present achievement holds out greater promise for the future.

A few years then, have sufficed to develope a genius which starts from Chopin and has already all the neologisms of music at its command. In its developement the stages are as clearly traceable as in that of any other composer—not of course in unbroken line but in general trend and direction.[1] And this progress is the reaction of a vivid and powerful mind on resources and materials which had long been in preparation. Take for instance the use of the chromatic scale. As far back as 1840 Chopin was employing half-tones with a freedom which brought upon him the wrath of conservative critics: then came Liszt with his dream of a *genre omnitonique*, then a number of masters who helped each in his way to bring that dream nearer to realisation. Wagner treated the appoggiatura as no man had treated it

[1] *e. g.* of the Pianoforte works, the Mazurkas (Op. 25), the Fantasie (Op. 28), the two Poèmes (Op. 32), the Preludes (Op. 35), the Poème Satanique (Op. 36), and the seventh and tenth sonatas. The first symphony (Op. 26) is more or less on customary lines, the third (Op. 43) is virtually a symphonic poem, and after that come Le poème de l'extase (Op. 54) and Prometheus (Op. 60).

before him, wove his orchestral texture out of a new and often chromatic polyphony, and made his actors follow as nearly as possible the cadences of the speaking voice. Dvořák showed wonderful ingenuity in the combination and succession of remote tonalities, and in one of his smaller works (Poetische Stimmungsbilder No. 12) tried the experiment of such continuous and rapid modulation that the music could bear no key-signature. Grieg devised a scheme of harmonic colour which unquestionably influenced Debussy on one side—César Franck another and richer scheme which influenced not only Debussy but all subsequent French music. Strauss in the first two numbers of "Heldenleben" broke down all distinctions together and treated all notes in the scale as equally related. Meanwhile the Russian composers from Moussorgsky onward were bringing their own solution of the problem; one can trace it in Cui, and still more in Rimsky-Korsakov, and so onward to the younger school of which Scriabine and Stravinsky are among the most conspicuous masters. There is no doubt that the whole texture of music has in this way been greatly enriched, its vocabulary widened, its possibility of expressing enlarged. But there are two attendant dangers. One that all this opulence and splendour may be gained at some expense of purity, and that the ear overcharged with sound may lose its nicety and cleanness of judgment: one that in employing for common use the whole range of musical language there may be nothing left for moments of emphasis. The effect of harmony depends more than anything else in music on its context: a dominant seventh in Mozart, an augmented sixth in Schubert may strike us as with incomparable pleasure because they stand as supreme points of colour in a phrase that has been specially toned down to prepare for them. Nowadays it is not unusual to see on the printed page an apparently recondite modulation which, when we hear it, leaves us cold because we are already surfeited. In other words one kind of climax,—that which comes from sheer reserve and reticence in colour—appears to be less at the disposal of modern music than it was at that of the great classics.

It is for this reason, among others, that design is becoming more and more dependent upon expression. The balance, held perfectly by Beethoven, is now swinging definitely over to the poetic side, and 'sonate que veux-tu' is no longer an intelligible question. This again is only the continuation of a process which has been going on ever since the beginning of the art: the work of every period has seemed formal to its successor and we are in this matter also the inheritors of past ages. But the insistence on

expression and even representation in music is now more urgent and more prevalent than it has ever been. Our favourite forms are dramas and ballets of action, songs in which melody is pushed to the point of declamation, symphonic poems and descriptive overtures; even our chamber-works are beginning to look from their window at the street or the landscape. Now it is a commonplace that all true music is expressive—the outcome of a vital impulse which speaks because it cannot keep silence. Music which has no emotion behind it is a mere academic puzzle: the merriest of Haydn's scherzos, the lightest rondo of Mozart has its own feeling as truly as the slow movement of the Choral symphony. But to make expression the sole measure of form is an artistic blunder. For one thing, if it is to build a climax wholly out of emotion it is in danger of piling Pelion upon Ossa until it culminates in mere wildness and extravagance: for another if it entirely disregards formal beauty it will soon dispense with beauty of sound and replace the orchestra, as indeed Signor Marinetti has already done, by a babel of noise-machines. And for those of us who think that the first business of music is to be beautiful these extremes are a little bewildering. By all means, we say, carry your emotion as far as is consistent with loveliness, by all means 'let the idea create its own form' provided that the form be intelligible. But mere intensity is not sufficient in itself—otherwise the most artistic things in the world would be blind rage and inarticulate passion. It is not only that if we abrogate objective law we give up all hopes of a standard and place ourselves at the mercy of any young gentleman who crashes his fist on the piano and calls that a 'Mood' or an 'Impression.' Even if the feeling be genuine it is but the raw material of art, and the finished work must be such as gives us joy in the hearing.

At all times there have been pedants who would check advance and hot-headed revolutionaries who would misdirect it. At all times there have been musicians who sang for profit and musicians who sang for popularity and musicians who, like Dryden's rustic:—

> Whistled as they went for want of thought.

But at all times and at the present no less than any, there have been artists of high aim and noble purpose who recognise that the greatest genius is he to whom the world means most, and that if a man is strong enough to create he is also receptive enough to learn. The present age is neither exceptional nor anomalous. Some of the new music is the conscious readjustment

of old materials—the sounds are strange but they have no fresh idea to convey. Some is merely the trick of a mischievous child who will learn better when he grows up: some the natural but passing anger of a revolt against prettiness or pedantry. And through all these the great stream of music continues its appointed course, not unconscious of the swirls and eddies at the bank-sides, but recognising that some of them are flowing backward, and some are spinning round and round, and yet all will ultimately find their way into the volume of its waters. In art the good that men do lives after them and all true effort is absorbed in a common immortality.

THE FUNCTION OF MUSICAL CRITICISM

By W. J. HENDERSON

IN the age of analysis and introspection we probe all things. If we are disposed but little to philosophical contemplation and much to the materialistic scrutiny of physical science, our results are perhaps none the less valuable. Sooner or later the supremacy of the inductive method of reasoning is bound to enforce itself, and upon the observation of our patiently acquired array of cold fact we are incited to rear an edifice of codified law. That in the end we subject the very process itself to the operation of its own methods is inevitable. Criticism must above all things be self-critical, lest it mistake its own purpose.

In the popular mind criticism occupies a vague position and enjoys a very tenuous respect. It is judged not by ultimate, but by immediate results. The dramatic critic goes to the first performance of a new play, writes a comment perhaps none too favorable for the next morning's journal, and on the third night the theatre is full. *Ergo* the critic has failed and the worthlessness of his office is once more happily demonstrated. The music critic declares that the creations of Richard Strauss are not of the order of genuine art. Straightway they are performed all over the world and applauded rapturously. Once more the inefficiency of criticism is proved.

With proper esteem for critical commentary I submit that all this is entirely aside from its ultimate purpose. Even the writings of some who have taken the trouble to turn upon this profession the light of reflection have not altogether cleared up the matter. An American scholar of fine literary sensitiveness, William C. Brownell, has put forth a thin volume on criticism. He declares that it is the expression of the concrete in terms of the abstract. "It is its function to discern and characterize the abstract qualities informing the concrete expression of the artist." In the opinion of Mr. Brownell criticism is required to go behind the creation to the mind of the creator. It must inquire in what measure this mind has mastered its own conception and how far the art (which

is the creator's system of expression) has been able to communciate it to the world. Nor should it stop here, for in the last instance it is compelled to consider the value of the conception itself. As far as this, the more intelligent part of a limited public, genuinely interested in art, is willing to follow criticism. But unfortunately it is in this way that radical error achieves its conquest. For so long as we confine ourselves to the consideration of this man or that woman and the complete expression of an exclusively personal idea, so long shall we remain on the lower levels of the domain of art. Mr. Brownell has not made the mistake of leaving his readers in the comfort of their own complacency. He has pointed out as the largest of all functions of criticism the duty of "establishing and determining the relation of art and letters to the life that is their substance and their subject as well." I am of the opinion that even this definition does not fully set forth the high office of criticism. This office is obscured because there is so little room for its exercise.

As known and understood in this country musical criticism is a department in the complicated service of the daily newspaper. The critic, harnessed to the chariot of the press, is no brother of Pegasus, but rather of the more humble steed that draws the early milk wagon to the consumer's door. What he brings, you take with your coffee. He is but a polite newsmonger, permitted in the routine of his day to make his bow before you and say: "Yesterevenn Mistress Farrar was in prodigious spirit and her song was vastly diverting" or "Were you at Mr. Kneisel's concert of chamber music last night? I do assure it was admirably prepared. My Lady Smith and Lord Jones applauded right heartily." And this is criticism as the man in the street knows it. Small wonder that he discredits it.

But even when it rises to clearer heights and attempts a wide survey of a new composition, a survey in which the discernment of the operation of the artist mind behind the work must surely be sought, even here the restrictions of the professional gossip are not to be removed. But by taking thought and stemming opposition with a heart of controversy some may contrive to rise above the conventions of the newspaper and compel the reader to think of something larger than the mere personal triumph of the artist or the possible popularity of the new opera.

Whether these critics have formulated a theory of their art or not, their practise thrusts forward certain features which furnish a basis for definition. The daily occupations of musical criticism are indeed manifold; but as it is deducible from the methods

of the best commentators on both sides of the western ocean, its ultimate function is to measure musical art by the standard of the thought of its time.

This is not a simple postulate; it is rather a summary of basic laws. But it sets forth a vital principal which must govern all critical commentary worthy of esteem. The commentator who carries the art work away into the seclusion of his own spiritual paradise, and, shut out from the raging of the heathen or the confusion of jarring sects, seeks to saturate his soul with its meaning as a purely monastic creation, serves no real end. He may glorify his own ego and indirectly pander to the vanity of the artist, but he is out of tune with the world and ciphers in the computation of humanity. He may preen himself upon the chastity of his thoroughly dispassionate speculation, but he is one of the futilities. What Walter Pater said is truth:

> The true illustration of the speculative temper is not the Hindoo mystic, lost to sense, understanding and individuality, but one such as Goethe, to whom every moment of life brought its contribution of experimental individual knowledge, by whom no touch of the world of form, color and passion was disregarded.

And note that the key to this attitude of Goethe is its intense alertness, its candor in facing the beautiful as an integral factor of daily life. This brings us to the necessity of considering what must precede in the criticizing mind the measurement of the art work by the standard of its time. Since the creation places itself always in front of the creator, since only from it can we eventually deduce our understanding of him, it follows that criticism finds itself first of all in the presence of a tangible embodiment of an intangible conception, and that its first effort is to recognize the art work as the adequate presentation or realization of an art ideal.

There has never been any period in the develpoment of the art of music when this portion of the function of criticism was of more importance than it is at this moment. For it is obvious that criticism to-day cannot confine itself to the brilliancy of the technical achievement nor even to the absolute beauty of the music as such, because the composer of to-day refuses to write music dissociated from some ideal lying outside the art itself. His incessant effort is to raise or lower music to the estate of a representative art. Herein he seeks to evade the responsibility which should stand always before him of worshipping his art for its own sake.

Music is the most complete and self reliant of the arts. It has no utilitarian purpose, like architecture; it never, like literature,

becomes a treasure chest for the archives of history. Despite Wagner's exhilarating interpretation of the Seventh Symphony as "the apotheosis of the dance," that composition remains an absolute symphony in A major, capable of resting wholly upon its own musical beauty. A suite by Bach can live a thing of beauty and a joy forever, even while it calmly defies every attempt to create for it any foundation outside its own thematic materials. Mozart's concertos and the symphonies of Brahms belong in this same class. All their eloquence consists in lofty song. They tell no stories; they paint no pictures; they make no futile essays at preaching philosophies.

The critic who sets himself to the estimate of such music thinks only of music, that unapproachable art in which the form and the substance are wed in perfect union. But when he scrutinizes the music of the contemporaneous period, he finds an art ideal wholly different. He is compelled to accept, as it were, a double standard. He must first consider whether the art ideal which is to receive tangible expression is in itself beautiful and indeed musical at all, and second whether the expression constitutes an artistic product. And in bending his mind to this second consideration, he is inevitably forced back to the primal condition of the tone art. He must ask himself whether the thing is beautiful as a musical composition regardless of its relation to the extraneous thoughts which the composer's title or programme seeks to associate with it.

Perhaps it is exceeding the boundaries of this essay to make an example of any particular musician; yet a purpose may be served by doing so. The career of Richard Strauss has been glorified by wide and brilliant public success. It has been followed by excited and varied critical comment, much of which has wholly missed the mark simply because the commentators have seldom succeeded in separating the two fundamental elements of his art. They have accepted an extraordinary power of expression as a demonstration of the existence of a first rate genius.

The operation of this type of criticism is one sided. It has caused failure to perceive the high success of Strauss in the fashioning of a logical musical form, as in his "Heldenleben," and at the same time has neglected to notice the narrow range of musical ideas set forth in the composition and also the cheap egotism of its pretended philosophy. Musicians wax rhapsodic when they talk of "Don Quixote," whereas the work is palpably nothing but an excessively smart piece of orchestral virtuosity. Precisely the same things might be said of the operas of Puccini,

which are without question achievements in the highest regions of theatrical technic.

However, let us not be so far turned aside from the path of our discussion as to make comments on lyric dramas, for these lie furthest from the soul of true musical art. It remains incontestable today, as it has for centuries past, that the best music is that which is nothing but music. Next to that stands the music which unites with poetry in the purest and simplest of composite forms, the song. So to return to the delineative tone poems of Strauss as examples, we must be convinced that in studying such art criticism finds its function rather complex. The embodiment of the intangible ideal is overwhelmingly clever at first sight; but protracted contemplation of the art work satisfies us that it is cleverness, not the utterance of genius, that confronts us. Even the cleverness is not sustained, nor of cohesive texture. It is rather a series of feats, each accomplished by violent effort, and joined by ingeniously prepared illusion. For the public it is instantaneous. The public sees only the success of the moment. Its clamor of approval is for "the man of the hour." Criticism should seek only for the man of the age.

But before soaring to this highest flight of its reconnaissance it must try the artist before the tribunal of his own art. Is the thing music? Alas, then comes that eternal question, What is music? And no question is more perplexing. The performing musicians have one ideal; the teachers another, the theorists a third. The public has none, and criticism vainly seeks for one to thrust upon it. "Le roi s'amuse," is the war cry of the public. The average composer, like Autolycus, "hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes." When, therefore, the contemplative eye of criticism falls upon a master who follows the inner light of his own genius, who believes with all the flaming force of an almost fanatic faith in the eternal verity of his artistic creed and recks not whether the present welcomes him or not, then indeed must its scrutiny be directed with special care. For to commune only with one's own spirit and to believe utterly in one's own fancies does not necessarily mean that one is another Bach.

Music, like the other arts, addresses itself to some one—not exclusively to its own maker, nor yet to a few kindred souls. Art which cannot reach a public is without life. It is futile for the composer or the poet to sit like Prentice's Napoleon "wrapped in the solitude of his own originality." Yet there is after all no great difficulty in discovering the line of demarcation between the man who follows and the man who leads the public. The former

prostrates himself at the feet of his audience; the latter preaches from the pulpit of art with irresistible eloquence. In considering the product of the man whose eyes are ever fixed on the altar of art and who perhaps demands readier sympathy than the public can give, the position of criticism may become unassailable, or at any rate tremendously helpful. Is it Music? Not, is it the kind of music Beethoven or Mozart or Tschaikowsky wrote; but is it music, founded imperishably on the immutable laws of art? That is the test, and whether he shelters himself behind the classic ramparts of the old masters or storms the strange harmonic heights held by the Schoenbergs and the Debussys, by this test every master must stand or fall.

And it is the application of this standard which inevitably brings criticism to the consideration of the second great item in its catalogue, namely, the reconstruction of the artist. The permanence of the work of any artist rests largely upon the heroism of his personality. It cannot rest wholly upon it, for the art work must in the end stand by itself. But suppose a man were asked to determine who would in all probability exert the wider and deeper and more lasting influence on the development of opera, Verdi or Puccini. The answer without doubt would be in favor of the former because the artistic power and value of his work was inseparably interwoven with the profound sincerity of his nature. Puccini, on the other hand, pairs with Strauss in the cunning use of a highly finished technic to achieve immediate public success.

In the study of such a figure as Anton Bruckner there is food for tears, for surely musical history has no more pathetic hero than this. Of his religious faith in his own ideals one cannot have an instant of doubt. Of his mastery of the method of expression, on the other hand, there is ground for question on almost every page. Yet the reconstruction of the artist from his art compels us to deep respect. We recognize a large, a noble nature, laboring in all the futile agony of uninspired intellectual drudgery to fashion into perfect architecture materials which could be shaped only by the sudden blaze of inspiration. Human sympathy, brotherly love, these clamor for exercise in the presence of such gigantic struggles to compass that which the mind seeks, but the soul cannot bring to birth. Missing is that strange impalpable seed, that unseen impregnating fluid which we call genius. Mozart once jotted down a thematic subject and on referring to it later, made a marginal note: "Nothing will come of that." The unerring insight of his genius told him that he could not develop his theme. If

Bruckner and some of his followers had faced candidly the barrenness of some of their ideas, we should have been spared a vast amount of pity and many pages of pointless modulation.

Yet it was by the labors of such recluse minds as his that the foundations of modern instrumental music were laid. M. Rolland in his "Musiciens d'Autrefois" has pointed to them:

> The treasures of faith and energy accumulating themselves in silence; characters simple and heroic; the admirable Heinrich Schütz, who during the Thirty Years War, in the midst of the worst disasters which had ever devasted a country, continued peaceably to chant his faith, robust, grandiose, unshakable; around him Jean Christophe Bach, Jean Michael Bach, ancestors of the great Bach, who seemed to carry in themselves the tranquil presentiment of the genius which should issue from them; Pachelbel, Kuhnau, Buxtehude, Zachow, Erlebach—great souls shut all their lives within the narrow circle of a little town or province, known to a handful of men, without ambition, without hope of surviving, singing for themselves alone and for their God and who, among all the sorrows private and public amassed slowly, obstinately, reserves of force and moral health, building stone upon stone the future grandeur of Germany.

These were organists and the service of the church vitalized their powers, as it afterward did those of the "great Bach." But in later years the urgent necessity of the appeal to the public became a dominating force in the development of our art. The composer, no longer an organist, emerged from the cloister and battled with the multitude of hucksters in the public market place. And here we may study him. Händel writing perfectly conventionalized operas for a flat-minded audience, Haydn courting the favor of princes and potentates with symphonies not too long, nor too broad, nor too deep; Beethoven defying at the same instant aristocratic patrons and the rules of theorists, Mendelssohn, an infant prodigy retaining his charming juvenility till the end.

The man and the music, the music and the man: these stand and fall together and thus the magic spell of human interest attaches itself to every page of score.

It is at this point, too, that we are confronted by the demand of the interpretative artist. Of this any one who places the function of criticism upon a high plane would wish to say very little. The consideration of the performer is the least important office of real criticism; but unfortunately it is the one on which the public lays the largest attention. You may write many pages assailing the fame of Beethoven and no one will take issue with you; but expose the paltry pretenses of some third rate opera singer and the vials of wrath are opened.

But brave and independent criticism does not care whether the people rage and the heathen imagine a vain thing Its duty in regard to performance is plain and simple. It must seek for the existence of creative force, for that unconquerable personal power which raises a pianist or a violinist to the rank of preacher of the gospel of Beethoven or Chopin, the opera singer to that of ambassador of Verdi or Wagner. All that lies below this level is but a matter for the routine record of the day. It comes from the east; it sinks into the west; the rest is darkness. Where it was there is nothing, not even a memory.

Yet it is over such filamentous trifles that the daily newspapers for numerous reasons (chiefly the desire of their readers), spend much ink. Popularity here works havoc with the perspectives of the newspaper. Little singers, whose singing is of no more importance in the world of real art than the chirping of a cricket in the vast scheme of Nature, are accorded long spaces of foolish laudation merely because they have a certain public following. Two score pianists parade their technic in the course of a single New York season and thirty-five of them read Beethoven's sonatas as the leading man of a college dramatic society might act *Hamlet.* But each must be gravely pondered, weighed and investigated despite the fact that there is nothing to consider beyond agility of finger, sensitiveness of touch, and perhaps also a feeling for color. But no more of this. It is enough to say that criticism of performance has fulfilled its office when it proclaims to the world the existence of a real interpretative organism, a mind and a technic capable of recreating the art of a master.

To return then to the loftier duty, that of studying the originating soul and its product, we must once more lay emphasis on the asseveration that the ultimate function of criticism is the discernment and appreciation of the art work in its relation to the spirit of its time. What, then, becomes of immortal fame? Well, in the first place it is extremely doubtful that such a thing exists. Certainly musical art is so young that no one dare predict the indestructibility of any creation brought forth up to the present. But granting that immortality can be attained, one thing is perfectly certain, and that is that it is never gained by deliberately setting out in pursuit of it. The man who enslaves himself to so vague an object cannot become free, and only a free mind can create great things.

But he who is aflame with the thought of his own time and who is urged night and day by irresistible forces to strive for its expression, he is the man upon whom the world will in the end bestow the

title of master. Large or small in type his work may be; that matters not. The Providence of art watches the fall of the sparrow, too. A pretentious epic sinks into obscurity and a three-stanza lyric goes singing itself down the pathways of the centuries. A folk song, bred in the puissant loins of unconscious parenthood, marches in the highways and trumpets the thought of a people and an epoch. Where is the composer who can imprison the mood of such a song? For him the laurel and the glory. "Every reform," says Emerson, "was once a private opinion, and when it shall be a private opinion again, it will solve the problem of the age." Every art reform was once a private opinion and when it becomes every one's private opinion it is merged in the spirit of its time and puts on immortality.

If a man writes not for a time, but for all time, it is because he is filled full to the very lips with the essence of his own period. The supereminence of every mastercreation of humanity is proof of it. The Parthenon stands a deathless monument on the summit of the Acropolis because it breathes the spirit of the age of Pericles. It offers no single line that springs parallel with the feeling of today, yet it dominates the modern world of art. Is this, as is frequently said, because it is a perfect embodiment of the Grecian soul? To assert this is to deal in vagueness. What thrusts itself before us oftenest as the type of the Greek soul? It is the Greek of the decadence, rather than the triumphant hero of the Periclean Athens. The latter was not specifically the worshipper of Pan, or Bacchus or even the three-formed huntress. He was a disciple of Athena Parthenos. Because this matchless piece of architecture proclaims more brilliantly than any song or history the lordly pose of the age of young intellect in Athens, it stands even yet the epitome of a mighty yesterday risen from the dead and made part of eternity.

The Persian war had raised Athens to the zenith of commercial and political prosperity. She was queen of the Mediterranean. A thousand miles of Asia Minor coast lay subject to her hand; her galleys plowed through all the midland seas; her store houses were fat with the golden plenty of the East. Rich and powerful, she expressed herself in pure art which made her walls unbroken lines of splendor. She published herself in the mellow accents of Athenian oratory. She became the seat of philosophical thought and to her flocked the sages of Ionia, Italy, Egypt and Asia Minor. All were weighed and tested, and Athenian thought centered itself in that higher analysis which ushered in the mighty age of reason in Greece, the age of Socrates. In such a time, then, Pericles, himself

a human embodiment of it, set upon the Acropolis an art work which unites, as no other in all the world, pure beauty with solidity, architectural sentiment with the serene pose of calm intellectuality. It is the very soul of the Periclean Athens carved in stone.

This is a swift and passing view of an immortal art work in relation to its time. Had the genius of Ictinus and Callicrates failed to grasp the nature of the problem set them when they essayed to create a temple for the soul of Athens as typified in the heroic figure from the chisel of Pheidias, the Parthenon would not have held its supremacy among the architectural works of man. It was not alone that perfection of its plan, nor the exquisite adjustment of its details that made it triumphant. It was its complete and satisfying expression of its time.

The ancient chant of the Roman church is to this day what M. Gevaert has eloquently called it, "Christianity's cry of triumph after two centuries and a half of persecution." The impulse given to church music in that period preserved enough of its vitality twelve centuries later to enrich the liturgy with the last great works of Palestrina, the expiring songs of Gothic music sung by one of the rare and pure souls maintaining its spiritual and artistic chastity amid the church's carnival of material aggrandizement and fleshly indulgence.

Bach signifies a thousandfold more than he is usually represented as signifying in the seclusion of conservatories. Without doubt the technical aspects of his art are of absorbing interest and of vital import in the history of music. But they are too often permitted to obscure the deeper and loftier meaning of his creation. To have analyzed to the last element the system of composition which depended upon the texture of parallel lines of consonant melody, to have discerned with marvellous musical intuition the method of transferring to instruments the scheme of this vocal polyphony, and to summarize in the faultless logic and architectural beauty of the North German fugue the entire musical heritage of the decadent cathedral music of the south was indeed a stupendous musical achievement, and in itself entitled Bach to sit with the Titans.

But one must connote with this the Passions, the Christmas Oratorio, the motets, the cantatas and the characteristic organ chorales and face squarely the element of fundamental chord harmony which so deeply and powerfully differentiates them from the exclusively fugal works. It was in the marriage of the choral and the fugue, two musical elements representing mortally hostile factions in the church, that Bach laid some of the foundations

of modern tonal art; and he did this in seeking for an expression, which, when found, made him the typical exponent of the religious spirit of his time.

It is no more difficult to connect Beethoven and Schubert with the thought of their time, but on the contrary it is imperative that it should be done in order to complete the survey of their art. Beethoven, the revolutionary, the composer of the third, fifth and ninth symphonies "Fidelio" and the "Missa Solemnis," was no more faithful to the spirit of political unrest which was moving across Europe than Beethoven, the idyllic, composing the fourth, sixth and seventh symphonies, "An die ferne Geliebte" and the early quartets, was to the wave of literary romanticism which floated the exquisite lyrics of Schubert.

And in the bold adventure of Beethoven into new forms, new methods of expression and a new development of the technic of musical detail, the contemplative observer may find a spirit akin to that of the Encyclopedists, who purposed to reform human information, or of Jean Jacques Rousseau whose "Contrat Social" was an endeavor to correct human society's erroneous view of its own constitution and whose "Savoyard Vicar's Confession of Faith" was an essay at exposing the frailty of Roman Catholicism. It was an age of scepticism and revolt and the last quartets of Beethoven were among its fruits as surely as the French Revolution was.

It is not necessary to pursue instances further. But perchance this is the point at which we may pause for a moment to inquire whether the composers of our own day do not suffer from the utter want of a point of view. Or shall we not possibly be forced to declare that some of them profit by it? Have we some composers who suffer from intellectual asceticism, who are unconsciously living outside of the world about them? Or have we others who, incapable of understanding and expressing the spirit of their own time, are nevertheless governed by its less ennobling impulses? The study of one's own time, as already intimated, is a large undertaking, and a small mind is sure to seize on the smallest matters. On the other hand it should be candidly acknowledged that the majority of composers are not essaying such large creations that they can be expected to walk hand in hand with Shakespeare, Michel Angelo, or Schubert. The majority cannot be expected to do more than strike notes which fully harmonize with their time. The musician who does this is not to be put aside as unworthy of exhaustive critical consideration. He may not excite transports, but he will assuredly arouse interest.

It will be urged, and with reason, that the appreciation of a man's work as an embodiment of the spirit of his age is almost impossible to his contemporaries. We do not grasp the meaning of our own time, but are we entirely ignorant of it? Is it not the duty of criticism to look beyond the confines of the art of which it treats? There cannot be any man who has earnestly practised the calling of music critic and who has not arrived at the conviction that nothing human is foreign to him. The more he knows about things outside of music the better qualified he is to discern the significance of a musical art work. And the broader his vision, the higher his point of view, the more will he enter into the spirit of his time.

It is not essential that he should seek to fix the final standing of an art work according to his own conception of his period. Perspectives of all types, and particularly the historical, alter views. But criticism is in duty bound to stand upon the firm foundation of historical scholarship and to rear thereupon an edifice of comment which shall command a clear perspective. If there is probability that contemporaneous criticism may err as to the place of Reger or Debussy in the art world, it is less likely to blunder about the position of Mozart or Donizetti. By close study of the relation of the masters of by gone periods to the spirit of their times one may reach at least a helpful consideration of the relation of the writers of today to their time.

Criticism must do its own work. The musical historians have with one accord treated of the art as if it had grown up in a cloister, secluded from human life and absolutely disconnected from it. It is only occasionally that some wiser scholar, like M. Gevaert, lifts into the sunlight one of the glittering links which chain music to the heels of human progress. It is only rarely that some larger thinker, like M. Rolland, out of the fullness of a liberal intelligence writes of the place of music in history.

The critic who desires to get a sound point of view must trace for himself the connection between music and human life. If a man wishes to penetrate to the intellectual impulses which lay behind the musical composition of the first polyphonic period, he must not content himself with the indolent generalization that this type of art was the product of mechanical experiment by men who had not yet a technic ready to their hands. He will learn far more if he will seek for the intellectual influences which lay outside of music itself but which dominated the thinking of men in that day. He will need to pass through the gates of the University of Paris and saturate his mind with the thought of that institution,

which was then the intellectual law giver of Europe. But he will not be able to acquire this information from histories of music.

In the process of the decades some one will have to confront the incontestable fact that Germany has produced no creative musician since Brahms. We of this hour may tremble at the thoughts which crowd upon us, which seem unavoidable in the presence of the embattled nations of Europe. We wisely hesitate to attempt to trace the connection between the dominance of the military spirit and the conquest of Europe by a composer who frankly confesses—indeed even boasts—that commercial supremacy is the goal of his ambition. But if we admit with much relief that the burden of this task must descend to our successors, we cannot altogether blind our eyes to flaming truth. We are bound to see that the radical defect of the musical art of our own time is its determination to be popular. Certainly, as has already been said, no one can expect composers to set out with the resolve that they will do nothing toward the favor of the people. But is there not at this moment too much readiness to feed fat its idle prejudices?

Writing of Puccini, Vernon Blackburn declares that he is "essentially the man of his own generation—the one who has caught up the spirit of his time and made his compact with that time in order that he should not lose anything which a contemporary generation might give him." Whereupon Lawrence Gilman adds: "That is to say, he has, with undoubted artistic sincerity, played upon the insatiable desire of the modern ear for an ardent and elemental kind of melodic effect and upon the acquired desire of the modern intelligence for a terse and dynamic substratum of the drama."

One applauds fervently the valorous planting of these critical standards upon the bastions of the Zeitgeist. At the same instant one is lost in wonder at the position thus gained. No higher summary of any man's life accomplishment can be made than to say that he is "essentially a man of his own generation—the one who has caught up the spirit of his time." No more can be said of Pericles, of Savonarola, of Mantegna, of Thackeray, of Lincoln. But there is room for much inquiry as to how Mr. Gilman reconciles Puccini's artistic sincerity with his brilliantly successful skill in playing upon an "insatiable desire of the modern ear."

It is by putting forth such a critical summary as this that the critic perhaps seeks to pair himself with the moment. Honest and earnest indeed as both the quoted writers have long ago proved themselves to be, in discussing this lyric magician they fear to place themselves in a false position. Well indeed may they entertain

such a fear, for who can settle the matter? It does not follow that a composer is inferior because he is popular. Chopin is the most popular of piano composers, and it is conceded that he ranks among the masters. All young people who still read poetry adore Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," yet they cannot be excluded from the company of the elect.

The true desideratum, after all, is not the infallibility of criticism. The acquisition of a ready made opinion is sought only by the intellectually incapable or idolent. A real man prefers to think for himself; and the best criticism is that which compels him to do so. Therefore what we should value most in critical commentary is its point of view, its endeavor to attain an altitude from which the whole breadth of the subject may be surveyed. Unfortunately this type of criticism, like the art with which it will be obliged to concern itself, will not command the attention of a large public. It will perforce address itself to the society of the intellectual, and its dearest hope should be to raise music to that station beside literature and painting which that society habitually neglects to give to it.

Despite its wide activity the art of music is still in need of propaganda and of explication. Halting, inadequate, often blundering as it must ever be, critical discussion is still the foremost agent in bringing to the general public a perception of the nature of musical art and of the ends sought by composers. This is none the less true because the major part of the criticism which reaches the public eye is a mere record of the doings of performers. Admitting that such critical commentary is nothing more than the ephemeral record of the passing incident, we shall find that by sheer force of accretion even this increases the general stock of appreciation of that which lies behind the performance. Meanwhile the broader outlooks of such masters of critical practice as Rolland, Dent, Newman and their compeers must inevitably lead men toward a discernment of the organization of musical art.

ENSEMBLE

By J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND

IT is rather sad that in order to express one of the finest and most enjoyable functions of music, we should be forced to use a French word, and that not a particularly beautiful word. English equivalents for it do exist, or rather, have existed, but they are now counted among the obsolete coins of our verbal currency, and few musicians would understand what was meant by either "consort" or "concent," as respectively distinguished from "concert" and "consent," or as having any definite musical meaning at all. So that we must put up with *ensemble* when we want to talk of that part of music, which is produced by the co-operation of several performers.

The pleasure that arises from this kind of music,—apart from its intrinsic merits or the reverse,—is perhaps the purest that any art can afford. It may be said to be twice blessed, for it blesses those that play and those that hear. It is not every good player who can be a good concerted performer, and many listeners who are quite competent to give an opinion on solo music, are constitutionally—or so it would seem—unable to grasp the essence of the concerted music they hear. Very often, too, the latter class enjoy a performance because it has a good ensemble, without being able to give a name to the source of their enjoyment.

The use of the word "play" seems to imply that ensemble music is purely instrumental; it is, of course, no such thing, and as much care is required to secure a good ensemble in a vocal piece as in an instrumental; indeed, it might be urged that no class of music is entirely without it; and certain it is that in no class of music is a knowledge of ensemble out of place. Where there is even a pianoforte accompaniment, there is ensemble; and if we turn to the most isolated form of music we can think of, an unsupported violin solo or a song without accompaniment, even there the executant who understands ensemble will acquit himself better than one who does not. In Joachim's wonderful playing of Bach's Chaconne for violin alone, there was the prominence of one part as related to another, which is the essence of ensemble; and in Casals's interpretation of Bach's unaccompanied suite for

violoncello in C, even the opening downward scale has in it such *modelling*, if the phrase may be allowed, such exquisite balance in the tempo and force of each note, as would prove the artist to excel in concerted music. Almost any pianoforte solo of importance has points which can only be given properly by players who have at least the instinct for ensemble; and the relation of the parts played by the two hands is itself of the same nature. The famous saying of Chopin, that his left hand was used to regulate the rhythm of the piece while the right hand was freer in motion, implies some degree of understanding between the two, some "give and take," and a good deal of that unconscious sympathy which, turned into other channels, makes a good ensemble.

In orchestral and choral music, it might be imagined that the art of ensemble was not required; here no doubt, the conductor is the person whose possession or lack of any given quality will be criticized, not the performers themselves, but here, too, though there is no actual co-operation in the production of the effect, since the performers must obey the will of a single mind, yet unless the conductor knows how to hold the balance amongst his forces, he will not go very far.

In opera, the word is used in a slightly different sense, of that kind of excellence in a cast which is the result of careful selection and the avoidance of "star" singers who are perhaps so called because they shed their full light only when relieved against a dark background. An "all-star" cast is often spoken of and advertised as if it were a good ensemble, when, in truth, it is no such thing. The operatic stage employs the word in yet another sense, of the musical numbers that are written for several solo voices in combination. Here the merits of the performance must be judged by the kind of relations which the persons in the drama bear to one another, whether they may be supposed to be moved by the same impulses, or to be contrasted with each other; three Rhine-maidens trained on entirely different methods of vocalization, would be no less absurd than an Elsa and an Ortrud whose voices should be of such similar quality that they would be indistinguishable except in the matter of range. Most opera-singers find out early in life what kind of part suits them best, and after they have made their success they step outside their own class of rôles at their peril; the feat performed by Shaliapin in *Prince Igor*, of impersonating two such widely different characters as the voluptuous Galitzin and the good-natured savage khan, is probably unique in operatic history; for even singers who might possess enough histrionic ability to make the effective contrast between the two would lack

the power of so colouring their voices as to alter their whole personality in the manner of this great artist.

But while there is, or should be, a measure of ensemble in all music, the ordinary use of the word is confined to what is called "chamber music," or music for several instrumentalists, each of whom is solely responsible for the interpretation of his own part. In very early times, we may suppose that the combinations of available instruments varied a good deal, and that composers were obliged to write to suit those which they had at their command. In regard to this, it must be remembered that neither the orchestras nor the choirs of old times had reached the dimensions of those which we now hear. The dividing line between a quartet and a stringed orchestra was a hardly perceptible one, and it was the same with vocal music, for it is a matter of history that the St. Matthew Passion of Bach was first given with only sixteen singers in all, and no more than twenty instrumentalists, So that in instrumental music, it did not very much matter whether things were written for one performer to each part, or more. The concertos of Corelli, Händel, and others, must have employed upon the *ripieno* parts, or what we should now call the orchestral accompaniments, hardly more players than were engaged upon the *concertino*, the group of solo players. The function of the conductor at the same period were very much less definite than they are at the present day. It would seem that down to a comparatively recent date, one of his chief duties was to fill up at the harpsichord or pianoforte such gaps as might appear, and to cover up mistakes. We may perhaps take the "consort of viols" as being one of the earliest attempts at chamber music, and in this connection it is curious to notice how general was the practice of employing little bands of kindred instruments. It was no doubt for practical reasons that groups of flutes, cornetti, etc. were used by themselves; but the comparatively late date at which these different groups were drawn upon to make up an orchestra may serve also to show that there was feeling for the unified tone-quality which is the characteristic beauty of the string-quartet.

As time went on, no doubt these groups became conventionalized, and gradually there emerged a fashion for the employment of two violins and a "bass," the party consisting of either three or four members. For the expression "bass" did not always refer to a single part, but generally implied the participation of a keyed instrument, used to fill up the harmonies of the middle parts, the absence of which would leave an objectionable gap between the violins and the actual bass. The "bass," or *basso continuo*, was

usually played on a violoncello, more rarely on a double-bass, in association with a harpsichord or other keyed instrument, their parts being as a rule identical, save only that, in the part for the harpsichord, there were figures above the notes indicating, in a kind of shorthand, the harmonies that the player was expected to fill in. This leaving of things to the discretion of one performer, like the liberty allowed to individual singers to embellish their parts as they pleased, gave of course a certain variety to the performance, since no two harpsichord players would play precisely the same notes, and if the player happened to be Bach, the filling-up of the harmonies would be a thing delightful in itself, and probably extremely intricate.

All this, while it left much to the taste of the individual, did not leave very much room for the peculiar excellences which we now call a "good ensemble." This quality must have come into use as a thing deliberately studied, somewhere about the time that the classical period of music began, when the string quartet became the regular recognized medium for the expression of the composer's purest and most elevated ideas. The introduction of a piano into the combination leads to a different set of problems; for while the comparatively weak, brittle tone of the harpsichord and the other "plucked" instruments blends so well with that of the bowed instruments that its presence is never felt as a disturbance, the more individual tone of the piano, as well as its greater force, oblige it to be employed in a very different way from that of the old masters. It can occasionally be regarded, it is true, just like its predecessor, as an accompaniment to the strings; but in many cases it is associated with them on equal terms, and there are many passages in quartets and quintets with piano, (and even sometimes in trios), where the piano is set in opposition to the strings, holding a kind of dialogue with them. But the finest kind of ensemble is no doubt to be desired in the string quartet, where the identity of tone-quality among the four instruments obliges the composer to get his effects by the intrinsic interest of his ideas, not by the variety of "colour" he can spread over his canvas. To listen to a great quartet-party, such as the Joachim Quartet, or one of those who in the present day have followed most closely in that master's steps, is a musical education in itself; and if at first the hearer is puzzled by the interweaving of the parts, or wearied by the want of variety in the tone-colour, he would be well-advised to persevere in the study of this music, and he may be sure that he will end, as other musicians have ended, in thinking it the noblest medium of music in existence.

For the interpreter of concerted music, be he violinist, pianist, or singer, certain qualities are needed, some of which are no doubt constitutional, while others are to be acquired by study, though all can be improved by training. Technical accomplishment must be present, it goes without saying; and though each player in a quartet need not be a first-rate artist, yet each must be master of such resources as he has, and each must at all events go as far as being able to play the notes set down for him without hesitation and at the proper pace. It is only the half-baked amateur who will dare to take part in a string quartet "because he is not good enough to play solos," just as it is only an ignoramus who will think that a good accompanist has become so merely because he could not attain great proficiency as a soloist. All practical musicians know the fallacy involved here, and the desire to expose it would not of itself warrant me in writing about ensemble music and its interpretation.

The next essential quality is that which is called "insight," or the power of perceiving in a musical composition the points at which such things as climaxes can suitably be made, where one part should be subordinated to another, and where this or that part should be made to stand out prominently. This, though innate in a few musicians, is a quality which can be vastly increased by study of musical scores, and all may usefully cultivate the power, though unfortunately it is only very few artists who exhibit it in public. How many singers realize the points in the accompaniment of their songs, or recognize the musicianship of the accompaniment beyond the power of keeping his part in the background while yet giving them a comfortable degree of support? There are a good many violinists, attracted by feats of virtuosity, who would be puzzled to tell a good accompanist from a bad. A higher standard prevails among the players of the lower stringed instruments and among pianists, for the former are almost compelled to realize in some degree the fact that their own part is not everything, and the latter must occasionally be required to pay attention to parts not their own; such attention is made far easier for them than for others by the fact that the piano part, in modern editions of concerted music, has the other parts printed above it. This was not formerly the case, and it would be interesting to know whether the pianists of the older generation, when they had only their own part to read, excelled in ensemble.

The next necessary quality belongs partly to technique and partly to the things of the mind. It is the power of subordinating oneself or becoming prominent at a moment's notice in the course

of a piece, the quick apprehension of a change of purpose on the part of one of the other performers, and such complete *rapport* with one's associates that the hearer will not be able to detect that the change has been made without previous arrangement. This is a merit which accompanists are obliged to possess in some measure; a singer may want a song transposed at a moment's notice, or may be unable to realize some rehearsed effect and may substitute another; here, if the accompanist is able to take the hint quickly, he will gain the admiration of the singer, to say nothing of improving his professional position thereby. I have known cases where a singer has gradually got so flat that the accompanist has been obliged, if the song was to go on at all, to transpose the accompaniment, during the course of the song, a semitone downwards, and where this has been done without revealing to any but one or two experts in the audience the fact that such an expedient had been necessary.

It is actually a rarer thing to find an accompanist who is conscious of his duties in regard to ensemble, than one who can transpose at a moment's notice. For it is sometimes desirable for the pianoforte part of a modern song to become for a moment the leading part, and such things as the close of Schumann's "Frauenliebe und Leben" will at once occur to every amateur as an example of this. But how seldom does one have the pleasure of hearing accompanists who venture at such points to take the centre of the stage, if I may employ this useful metaphor, and to play such a thing as this epilogue as if it were a solo to be interpreted with due expression? Very few modern songs of a high class continue to use the pianoforte part as a mere accompaniment and support to the voice; there are generally duet-portions where the voice and piano must take an equally prominent share; and in such dialogues as Schumann's "Nussbaum" a dull performance of the phrases finished by the piano would be insufferable.

Not that the power of giving out a tone that is (for the moment) uninteresting is to be despised, for it is one of the ensemble-player's most valuable accomplishments. A very useful study as a preparation for ensemble-playing is to acquire command of a tone that may be called colourless. The singer by the use of the *voix blanche* will find that her voice is at once recognized as "blending" well with others, and the violinist who will occasionally discard all tremolo will thereby improve his reputation as a concerted player. The tendency of our modern musical education is so much the other way that it will surprise any normally-gifted player to discover how much of musical interest and vivacity he is in the

habit of putting into his performances unintentionally. I am not going to ask him to forego this expressiveness, but to let it be conscious rather than unconscious, and to that end, to practise occasionally the device of removing all expression from the music. The kind of automatic, stereotyped expressiveness which expresses nothing because it proceeds from habit rather than immediate emotion, is one of the greatest hindrances to musical advance, and such an expedient as I have recommended will give a far more definite realization of the means by which the expression is obtained, and will be lacking neither in profit nor amusement. Of course, this advice is not what one would give to young pupils, for in truth they generally do not need it, their performance being for the most part quite sufficiently wanting in animation; but those who are aiming at distinction in concerted music may be supposed to have passed the pupil-stage, and to them I would earnestly commend this experiment. Those who can subordinate themselves can at the proper moment play the leading part.

The great aim for any artist is to enlarge as far as possible the limits of the resources at his disposal, and the power of withdrawing musical interest from a given passage will enable the musician to *reculer pour mieux sauter*, and to make his great effects far greater by contrast. Many good musicians, and especially amateurs, are apt to fall into monotonous ways of interpreting phrases; some pianists cannot play a chord without "spreading" it, or turning it into an arpeggio; others dread this fault so much that they habitually play the right-hand part before the left, by a trick so aggravating to the listener that it seems quite impossible that it can be done deliberately. Others will always slacken towards a cadence, and others whenever a high note requires prominence, and so on. Who does not know the irritating habit, so tiresome in most church choirs, of getting slow whenever the music gets soft, without regard to specific directions to the contrary? There is perhaps only one convention of phrasing which it is safe to allow oneself; that is, what is known as the "agogic" accent, or a slight slackening after the first note of the bar; it is a detail which will surprise many readers, but if they will listen next time they hear any performer of real maturity of style, they will probably perceive it, and will realize that it gives wonderful shape and meaning to each phrase, and that without any actual increase of force a real accent has been imparted to the music. Like the perpetual arpeggio above mentioned, this "agogic" accent no doubt came into use on the harpsichord, where no emphasis on a note was possible in the shape of increased force.

There are many ways of making one's part prominent, and the delight of doing so need not be dwelt upon. A hundred players or singers can be effective in a prominent situation, for one who can satisfy the critical ear in a subordinate one. For most people, it is the subordinate position that must be studied rather than the other; the power of giving a tone that will blend with others is perhaps the most precious possession the performer of concerted music can acquire. For this there are good acoustic reasons which no private opinion can controvert. If two notes identical in pitch are sounded together, even by instruments of the same quality or by voices of exactly the same character, it will be found that in almost all cases there are, among the two sets of harmonics generated by the sounds, places where the series of overtones is incomplete, and where certain overtones are absent from one or the other. Those which are identical reinforce each other in such a manner that the aggregate amount of sound they produce is actually greater than the sum of the two uttered separately. In two sound-producing agencies, the greater the number of harmonics that coincide, the more sonorous the tone; and on the other hand, the greater the number of differing harmonics, the weaker the whole volume of sound will be. For while harmonics that are identical strengthen one another by a process more nearly akin to multiplication than to addition, harmonics which jar with each other have a mutually weakening effect, so that in some senses it is true to say that a discord is less loud than a concord. This is the real reason for the useful rule that a discordant note in the course of a phrase should be given more emphatically than the rest. It is not so much the actual loudness of the tone, as its fulness and sonority, that is here in question, and this sonority is what all must aim at in any form of concerted music.

Having mastered the required degree of technical skill, having acquired some insight into the meaning of music, and some power of making a musical phrase interesting or the reverse, what remains for the realization of the concerted musician's ideal is rather a moral than a musical quality. Ensemble is perhaps the only branch of the art of music in which personal moral qualities are necessary to the individual's success. You may be as depraved as you please, and yet be able to sing or to play well,—until the fruits of a dissipated life begin to affect your medium of interpretation,—but you cannot excel in concerted music unless you possess a natural altruism, unless you are willing that others should shine as brightly as yourself, and unless you see things in their proper relation, the composer's ideal at the head of all, the wishes

of your colleagues next, and your own personality last. It might seem from this that concerted music is a religious exercise rather than an artistic manifestation of art, and that any one who has assimilated the more elementary of the Christian doctrines is thereby qualified to lead a string quartet. This is of course ridiculous, but at the same time there must be present in the musician's character something that is not to be put down entirely to the musical side of the account. So much may at least be said, that while a thoroughly selfish nature can never reach the highest point in concerted music, an unselfish one who should study the means by which excellence can be attained is likely to surpass people of higher natural gifts than his own, by the aptitude he will soon acquire for ensemble. It is a melancholy thing to be obliged to be present at a performance by an average "scratch" quartet, whether of amateurs or professional musicians, where one feels that a little more real sympathy among the players would make all the difference. The leader, perhaps conscious of receiving a higher fee than his companions, plays as though he felt that he is cheating his employer if he does not keep the centre of the stage all the time; the second fiddle, no doubt a humbler player, does his work with a perfunctory correctness,—not always that—and remains contentedly in the background of the picture from beginning to end. Of course there are quartets, like those of Spohr, in which the second violin is supposed to do nothing but play the upper notes of the accompaniment with which the three lower instruments support their leader. But from Haydn to Brahms, the great masters of the quartet are careful to give opportunities, whether great or small, to each player in turn, and it is the duty of each in turn to take the prominent position. Occasionally a second fiddle part is taken by an artistically minded person who is out of practice, but who knows when his part ought to stand out; in such circumstances it is often the case that the leader forgets or omits to retire, so that it is not clear to the hearer which part is to be understood as claiming his main attention at the moment. It is of course more difficult to get and maintain a good ensemble in string quartets than anywhere else, since the identity of tone and quality in the whole party prevents any part from standing out without the player's conscious will. In music for piano and strings it is far easier to take or to give prominence, though string-players are apt to accuse the piano of being too loud. Such a fault is or course to be avoided at all hazards, but it does not always follow that it is present because the violinists say it is. In such a dispute the opinion of an unprejudiced listener

should be taken, from a distant part of the concert-room, and in some specimen passage where all ought to be equally loud or equally soft.

Having attained a firm foundation of equality, whether with or without the intervention of a friend, it is possible for one and another of the players to build upon it as their impulses direct; and the collective intelligence of the party will generally be enough to secure a good ensemble. The strength of a chain is that of its weakest link; but the reverse is true of concerted music, for the "reading" of the wisest player is the criterion of the effect the whole will make. It is not in vain so many quartet-parties are called by the name of their leader, whose insight in allowing the various degrees of prominence to each of his colleagues in turn will be like the skill of a good stage-manager, who makes his company take such positions on the stage as will best explain the action of the piece.

With a combination of the qualities I have tried to enumerate, technical skill, consideration for other people, and a wise insight into the composer's purpose, it should not be as difficult as is generally thought to realize a good ensemble. And the pleasure of taking part in a good ensemble can surely not be exaggerated, as all know who have had the happy experience. The average hearer is generally quite unconscious of the causes which lead him to say of one performace of concerted music that is has been memorable, or of another that it has left him as dull as he was before.

AMERICA'S FIRST GRAND OPERA SEASON

By FRANCIS ROGERS

GRAND Opera in the United States is now so firmly established in our affection and interests that it is hard to realize that its full acceptance by us as a legitimate form of amusement dates back scarcely more than fifty years, and that its total history is less than a century old. The first performance of opera on record in Europe was given in the last decade of the sixteenth century, but this country had been settled for more than two hundred years before it saw its first real operatic performance.

The year 1825 is memorable in American musical annals, because it was then that grand opera had its first hearing in our country. In the autumn of that year Manuel Garcia, with a small troupe of European singers, which included his wife, his son and his daughter, landed in New York and announced a season of opera during which, as he put it, "the choicest Italian operas will be performed in a style which he flatters himself will give general satisfaction."

Manuel Garcia occupies a prominent position in musical history and, both figuratively and literally, deserves the title of "father of modern singing." He was born in Seville in 1775 and at the age of six was a chorister in the cathedral. The fact that at the time of his birth there was not one pianoforte in all Seville shows how meager were the opportunities to obtain a good musical education, but, somehow or other, Garcia managed to learn at least the rudiments of singing and music, and at the age of seventeen was well-known as composer, singer, actor and conductor. By the time he was thirty his ambitions and energy had exhausted the possibilities for artistic glory in Spain and persuaded him to try his fortune in Paris, then at the height of its Napoleonic splendor. So in 1808 he made his début there, singing for the first time in the Italian language. Despite many crudities in his style of singing and in his acting, his naturally fine tenor voice, his fiery spirit and his handsome person won for him at once the hearty admiration of the Parisian public. As an old French singer expressed it,—"I love the Andalusian frenzy of the man. He puts life into everything."

In 1812 he went to Naples to sing and there, for the first time in his life, had an opportunity to study the art of singing and the theory of music under the best auspices. It was at this time that he met the young Rossini, who wrote several operatic parts for him, including that of Almaviva in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." This association was beneficial to both men, and especially to Garcia, for it gave him an authoritative position as interpreter of the most popular composer of the epoch. When he returned to Paris three or four years later everybody remarked the wonderful progress he had made in every branch of his art and when he appeared in London in 1817 he was acclaimed as the greatest tenor of the day. Not content with his triumphs on the stage he began to give lessons in singing in both London and Paris and so excellent was his method of teaching that what he taught, handed down by his son and other able pupils, is still, eighty years after his death, a living influence.

In all history there is no singer to match Garcia in combined energy, intelligence and versatility. For him difficulties and obstacles were merely stimulants; the harder his task, the more willingly and the better he performed it. His nerve and self-confidence were monumental. We have said that at his début in Paris he ventured to sing in a language only recently learned. At his first rehearsal in Naples he was anxious to show the orchestra that they had do with a singer far above the ordinary. His first air was written and played by the orchestra in one key, but Garcia sang it through unswervingly just a half-tone higher. When he began, the musicians thought he had made a mistake or that his ear was faulty, but when they discovered that he was performing perfectly a very difficult feat they give him a hearty round of applause. No performance in which he took part ever languished; he dominated and animated everybody associated with him.

As a singer, he affected the florid style then in vogue and invented vocal difficulties for himself, apparently for the mere pleasure of proving to the public that nothing was too hard for him. He was man of over-bearing and fiery temper and a stern taskmaster in the class-room, as well as on the stage. People passing his house in Paris used often to hear the sound of weeping. If they inquired its cause, they were told, "It's only Mr. Garcia teaching his pupils how to sing." In addition to his busy life as singer and teacher, he found the time in the course of his career to compose some forty operas in French, Spanish and Italian, both words and music!

Madame Garcia seems to have had no talent as a singer and would probably never have sung publicly at all, if her autocratic husband had not insisted on it. He strove hard, too, to make an opera singer of his son, Manuel, who, although he was musical and industrious, had neither voice nor aptitude for the stage. He was only twenty when he made his operatic début in New York and five years later retired from the theater finally and devoted the remainder of his extraordinarily long life of one hundred and one years to the teaching of singing. He became the most famous teacher of the century and numbered among his pupils such great singers and teachers as Jenny Lind, Charles Santley, Marchesi and Stockhausen. Through him the best traditions of the eighteenth century were handed down direct to the twentieth.

Maria Garcia, the daughter, better known to us under her married name of Malibran, was only nineteen when she first sang in New York. She had already appeared in London and Paris, but her first triumphs were won in New York and paved the way for her glorious though brief career in Europe. She was wonderfully equipped for her work. Although she was small in stature and not regularly beautiful, her appearance was singularly ingratiating. Her voice was of large compass and had been trained with the greatest care by Garcia himself, the best teacher of his time. From her father, too, she inherited exuberant vitality, self-confidence and musical talent. In addition, she possessed a charm and a personal magnetism that no one could resist and that simply swept everything before them.

Of the other members of the company there is little or nothing to say, except that they were competent to fill minor roles respectably. The London critics thought the company decidedly mediocre, but with such a man as Garcia to head it and such a *prima donna* as Maria to win hearts as well as applause, the troupe was quite equal to the task of arousing the enthusiastic interest and support of a small, provincial town like New York.

It is not easy to determine why Garcia undertook to be "our musical Columbus" (as one of the newspapers of the day dubbed him). Dominick Lynch, a New York importer of French wines, seems to have been concerned in the venture and one or two others, whose names alone have come down to us. Garcia himself may have first conceived the idea, for he was born of the stuff that makes pioneers. He was now fifty years of age and his hearers in Europe were beginning to find that his vocal powers were becoming somewhat impaired. He may have thought that an inexperienced and uncritical public would offer him a better

field than the sophisticated audiences of Europe, which had heard him in his best days. Great singers since his time have come to us with the same thought in mind! Besides, America would serve as a good training-school in which to try out the talents of his son and daughter. With the first roles in the hands of four Garcias and the second roles sung by obscure singers, his salary list must have been so small as to have rendered the financial risk of the undertaking comparatively slight.

The season opened November 29th, 1825, at the Park Theater[1] with Rossini's "Barber of Seville", sung in Italian. The troupe had arrived four or five weeks earlier. That month must have been a busy one for Garcia. He had to collect a chorus of local singers and teach them to sing a kind of music entirely unfamiliar to them in a language of which they presumably knew nothing. In addition, his orchestra, which was composed of about twenty-four local musicians, was nearly as green as his chorus, and equally unversed in Rossini's music. Garcia's task would have daunted even an Oscar Hammerstein!

New York had never heard an Italian opera. The few Americans that had traveled in Europe had brought back tales of the wonders of it, but the vast majority had not the faintest idea what sort of thing it was. Theatrical journalism in New York was in its swaddling clothes in 1825. Advance notices were of the most meagre description, and even after the first performance no one knew just what to say about it all. One paper said quite frankly:

> We have been disappointed in not receiving a scientific critique, which we were promised, from a professor on the Italian opera of Tuesday night; we shall, however, have something to say later.

It is not surprising that the conventions and incongruities of Italian opera should have puzzled a public that had no traditions of respect or familiarity to steady them, but everybody seems to have resolved to enjoy what he could and to reserve his definite verdict until he could get his musical bearings.

The price of tickets was high for those days: two dollars for box seats, one dollar for a seat in the pit, and twenty-five cents entrance; but fashionable society, then as now, was willing to pay high for its opera and mustered in full force on the opening night, happy in the thought that it was following the custom of fashionable Europe.

[1]The Park Theater was situated in Park Row opposite the site of the present Post Office.

Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, was there, and James Fenimore Cooper, and Fitz-Greene Halleck, the poet, best remembered as the author of "Marco Bozzaris," who promptly fell not too deeply in love with Maria Garcia, and wrote a charming poem in her honor. One newspaper reporter wrote:

An assemblage of ladies so fashionable, so numerous and so elegantly dressed had probably never been witnessed in an American theatre. In what language shall we speak of an entertainment so novel in this country, but which has so long ranked as the most elegant and refined among the amusements of the higher classes of the old world. But report can give but a faint idea of it. Until it is seen, it will never be believed that a play can be conducted in *recitative* or singing and yet appear nearly as natural as the ordinary drama. We were last night surprised, delighted, enchanted, and such were the feelings of all who witnessed the performance. The repeated plaudits with which the theater rung were unequivocal, unaffected bursts of applause.

Of the orchestra we read:

The violins might be a little too loud; but one soul seemed to inspire and a single hand to guide the whole band throughout the magic mazes of Rossini's most intricate flights under the direction of Mr. de Luce; while Mr. Etienne presided in an effective manner at a fine-toned piano, of which every now and then he might be heard to touch the keynote by those whose attention was turned that way, and just loud enough to be heard throughout the orchestra, for whose guidance it was intended.

From this paragraph we may infer that the orchestra was not always in time or in tune and that newspapers editors in 1825 were more lenient towards long-winded sentences than editors are nowadays.

In writing of the company as a whole, the representative of the *New York Evening Post* said:

Their style or manner of acting differs from any to which we have been accustomed. In the male performers you are struck with the variety, novelty, and passion of their expressive, characteristic and unceasing gesticulation. The female performers, on the contrary, appeared to us to have less action, though quite as much expression, as any we had before seen. There is indeed, in their style of acting a most remarkable chasteness and propriety, never violating good taste nor exceeding the bounds of female decorum.

The same writer goes on to say:

Signor Garcia indulges in a florid style of singing; but with his fine voice, admirable ear, and brilliancy of execution we could not be otherwise than delighted.

Even if Garcia's voice had lost something of its youthful freshness, we can be sure that he sang the music, which Rossini

had written for him, with authority and skill, and that his impersonation of Almaviva was as dashing and spirited as ever it had been.

The New York public may have been unsophisticated in operatic matters, but it was quick to recognize in Maria Garcia an artist of transcendent qualities. The reporter of the *Post* says:

> Her voice is what is denominated in the Italian a fine contra-alto and her science and skill in its management are such as to enable her to run over every tone and semi-tone of three octaves with an ease and grace that cost apparently no effort. She does not adopt the florid style of her father, but one which is less assuming and perhaps more proper in a lady and hardly less effective. Her person is about the middle height, slightly *embonpoint;* her eyes dark, arch, and expressive, and a playful smile is almost constantly the companion of her lips. She was the magnet who attracted all eyes and won all hearts. She seems to use a 'cunning pattern of excelling nature,' equally surprising us by the melody and tones of her voice and by the propriety and grace of her acting.

The judgment of this anonymous critic, though crudely expressed, shrewdly foresounded the unanimous chorus of praise throughout Europe during the next ten years.

Very little was said concerning the other members of the company, but that little was kindly.

During the next ten months, seventy-nine performances were given, usually Tuesday and Saturday evenings, first at the Park Theater, later at the Bowery Theater. The repertory consisted of about a dozen operas, two of them written by Garcia himself. The largest receipts for a single performance were $1,962; the smallest $250. The total receipts for the season were $56,685. Occasionally members of the troupe appeared in concert.

"The Barber of Seville" was repeated twice weekly until January 7, 1826, when Rossini's "Tancredi" was given. The scenery, painted by one of the company was, we read, "of matchless vigor and beauty, displaying magnificent ruins, paintings, etc., so peculiar to modern Italy." Little is recorded of the performance. One anonymous critic wrote that Maria's role was too warlike; he preferred her in the thoroughly feminine role of Rosina.

February 11, 1826, Rossini's "Otello" was given with Garcia in the title part. According to *The Evening Post,* the audience was "astonished by his masterly powers, many of whom had no conception that so much tragic effect could be given in recitative." Maria's performance bewitched the audience by its charm and pathos. Collaboration with Garcia was a serious business. He had given his daughter only a very few days in which to learn the

role of Desdemona and when she remonstrated, he promised her that if she was not perfect in it at the first performance, he would convert the death scene in the last act into a real murder. She was sure he meant what he said and learned her part. In a later performance, after a violent altercation off the stage, Garcia approached his daughter with such a murderous look in his eye that Maria, in real terror, was heard to whisper to him in Spanish: "For God's sake, father, don't kill me." Such a man as this must have made a most realistic and convincing Othello. Edmund Kean, who was playing an engagement at this time in New York, came behind the scenes after the first performance of "Otello," complimented the company on its fine performance and invited them to come the following night to see him play Shakespeare's "Othello."

Lorenzo da Ponte, an Italian, has a permanent place in musical annals because he wrote three librettos for Mozart—"Così fan tutte," "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Giovanni." After a somewhat checkered career in Europe, he settled in New York in 1805 and spent more than thirty years there, making a somewhat precarious living as a teacher of Italian literature. He was naturally much interested in Garcia's enterprise and particularly anxious to have him produce "Don Giovanni," of which he was part author. With the aid of influential friends, he finally persuaded Garcia to undertake the performance. Garcia had already sung in New York three of the four roles that had been considered his best in Europe—Almaviva, Tancredi and Otello—and perhaps he was himself ambitious to show the Americans the fourth, Don Giovanni.

To a man less courageous and executive than Garcia the production would have been a sheer impossibility. Mozart's masterwork requires six good principal singers, a good chorus and a good orchestra. Both Garcia's orchestra and his chorus were weak, and he and his daughter were the only really good singers in his troupe. Even in his prime he, though a tenor, had preferred to sing the role of the amorous Don, written for baritone. This arrangement now left the company without a good tenor. Young Garcia was a baritone capable of singing his father's tenor parts when the older man was indisposed, but to him was assigned the part of Leporello, a bass. Maria was well cast as Zerlina; Madame Garcia and the second soprano divided Donna Anna and Donna Elvira between them. Finally a local tenor was found, who was thought to be capable of singing Don Ottavio's music, and the cast was complete.

May 23, 1826, "Don Giovanni" had its first performance in America and, despite many and obvious shortcomings, was voted a success. Garcia played his part brilliantly, but, as a newspaper writer remarked:

> His voice was no longer at home in the simple melodies of Mozart. He must have a wide field for display; he must have ample room to verge enough for unlimited curvetings and flourishes.

It was

> a maxim with Garcia that no one can ever be a great singer until the voice be a little impaired; that is, that a singer should depend more on his science than on his natural gifts. By his extraordinary skill he has contrived to hide many vocal defects, and in his time obtained the reputation of the first tenor singer in Europe. On this account he is not so successful in Mozart as in Rossini.

Maria was completely successful as Zerlina; the others acquitted themselves tolerably, except the tenor, who was a miserable failure. One amusing misadventure is recorded of this performance. In the *finale* of the first act, things began to go from bad to worse—chorus, principals, and orchestra, all at cross-purposes. Facing complete disaster, Garcia, with drawn sword in hand, rushed to the footlights, stopped the performance, and ordered the conductor to recommence the *finale*. The second time the act was brought to a more or less harmonious close.

In August, 1826, "The Barber" was given its fortieth performance. There was some talk of the company's establishing itself permanently in New York, but the plan was abandoned and finally, on the 30th of September, the long season came to an end, as it had begun, with the ever-popular "Barber." The last performance was a fine one. Garcia was in his best voice; Maria was in her most brilliant form and in the Lesson Scene delighted her hearers with two English songs, a French air, and a Spanish song with guitar accompaniment. The other singers, too, were applauded and New York's first season of Grand Opera came to a happy termination.

A few days later Garcia left New York with his troupe for Mexico. Maria alone stayed behind. In March she had married, probably at her father's command, a Frenchman named Malibran, who was more than twice her age, but reputed rich. The marriage was a failure in every way. Maria spent the following winter in New York, singing occasionally in Grace Church and in performances of English opera. Then she sailed away, without her husband, to Europe, where a career of unequalled brilliance awaited her.

Mexico was settling its political differences in 1826, as in 1914, by bloodshed, but Garcia once again showed himself able to surmount all difficulties and played a renumerative season in Mexico City. In the spring, laden with some $30,000, including 1000 ounces of gold, he left for Vera Cruz, where he was to embark for Europe, but, before he could reach the seacoast, he was waylaid by bandits and relieved of all his worldly goods. Eventually he reached Paris, where, after a few farewell performances with his daughter Maria, he resumed his teaching and died in 1832.

MUSIC-REFORM IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

By H. T. HENRY

THE purpose of this paper is not so much apologetic as explanatory. It will indeed include in its scope a vindication of the artistic and liturgical correctness of the various phases—or laws—of the reform movement in the Catholic Church. But its main purpose will nevertheless be rather to exhibit accurately the guiding principles of that reform and the applications of those principles to the concrete cases presented by the liturgy of the Church.

For a decade of years the "Instruction About Sacred Music" (commonly known as the *Motu Proprio*) issued by the late Holy Father, Pius X., has been before the musical and liturgical world, has been widely discussed and commented upon, and has been very generally misunderstood. Not a few of those most concerned, because of their official position (whether as priests and bishops, first obligated by the new laws, or as organists and choirmasters in Catholic churches, immediately concerned in the matter of carrying out the laws effectively), appear to have either derived their knowledge of the *Motu Proprio* or formed their judgments of its artistic values, at second-hand. I have met choirmasters who seem to think that the sole purpose of that document—and a hopeless purpose, as well—was to replace women by boys in our choirs. The only action taken by one Archbishop was to place a limit of time beyond which women should not be permitted to sing in the choir at strictly liturgical functions. Another Archbishop so expressed himself in a printed interview as to convey the impression that the sole purpose of the *Motu Proprio* was to make Gregorian Chant of exclusive and universal obligation, and that this purpose could not be attained in America. One careful-minded and learned priest perhaps expressed a more or less general view when he complained that the Holy Father sent his message to the whole world when he really desired merely to correct some musical abuses in Italy. An excellently-written article in the *Atlantic Monthly* (reprinted in pamphlet form by the London Catholic Truth Society, and thus circulating, in magazine

or in pamphlet form, on both sides of the Atlantic) discussed, under the title of "The Reform in Church Music," nothing but Gregorian Chant, and devoted the space of more than a dozen pages like the present one, to a demonstration of its singular fitness for the Catholic liturgy.

In view of such examples as I have instanced, musicians who are not of the Catholic faith might well be pardoned any misapprehensions they may entertain concerning the real scope of the music-reform movement in the Catholic Church. And the present paper, in attempting to give an adequate and an accurate account of that movement, may perhaps escape the charge of being superserviceable. For music-reform in the various religious bodies of Christendom is very much in the air at present; and while the Catholic liturgy looks at the whole question from an angle peculiar and proper to itself, nevertheless the principles that must be brought to bear on the musical and liturgical problems if a proper solution is to be hoped for, are in their measure applicable to Church music in general. Also, while the principles might well be analysed and discussed from an abstract and *a priori* standpoint, they may still be better understood from illustrations of their concrete application. Fortunately for Catholics, both the principles and their varied applications are authoritatively given in the *Motu Proprio*, and in such a condensed form (filling about nine of the present-sized pages) as to serve well the purpose of a text for comment at any desired length.

The Need of Reform

It was highly significant of the need of music-reform that the first of the many specific encyclicals of Pius X., should have taken up and dwelt largely and exclusively upon this question. Let us try to appreciate the significance of this fact, for it is a parent-fact of the various movements for music-reform in other religious bodies to-day.

Pius X. was crowned Pope on Sunday, August 9, 1903. His first encyclical was of a general character, placing the program of his administration before the world, and giving as his basis for that program his desire "instaurare omnia in Christo"—"to restore all things in Christ" (Ephes., i. 10). Three months later (22 November, 1903) he issued the Instruction on Sacred Music. The date chosen was indeed appropriate, for it was the Feast of St. Cecilia, the Heavenly Patroness of Church Music. But this merely appropriate dating is of slight interest in comparison with

many other significant features of the action then taken by the Holy Father. For Pius had risen to the supreme throne of Christendom by a long journey through all of the intermediate stages of priestly life, and had thus become intimately familiar with the everyday problems of pastoral work in the concrete. He had been country curate, acting pastor, arch-priest, cathedral canon, spiritual director and rector of an ecclesiastical seminary, examiner of the clergy, vicar-general, bishop, cardinal, Patriarch of Venice. He had made special studies in Gregorian Chant whilst rector of the seminary, and as Patriarch of Venice he promoted the use of Gregorian Chant and was a pronounced patron of Perosi, the famous composer of Church-music.

During the ten years of his incumbency of the See of Peter, he initiated not only numerous but as well immensely fruitful movements the need of which he had doubtless often felt in his manifold official activities in his previous duties. Many of the movements dealt with the stimulation of Christian piety (such as the decrees on frequent Communion by adults, the first Communion of children, the encyclicals on frequent catechising and on the virtues of the priestly life), but not a few dealt with matters involving immense labor and novel reconstructions (such as the reform of the breviary, the codification of canon law, the revision of the Vulgate, the Vatican edition of the liturgical chants). It is fair to assume that, at least in a germinal fashion, all of these things had been in the mind of Pius long before he became Pope; for however necessary they are now seen to be, his nearer predecessors had not, in their extremely long pontificates, taken action respecting them. I might add other most important acts of his; but the lesson is fairly presented—the lesson, namely, of his certain conviction that the first of all his reforms should deal with the thorny question of the musical accompaniments of the sacred liturgy.

It was a thorny question, begotten of a two-centuried growth of abuses. Popes, Councils, Sacred Congregations in Rome, diocesan synods, had again and again legislated and counseled. An abstract of this legislation is given in Terry's *Catholic Church Music* (London, 1907, pp. 21-38) to illustrate the fact that the *Motu Proprio* of Pius X. should not be looked upon as a "bolt from the blue." Finally, Leo XIII., the immediate predecessor of Pius X., had, through the Congregation of Rites, issued two important documents: one, a decree concerning the official editions of the choral books; the other, a general Regulation (*Regolamento*) concerning the composition and execution of ecclesiastical music.

Both of these are discussed fully in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* (January, 1895, pp. 82-111). About ten years previously (24 September, 1884) a similar *Regolamento* had been issued by the Congregation of Rites for the Churches in Italy. That these various pronouncements had failed to achieve the desired results is fairly evident from the publication of the recent *Motu Proprio*. A study of all of them would, nevertheless, be not a little helpful in illustration of the difficulties besetting the path of a reformer in the domain of Church music. It is curious to observe that, although they failed, one of the most stringent regulations embodied in the *Regolamento* of 1884, rescinded by the legislation of a decade of years later, and still not renewed by the legislation of the *Motu Proprio*, has been largely followed in the present-day attempts at reform, not alone in Catholic churches, but in others as well. I refer to the idea of a Catalogue of approved music which should be obligatory on all choirmasters. I may take up this matter in a future paper.

The character of the musical abuses will appear more explicitly and will be more easily intelligible when the precise rules laid down by the *Motu Proprio* are to be considered in detail. Just now I wish to emphasize the fact that, in the mind of the Church, grave abuses did and do exist. The House of God should be a House of Prayer, and quite a varied list of things which do not well consort with that first characteristic of a Christian Church might be animadverted upon by competent authority. The Holy Father recognized this general fact in the Introduction to his famous document, but nevertheless chose first of all to speak solely on the topic of church music. This alone is surely an instructive fact. Let me quote from the Introduction:

> We do not propose to touch on all the abuses that may occur in these matters. We devote our attention to-day to one of the commonest of abuses, one of the most difficult to uproot, and one that we sometimes have to regret, even in places where everything else—the beauty and splendour of the building, the dignity and accurate order of the ceremonies, the number of the clergy who attend, the gravity and piety of the celebrant—deserve the highest praise. We speak of abuses in the matter of the singing and of sacred music.

The Holy Father is not quarreling with the humble village church, with its untrained voices, unpaid organist, unwise ambitions for display-music, uncultured musical taste. He appears rather to be thinking of splendid city churches, glorious basilicas; of well-cultivated voices, and of organists who are *virtuosi;* of costly organs and of extensive repertoires. With such well-organized

choirs what could not be accomplished for the appropriate embellishing of "the beauty of God's House and the place where His Glory dwelleth?" Yet it is precisely here that the most notable abuses occur. And he continues:

And indeed, whether it is a result of the changeable nature of this art, or of the many alterations in people's taste and customs during the lapse of time; whether it comes from the unhappy influence of secular and theatrical music on that of the Church, or from the pleasure excited by the music itself, which it may not be easy to retain within proper limits; whether, lastly, it is because of the many prejudices on this subject which sometimes obstinately remain even among persons of great piety and high authority, there certainly is a constant tendency in sacred music to neglect the right principles of an art used in the service of the liturgy, principles expressed very clearly in the laws of the Church, in the decrees of general and provincial councils, and in the repeated commands of the Sacred Congregations and of the Supreme Pontiffs, Our predecessors. It is with great pleasure that We are able to recognize the good that has already been done, not only in this, Our own City, but also in many dioceses of Our country, and again specially among certain nations, where the most distinguished and zealous persons, acting with the approval of the Holy See and under the direction of their Bishops, have founded flourishing societies and have thus happily reformed the music in nearly all their churches and chapels. But this reform is still far from universal, and when We reflect on Our own experience, when We remember the many complaints that have been addressed to Us from all parts, even during the short time since it pleased God to lift Our humble person to the supreme dignity of the Apostolic See, We think it Our duty to lift up Our voice without delay in order to reprove and condemn everything in the music of the Divine service that does not agree with the right principles so often laid down. And since indeed Our first and most ardent wish is that a true Christian spirit flourish and be kept always by all the faithful, the first thing to which We must attend is the holiness and dignity of the churches in which our people assemble, in order to acquire that spirit from its first and most indispensable source, by taking an active part in the sacred mysteries and in the solemn public prayers of the Church.

Herein the Pope professedly makes it his first business to legislate concerning sacred music, as being itself of primary interest and importance. He must have been deeply stirred by the nature of the work to which he had just set his hands, when he could choose words like the following with which to reinforce his contention:

It would be in vain to hope for this grace from God as long as our worship of Him, instead of going up with an odor of sweetness, only, as it were, puts into our Lord's hands again the scourges with which He once drove out of the Temple those who were profaning it.

General Principles

The Holy Father argued that as sacred music is an integral part of the Catholic liturgy, it must forward the general object of the liturgy of which it is a part, and must tend towards "the glory of God and the sanctification and edification of the faithful." Although sacred music may not, in other religious bodies, enter into such intimate relations with the formal religious services, it obviously should, wherever and in whatever relationship it is used, minister to edification and not to disedification in any fashion, whether by distracting the minds and the hearts of those present from the service itself, or by appearing to dominate that of which it is designed merely to be a handmaid.

As music is intended to clothe the sacred texts appropriately, it should not inartistically cover over and hide from view the majestic proportions and the graceful lines of the texts. If we might use with reverence a comparison here, we should say that music is the thinnest possible drapery for the texts—like the graceful marble draperies of a Greek statue, which add distinction to the human figure without hiding its beautiful symmetries. The *Motu Proprio* argues that the purpose of sacred music is to render "the text more efficacious, so that the faithful may be the more roused to devotion, and better disposed to gather to themselves the fruits of grace which come from the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries." Its general purpose is, of course, to add to the splendor of the external act of worship of God, but not to add unmeaning splendors—"purple patches"—to the liturgy. When it calls attention specifically to itself, it violates the first canon of appropriateness, and we are reminded of Dr. Johnson's description of a well-dressed man, namely, that he wore nothing which Dr. Johnson could specifically recall.

The Holy Father indicates broadly the three great qualities which sacred music should possess: (1) holiness, (2) beauty, and (3) universality.

I. Holiness

It may not appear easy, at first blush, to estimate adequately this requirement of *holiness*. How, namely, can music be said to be holy? Does the part it is to play render it now worldly, now sacred? Worldly in the drama, sacred in the liturgy; wordly in the theatre, sacred in the church? We are all familiar with the so-called "sacred concerts" given by hotels and by municipalities. They are simply "concerts" when given on week-days; they

suddenly become "sacred" when given on Sundays, although otherwise they are practically what they were before, namely, a highly diversified series of extracts from operas, or from purely instrumental repertoires, beginning possibly with an instrumental *Ave Maria* and ending with *Nearer, my God, to Thee.*

The *Motu Proprio* merely says that sacred music must be holy, and must "therefore avoid everything that is secular, both in itself and in the way in which it is performed." Two thoughts are presented to us here. There are, objectively, certain kinds of musical ideas or expressions which are clearly "secular," such as dance music, military or march music, "sentimental" music, what is vaguely called "operatic" music, "program-music," and all such music (shall we vaguely style it "Wagnerian?") as is intended vividly to express, in musical forms, the swelling tides of any human passion. All these are unfitted for sacred uses, either because of their intrinsically worldly suggestiveness or because of their purely accidental or conventional relationships. But there is also a neutral kind of music, which might appropriately serve either sacred or profane uses. Once it has served secular uses, however, it may not appropriately be used in the church, if for no other reason than that it may intrude wordly thoughts, through an association of ideas, into minds that wish to consider heavenly things. This "neutral" music represents the minimum requisite in sacred music. For just as there are clearly secular forms (such as dance music, etc.) in music, so there are clearly sacred forms in music. Gregorian Chant is one of these; the classic polyphony of the 15th and 16th centuries, and its modern imitations of the Cecilian School, have become conventionally restricted to sacred texts, and may be properly styled sacred forms. And, while one may not be able to attain great precision in describing it, there is also a "prayerful style" even in modern music, which all can appreciate as such. Bearing these distinctions in mind, we may fairly say that there is a "sacred" and a "secular" music, quite apart from the uses or texts to which either is set.

The second requirement of "holiness" in music is that it shall be rendered appropriately to the sacred functions. Here a singer may import into a really sacred piece of composition his or her own worldly soul. "The style is the man," as Buffon says. But I think that ladies are here the greater offenders. I have seen them advance to the railing of the choir-loft with all the usual impressiveness of a prima-donna, toying with the music-sheet, etc. I have also heard them so coloring sacred melodies and sacred texts

with their own sentiment as to suggest again a prima donna interpreting some operatic selection. The "soulful" in sacred music is quite as unpleasant a thing as is the weeping preacher, or the theatrical preacher, or the "soulful" preacher. Sincerity, simplicity, an obviously deep reverence for God and for holy things such as should obscure every intrusion of the personal element—this is essential in any public formal act of the worship of God. Religion is filled with "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears"—and tearfulness is simply weakness. The sublime, also, is weakened by personal comment upon it. "How sublime it is!" said a courtier to Princess Louise, as both gazed on Niagara. "Hush!" answered the princess simply.

II. Beauty

If it be somewhat difficult accurately to define *holiness* in music, who shall finally decide for us the requirement of *beauty?* Tastes have had their immemorial privileges, and I suppose every language of mankind has its proverb to sanction the privileged character of taste. *De gustibus non est disputandum*—that is how it is phrased in Latin. *Chacun à son goût*, say the French. "Every man to his taste" is how we literally translate the thought of the masters of taste. The Holy Father simply says that sacred music "must really be an *art*, since in no other way can it have on the mind of those who hear it that effect which the Church desires in using in her liturgy the art of sound."

I suppose that a distinction is intended here between the art of music and the art of sacred music, so that it would not follow that a highly competent composer of music should *ipso facto* be esteemed competent to compose sacred music—for that this latter is itself an art, having its own principles, methods, aims. But obviously, this latter art must presuppose an adequate training in the fundamental laws of musical composition—and this also is doubtless insinuated in the requirement of "beauty."

It is not necessary to hammer long on this anvil, in a magazine like the present. Music will not permit strains of *unpremeditated* art—that will suffice for the birds of the air, but not for intelligent animals such as men are. No amount of zeal for religion, pious intentions, good will, etc., will supply for a defect in musical training, when the question of music, or of sacred music, is under discussion. Neither—so I understand the Holy Father's words—will perfect musical training coupled with ability and inspiration of itself suffice to render a man competent to compose sacred

music. But, if we are to have beauty, something must be added to the training even in the laws and purposes of *sacred* music. The desideratum here must be true musical inspiration, and not merely correct scholastic forms or ideas.

In the year 1868 the Rev. Dr. Franz Witt, who had received excellent training in music, in sacred music, in liturgy and in theology, founded the great St. Cecilia Society for the purpose of reforming Church music in Germany, Austria, Switzerland. He was a forceful writer and organizer, a composer of sacred music who had virile ideas to express and whose compositions include twenty Masses, as well as motets, litanies, etc., covering liturgical needs in many ways. The Society enrolled 14,000 members, and succeeded in reforming sacred music to a notable extent in the countries mentioned, and exercised not a little wholesome influence in Ireland and in America. But, like most great movements for reform in any line of human activity, its active membership appears to have included many individuals whose efforts would never have been heard of save for the fact of their membership in so prominent a society. The repertoire of Catholic sacred music soon swelled to formidable dimensions, and included the (artistically) good, bad, indifferent. Everything was flawless, let us suppose, in respect of scholastic correctness, the absence of positive liturgical inappropriateness, and the singable quality of the product. But beauty was too often lacking; and to many Catholic minds "Cecilian Music" appeared as something hopelessly "heavy," "tiresome," etc., although the catalogue of the Society's work included some really inspired works of master-composers, like Witt himself.

Since the issuance of the *Motu Proprio*, however, the whole world of devout Catholic musicians has been contributing compositions covering every possible liturgical need; and out of this abundance it is not difficult to select compositions of real merit from the aesthetic, as well as the liturgical, standpoint. Italy has been especially fruitful in excellent musical works, and seems destined to recover the glories lost in the riot of debased and debasing tastes of composers of Church music who, in the last two centuries, have given a specific name of opprobrium to the literature of Church music—"Italian music." The native genius of the Italian composer is now reasserting itself in the domain of sacred music, and is combining scholastic correctness with musical inspiration. France and Spain also are contributing their share, and the reform of Church music, contemplated and, indeed, splendidly advanced, by the German Cecilian School, has lost its

specialized character of a "German" reform-movement, and has assumed the proportions of a worldwide campaign.

This fact leads us naturally to a consideration of the third requisite of sacred music, namely, its

III. Universality

The *Motu Proprio* declares that if sacred music possess eminently the qualities which belong to liturgical rites, especially *holiness* and *beauty*, its other characteristic of *universality* will follow spontaneously.

Let us not misunderstand the thought of the Holy Father here. He does not fly in the face of national tastes in music, he does not attempt to level all the schools of composition to a dead monotony of ideals and tastes, he does not try to force good sacred music composed by Italians into the repertoires of German or American churches, or *vice versa*. He specifically declares that "each country may use in its ecclesiastical music whatever special forms may belong to its own national style," but nevertheless he contends that these forms "must be subject to the proper nature of sacred music, so that it may never produce a bad impression on the mind of any stranger who may hear it."

It must not produce a "bad" impression. It may, indeed, produce a kind of musical boredom—for tastes vary. But a worshipper should not be able truly to allege that the music is unfitted for Divine Service. Now, however diversified may be the musical tastes of the various peoples of the world, I think it is correct to say that if all the prescriptions of the "Instruction on Sacred Music" were carried out, no such comment as that of Mendelssohn on one of Haydn's Masses be had heard (namely, that it was "scandalously gay") could be fairly alleged by any representative of one nationality against the sacred music of another nationality. The vivacious Frenchman might be bored by the sacred music of the German, but he would not therefore vote it unchurchly; and the German might wonder at the sacred music of the French, but he would not therefore vote it unchurchly. For many other things besides that very uncertain quantity styled "taste" come into the question. There is the "personal equation," for instance—an equation of much moment as long as women are permitted to sing in a church choir. I do not mean to imply that men are faultless as choir singers; they, too, may introduce an unpleasant personal equation. But the eternal

feminine is often a quantity to be reckoned with in any choir adjustments. If, in accordance with the expressed will of the Holy Father, boys were to replace women for the higher ranges of the music, the absolute lack of emotional quality in the pure treble of the boy would be an obvious gain in simplicity and unaffected sincerity of purpose, and a certain human aloofness, an "otherworldliness" (as it has been styled) would become appreciable in the choir renditions. Whatever faults boys have (and the proper disciplining of them is a problem for the choirmaster) are, after all, "boyish" faults, and are easily condoned even by an exactingly devout worshiper in church. Again, if "undue repetitions" are rigorously excluded (some of them are essentially ludicrous—I have listened to one Mass in which the repetition was made obviously because the composer deemed that portion especially fine and deserving of an encore); if the sacred text be not divided into "numbers" in the fashion of the pre-Wagnerian operas; if the text be decently dealt with even in the matter of mere material correctness; if the composition be not wearisomely long; if the "atmosphere" of the choir-loft be not self-ostentatious but rather restrained and modest, as befits the handmaiden-office of sacred music in respect of the sacred liturgy; if, in brief, all the prescriptions of the *Moto Proprio* be exactly carried out, I think it would be hard to judge severely the sacred music of any people under the sun.

Various Kinds of Sacred Music

1. The Holy Father declares that the ancient Gregorian chant possesses most perfectly the three qualities of holiness, beauty, universality; that it may properly be considered a norm for comparison, so that in proportion as a composition intended for use in the Church approaches this norm in its movement, sentiment, and inspiration, it is appropriate and liturgically good, and that in proportion as it recedes from this standard it loses in correctness and liturgical beauty and fitness; that the solemnity of any Church service is nowise impaired if the Gregorian chant alone be employed; that this chant should be restored to the people, so that, as anciently, they may now take a more active part in Church services.

In discussing Gregorian chant, there is hardly a choice between great brevity and elaborate fulness of treatment. I must therefore be brief, and merely say, first, that a correct rendition of the chant supposes a deep study of it, a flexible voice, an appreciation

of its perfection (although, indeed, a limited perfection) as an art-form, and not a little interpretative power and (spiritually) emotional responsiveness to the meaning and emotion of the sacred texts to which the chant is perfectly wedded. Many people do not at all like Gregorian chant; but only uninstructed people could sneer at it. My own experience (covering more than thirty years) with it, convinces me that it is the most perfect of all instruments for the musical rendition of the sacred texts of the Catholic liturgy. There is much of it that I myself do not like—possibly because I do not even as yet quite enter into its fulness of melodic meaning; but I nevertheless have an intimate conviction that even what I do not like of it is yet better fitted for its sacred uses than any other kind of music. Finally, I fear that as heard in most places to-day, it is rather caricatured than appreciatively rendered—and judgment should not be passed on the chant when it is only a false presentment of it that we hear.

2. Nearest the Gregorian chant in approriateness the *Motu Proprio* places the sacred polyphony of the Roman School, "which reached its greatest perfection in the sixteenth century under Pierluigi da Palestrina, and which even afterwards continued to produce excellent liturgical compositions," and which should therefore also be used, together with plain chant, in the more solemn offices of the Church. The Holy Father thinks it especially suitable for the Papal Chapel, the greater basilicas, cathedrals, and seminaries, where "the necessary means of performing it are not wanting."

3. More modern music is also allowed, for "it has produced compositions good and serious and dignified enough to be worthy of liturgical use." The *Motu Proprio* does not, therefore, banish all modern music. On the contrary, it declares that "the Church has always recognized and encouraged all progress in the arts, and has always admitted to the service of her functions whatever is good and beautiful in their development during different centuries, as long as they do not offend against the laws of her liturgy." But this modern music is nevertheless properly suspect, because of the offences it has been guilty of in the past. It has become most largely the medium of secular thought and feeling, and is generally characterized by forms quite alien to the purposes of the liturgical texts and suggestive, therefore, rather of worldly than of religious uses. Care must be exercised, when using it for the services of the Church, to see that "nothing profane be allowed, nothing that has reminiscences of theatrical pieces, nothing based in its form on the style of secular compositions."

4. I cannot do better than quote in full the view expressed in the *Motu Proprio* concerning a certain style of modern music:

> Among all kinds of modern music the theatrical style that was so much in vogue during the last century, for instance, in Italy, is the one least fitted to accompany the service of the Church. This style is by nature the most unlike plain chant and the music of the classical school, and therefore the least compatible with the laws of good sacred music. Moreover, the rhythm, the structure, and the conventionalism of this style do not lend themselves well to the demands of really liturgical music.

Some General Directions

Composers of Catholic Church music have thus presented to their musical ingenuity or inspiration a standard that is quite intelligible. But there are besides certain specific laws that should be heeded.

(*a*) "The liturgical text must be sung just as it stands in the authentic books, without changing or transposing the words, without needless repetition, without dividing the syllables, and always so that it can be understood by the people who hear it." These are not idle words. They simply recall to the experienced Church musician what he should have been able to notice for himself. I could fill a long article with illustrations of abuses under each of these heads. But I will merely direct attention to the phrase "needless repetitions." Not all repetition is forbidden. In the proper development of certain musical forms the text may be found to be too brief in length, and may therefore be "repeated" in order to eke out the demands of the musical form adopted; but this repetition must not be such as to impair the intelligibility of the text. The "repetition" must be subject to the other requirements specified above.

(*b*) The texts comprised in what is musically termed a "Mass" (*i. e.*, the *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Credo*, etc.) should not be divided up into musical "numbers" like an opera or an oratorio. The unity of the liturgical text must be preserved; but completely detachable pieces (such as singers were accustomed to describe as *the* "Gratias agimus," *the* "Et incarnatus," and so on) break this unity, and such a style of composition is forbidden.

(*c*) At Vespers, psalms composed in the style known as *di concerto* are absolutely forbidden.

(*d*) At Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the "O Salutaris" or "Tantum Ergo" must be treated after the fashion of a hymn. That is to say, the musical setting of one stanza must be

that of the other stanza. "It is not lawful, for instance, to compose a "Tantum Ergo" in such a way that the first stanza be a romance, an aria, or an adagio, while the next stanza [the "Genitori"] is an allegro," a duet, a chorus answering the solo or duett or trio of the first stanza. The sins committed against this hymnal requirement are simply legion in Catholic churches.

(*e*) Solos must not have the chief place in sacred music, must not absorb the greatest part of the liturgical text. They are not forbidden, but must be intimately bound up with the general choral movement of the music, from which they soar up, as it were, for a moment, and to which they should soon return.

(*f*) Boys should replace women for such ranges as may require treble voices. Where this is practically impossible, bishops are permitted to grant leave to pastors of churches to employ the voices of women, under certain restrictions. This whole matter has been the subject of very much controversy; but spatial limitations will not permit me to outline the discussion. I think the *Motu Proprio* clearly forbids women to sing in our church-choirs. Subsequent legislation now permits them to sing, subject to certain limitations.

(*g*) Other instruments than the organ may be employed in certain cases, but always only by special permission of the bishop. The organ itself is forbidden at certain times in the liturgical year. The legislation on this subject is too minute and detailed to permit of full description here.

(*h*) Care must be taken that the organ and other instruments merely sustain the voices, not overpower them. This is a requirement of good art as well as of liturgy, which is too often disregarded.

(*i*) "It is not lawful to introduce the singing with long preludes or to interrupt it with voluntaries." The emphasis is on the word *long*, I am confident.

(*k*) A highly important regulation excludes the pianoforte, and all noisy instruments such as cymbals, kettledrums, etc. And another most important direction is that whatever instruments are employed should be played only according to their proper character and should respect all the rules of truly sacred music in the selections rendered and in the manner of rendering them. Bands are forbidden to play in the church, but may be used in processions outside of the church, provided the bishop's consent has been obtained, and further provided that they do not play secular music.

(*l*) I could say much to the purpose concerning the following excellent direction, but I shall content myself with merely quoting the words of the Holy Father:

> As a general principle, it is a very grave abuse, and one to be altogether condemned, to make the liturgy of the sacred functions appear a secondary matter, and as it were, the servant of the music. On the contrary, the music is really only a part of the liturgy and its humble attendant.

Instruments for Effecting Reform

These are :(1) Diocesan Musical Commissions to be appointed by the bishops and to consist of men really competent in musical and liturgical matters, who shall supervise the singing of choirs, the character of the compositions rendered, and all similar questions affecting the musical accompaniments of the liturgy. A gently shrewd sentence of the Holy Father should be quoted here: "This Commission will insist on the music being not only good in itself, but also proportionate to the capacity of the singers, so that it may always be well executed."

(2) Superiors of ecclesiastical seminaries must grant sufficient time to the students for theoretical and practical training in the chant, and should encourage the students in this pursuit. "Figured music" should also be practiced by special singers. In the classes of liturgy, moral theology, canon law, the legislation concerning sacred music should be dwelt upon, and special instruction should be given in the aesthetics of sacred art. A most important regulation or suggestion, indeed. For the almost hopeless tangle into which sacred music has fallen is largely due to the uninstructed tastes in music and the indifferent training in the liturgical laws governing sacred music, of the rectors of churches. It is a sublime illustration of the vicious circle—the childlike confidence of many rectors in the excellence of their choirs and of the repertoires there enshrined, the while good musical taste as well as specific liturgical law is constantly being violated.

(3) The restoration of the ancient choir-schools in the more important church centers. Even country parishes might, the Holy Father thinks, achieve good results, both for sacred music and for spiritual edification, by attempting the task of forming such choir-schools.

(4) "All higher schools of Church music should be kept up and encouraged in every way where they already exist, and as far as possible new ones should be founded. It is most important that the Church should herself provide the instruction for her

own choirmasters, organists, and singers, so that she may inspire them with the right principles of this sacred art."

Now every reader will probably admit that, in the *Motu Proprio*, a pretty definite standard has been set up for sacred music, and a fairly comprehensive set of measures have been suggested for practically reaching that standard.

In addition to these suggested measures of reform, however, a more or less private zeal has succeeded in founding, in various countries, successful magazines whose aim is variously to popularize Gregorian chant, to comment upon the *Motu Proprio* as current problems arise under the law it promulgated, to publish original and selected sacred musical compositions of approved musical merit and liturgical appropriateness, to keep the light of reform burning brightly. In America, the reform appears to move with leaden steps—largely, I think, because of the vicious circle I have already spoken of. Nevertheless, directly to the influence of the *Motu Proprio* can be traced the establishment, in some churches, of excellent "boy-choirs" which render with almost equal grace and correctness both Gregorian chant and polyphonic music, and which illustrate effectively the practical possibility of conforming to all the rubrical and liturgical laws of Divine service in the Catholic Church with no lessening of musical attractiveness in the services and with an obvious heightening of the dignity of the ceremonial. Perhaps these scattered islets in the great sea of musical and liturgical inefficiency may be now quietly influencing their arid neighbors. The airs of heaven may be carrying over, from their fertile soil, germs of life to the dusty acres of their neighbors, and the desert may thus be made to bloom richly. At all events, I think that the churches which have loyally experimented with the "boy-choir" will never go back to the previous liturgical and musical anarchy, even though permission to do so were—by a virtually impossible hypothesis—to be granted by some future Pope. One rector of a city parish which could supply but few candidates for his boy-choir, so expressed himself; for, despite his difficulties, he has the good taste and the right point of view which permit him to draw the logical and artistic inference when he compares what has been in his parish with what now is in respect of sacred music.

IS MUSICAL RESERVATION JUSTIFIABLE?

By FRANCIS TOYE

THE principal aesthetic controversy of the last three years may, I think, be described as a quarrel over the advantages or disadvantages of musical reservation. *Prima facie*, no doubt, it would appear ideal for an artist to have control over the production of his own work for all time, for the best music to be kept for the best people under the best possible conditions. But on second thoughts I believe that such a proceeding will be seen to favour rather than hinder Philistinism; because by focussing, so to speak, art-appreciation onto one point rather than encouraging a diffusion over the whole circle of human interests, it tends to divorce art from ordinary life altogether.

Nobody will need to be reminded that the very kernel of this dispute lay in the question of the propriety of reserving Richard Wagner's "Parsifal" exclusively for Bayreuth.

However, the question of the free performance of "Parsifal" is an old one and moreover settled, so that there is not much to be gained by any elaborate discussion of the point. Indeed at this time the interest of the "Parsifal" controversy lies in its theoretical rather than its practical application. Nevertheless it may not be without advantage to consider some of the objections offered to free performance of "Parsifal" before going on to the wider issues which that question raises; because, by so doing, we may, incidentally, help to clear the ground of a lot of rubbish that has been shot there by well-meaning but hopelessly sentimental writers about music. Moreover a consideration of the part often serves as an elucidation of the whole, especially when, as in the case of "Parsifal," the part may be said to dramatise the whole so satisfactorily.

Now, to be married to a lady who speaks of you as a god and to be patronised by a king who suffers from neurasthenic megalomania, is an experience that the most robust of men can hardly be expected to undergo with impunity. Much less a man of a sensitive, excitable nature like Richard Wagner. Yet in his case both facts are undeniable, the latter being a matter of common knowledge, the former being guaranteed by a contemporary Italian admirer.

Nor are they so trivial and unimportant as might appear at first sight, throwing, as they do, a real light on Wagner's mentality during the Bayreuth period, the period of his life, in fact, when he wrote "Parsifal" and made up his mind that nowhere else was suitable for its production.

Here, once and for all, I want to make it quite clear that I am adopting no Nietzschean attitude as regards Wagner; I want to pay my humble tribute to his genius, to express my conviction that he is among the three greatest musicians of the world. But admiration for his music ought not to blind anyone to the fact that he did, very naturally and properly in a sense, suffer from "swollen head," and that as a theorist he is hopelessly inconsistent. You can prove almost as many incompatible things from Wagner's writings as from the Bible itself. Even about this very question of "Parsifal" he is not quite consistent. But we will return to that later.

Everybody knows that there has lately raged in Europe a controversy almost theological in its bitterness as to the propriety of performing "Parsifal" outside Bayreuth. For 1914 has witnessed the expiration of the "Bayreuth" copyright. This prospect is more apparently, than the Wagnerian purists can bear. A year or two ago there arose a "Parsifal" party in the Reichstag, which talked of a law to have what Nietzsche would surely have considered the ideal effect of practically preventing the performance of the music-drama anywhere....in Germany! The Hohenzollerns themselves were drawn into the Wagnerian net together with a composer so unpopular in Royal circles as Richard Strauss and a socialist so unpalatable as Herman Bahr. Truly a wonderful catch for the fishers of Bayreuth!

The Hohenzollern objection to the freedom of "Parsifal" I have not had the honour of knowing. The Reichstag minority was so far as I could see purely sentimental; Strauss, standing for the divine—and in his case at any rate, extremely renumerative—right of composers, the doctrine in fact of "Componist über Alles," maintained that Wagner should be allowed to legislate for his own work in the manner of the Medes and Persians. Bahr wrote a pamphlet called "Parsifalschutz ohne Ausnahmegesetz" in which he managed to combine a great many excellent theories of aesthetics with a great many disagreeable remarks about people in general and established institutions in particular.

To the free performance of "Parsifal" there are two main objections founded on:

(1) Wagner's own wishes.
(2) The character of the work itself.

There is no doubt that Wagner wished to keep "Parsifal" for Bayreuth, in the same way, I believe, as he intended "The Ring" only for festival performance. It would be more accurate to say that this was the general trend of his wishes; for Wagner, if we may believe the eminently respectable authority of the "Frankfurter Zeitung," lapsed on at least one occasion from this ideal of high protection. A few weeks before his death he is said to have suggested to Angelo Neumann, the impresario, that he might be permitted to perform "Parsifal," if his theatre were competent enough to do full justice to it. True he wrote in precisely the opposite sense to Ludwig in 1880, but the former fact, if accurate, as I have every reason to suppose it is, does prove that Wagner's very inconsistency saved him from being as superstitious as the Wagnerites. For in spite of Hermann Bahr's eloquent and imaginative description of the scene at the festival, what is this peculiar magic of Bayreuth? Nothing but a romantic superstition. Many people hold the performances at the Prinz-Regenten theatre in Munich to be better in every respect. After all, the only important point about festival-theatres and festival-performances is that they should, as Wagner said to Neumann, be competent enough to do full justice to the works performed. Granted this competence, it does not seem to me that it matters whether they take place in Bayreuth or Munich—or New York or Timbuctoo. The much-talked-of "atmosphere" is a question of sincerity and enthusiasm on the part of the producers and of sensitiveness, good-will and enthusiasm on the part of the audience; not of bricks, mortar, wood, marble, velvet, trees, flowers, beer—or any other of the material reasons animate and inanimate, liquid or solid, advanced by sentimental idealists. Moreover, even in Wagner's time, the "atmosphere" of Bayreuth can hardly have satisfied the elect among the Wagnerites. A contemporary critic informs us that at an official reception given to visitors "a military band played Gounod, Wagner and Kéler-Béla!" This is surely just the kind of thing that the Wagner society of the day ought to have seen to. Indeed it is quite time that everybody realised that Wagner was not a good Wagnerite. For there were two Wagners, the musician and the prophet of Bayreuth. The prophet of Bayreuth presiding at banquets like a king and guarding rehearsals as jealously as the Grail—he hated journalists with the most admirable hatred—was of course above suspicion. But the musician had fits of quite indecent frivolity. He recognised this himself. It is said that once, after listening to some of Rossini's music, he burst into enthusiastic applause, and much to the surprise of a friend,

excused himself thus: "Ah, Rossini! How I love him! But, for Heaven's sake do not tell my Wagnerites; they would never forgive me." Moreover he admired Offenbach's comic operas greatly, recognising in them a musical grace and a spontaneity inherited in part at any rate from Mozart; while his tribute to the excellence of some of Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" is a sad trial of faith to the orthodox even today. In fact Wagner, being a musician and not a "cultured amateur," was ready to appreciate music of all kinds. For the musician has no musical position to keep up.

Even at Bayreuth—though never, I expect, within the magic circle of Wahnfried—the musician sometimes peeped out from under the mantle of the prophet. Thus in a speech to a few friends on the day before the production of "Parsifal" Wagner supping at a kind of local "Gambrinus," expressed himself thus:

> Meine Herrschaften, wir Mitwirkende bei der Aufführung des "Parsifals," ich und die Künstler alle, wir haben den Teufel im Leibe. Wenn Sie alle Morgen Abend nicht ebenfalls den Teufel im Leibe haben—dann ist es mit dem "Parsifal" nichts.

Now there is nothing intrinsically remarkable about these words. Any musician, conscious of the forthcoming production of a masterpiece, might have used them. But I suggest that to ask your audience to have "the very devil in them" in order to appreciate properly a work which has been represented as a species of fifth musical gospel, which has been proclaimed too sacred for ordinary use, is a curious proceeding on the part of the author. But this brings us to the second objection to the free performance of "Parsifal," to wit that which is supposed to arise from the character of the work itself.

Now, as everyone knows, "Parsifal" deals with the subject of the Grail and is in fact deeply influenced by Christian, or, more accurately, Roman Catholic mysticsm. Of course such a subject, appealing as it must, to the deepest emotions of many people demands the most serious presentation. It is easy to understand that great offence would be caused by a work like the amusing but scandalous parody of *Germanicus*, who makes the knights of the Grail sing the following chorus:

> Gralsritter sind wir alle hier
> Wir trinken nur Salvatorbier.

But not even the Vatican or Bayreuth can legislate against parody; and in any case there is no question now of parody but of as excellent a production of the original as the resources of the theatre will permit.

Now I cannot pretend to understand exactly what the feelings of Roman Catholics may be on this subject. Some, I believe disapprove altogether. Others I know are enthusiastic. And as the Holy See is not in the least likely either to canonize or anathematize the author of "Parsifal, "even when he has been dead long enough to become half-legendary, I suppose we shall never find among them that wonderful unanimity which, as is well known, only Protestants have failed to remark in the opinions of the faithful.

In the meantime one Roman Catholic writer assures us that he knows "qu'une chose plus belle que Parsifal: c'est n'importe quelle messe basse dans n'importe quelle église."—which to the English Protestant with some recollection of various "low masses" in Italian or Spanish churches will seem one of the most unfortunate compliments ever penned. And to the Protestant who happens also to regard great music as something more than half divine it will appear little less than an insult.

In any case it is perhaps well to remember that "Parsifal" is not a "Roman Catholic masterpiece" like, for instance, Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," for the very good reason that Wagner's religion, if any, was different from Elgar's. Not the whole order of Jesuits can prove that the man who married the daughter of Liszt and the wife of von Bülow was a Roman Catholic "in spite of himself." I do not suppose for one instant that they want to, but from the manner in which many people, usually atheistical aesthetes, talk about "Parsifal" you might imagine that it had been written by St. Thomas Aquinas to music by St. Cecilia.

As a matter of fact even supposing "Parsifal" to be purely Roman Catholic in inspiration, I do not see why it should be banished from the ordinary stage. For in that case "Parsifal" would bear much the same relationship to Catholicism as "The Magic Flute" to Freemasonary,—and why a sincere Roman Catholic should be considered less capable than a sincere Freemason to behold the revelation of his mysteries the impartial observer will probably fail to understand.[1] It may be urged that a great deal of "The Magic Flute" is ludicrous while "Parsifal" is altogether

[1]Unless, of course, he proceeds on the tacit and conventional assumption that only those religious people who happen also to be unreasonable need have their feelings considered at all. A reasonable agnostic, for instance, is never supposed to be shocked by anything or anybody,—not even by a bishop who talks as if his palace were connected with Heaven by a private wire. But immediately some opinion is put forward that disturbs the prejudices of the unthinking we hear a great deal of "bad taste," and "bad form" etc. To the sincerely and intelligently religious this "weaker brethren" method of treatment must appear very insulting.

solemn. Perhaps. But is there anything more absurd in "The Magic Flute" than the scene in the last act of "Parsifal" where, according to that industrious if outmoded couple, H. and F. Corder, "Titurel, for the moment reanimated raises himself in benediction in his coffin?"

Of course when I refer to "The Magic Flute" in this connection I am not thinking of Papageno and Papagena and all the silly interpolations of Schikaneder, but of "The Magic Flute" of Giesecke, which Mr. E. J. Dent in his admirable book, "Mozart's Operas" has quite conclusively shewn to be symbolical of Freemasonry. With this "Parsifal" really has something in common even down to quite, unexpected details. What for instance is "The Queen of the Night" but Kundry; and does not "Parsifal" in his dealings with the Flower Maidens remind us more than a little of Tamino's refusal to flirt with the Three Ladies? But while "The Magic Flute" was fortunate, or, if you prefer it, unfortunate enough to be born in the eighteenth century, "Parsifal" is a typical product of the romantic movement. And a sense or indeed a love of humour was not a leading characteristic of the romantics.

Properly to compare the products of different epochs you must not forget to consider the different conditions of those epochs. And, that done, I see little essential difference between Giesecke and Mozart on the one hand and Wagner on the other. Even if it were true, moreover, that in Wagner's day no other theatre was "serious" enough to produce "Parsifal" that is emphatically not true to-day. The condition of the European theatre has, during the last forty years, improved beyond measure—especially, of course, in Germany. There are at least a dozen theatres where" Parsifal" could be produced as well as at Bayreuth and twice or thrice as many again where it could be produced adequately. It is absurd to argue from Wagner's pronouncement at a time when the theatres were not yet accustomed to Wagnerian productions as a matter of course. It is as if we insisted on our railways being bound to some law that George Stephenson laid down for his first steam-engine or on our hospitals being strictly limited to the practices approved by the late Lord Lister. Art, to be alive, must be continually adapting itself to changed conditions and new aesthetic standards. For art, at least, amply justifies M. Bergson's contention that movement is reality.

However, whether we like it or not, "Parsifal" has been performed outside of Bayreuth. For my part, however, having given my reasons for thinking that "Parsifal" ought to take its chance in the repertory along with the masterpieces of other composers, I

venture to maintain that what may be called the whole "Parsifal" school of thought is a vicious one, likely to have the same effect on our theatre and, consequently, on our civilisation as "temperance" legislation has had on English public houses.

This school of thought is really founded on Herman Bahr's praise of Bayreuth as having "nothing in common with the infamous 'everydayness' of our civilisation." Now I am not concerned to deny the infamy, the vulgarity, the commercialism of our civilisation which I detest as heartily as anybody. Nor yet do I deny that a pilgrimage, of the kind that people make to Bayreuth, is often a beautiful thing. Pilgrimage in fact as Doctor Johnson truly observed "may be reasonable or superstitious according to the principles upon which it is performed," and we of modern England do not recognise the value sufficiently.

But to recognise this fact is not by any means to admit the Bayreuth contention that a pilgrimage is necessary to a proper appreciation of a certain portion of Wagner's music. Indeed, as this particular pilgrimage is decidedly expensive, people of ordinary means have hitherto been forced by the practical impossibility of undertaking it at all, with the result that "Parsifal" was to the middle class as much a synonym for luxury as a 80 h.p. motor car or furs of sable.

Indeed the result of the "Parsifal" school of thought, were it generally accepted, would be to divorce all great art from everyday life even more than is the case at present; and this is surely the worst thing that could possibly happen. Nothing is more distressing than to consider the abyss by which art and life are sundered under modern conditions. Art in fact is become a luxury (and musical art a very expensive luxury) instead of a necessity for every normal, educated human-being. The mere fact that people ask questions like "Are you musical?" or "Do you like pictures?" proves how low our aesthetic standard is. It ought to be considered as silly to ask a man questions of this kind as to enquire whether he "liked sleeping" or was an invariable eater. That every human being is capable of different degrees of sound and colour-appreciation is obviously true enough. But that every man, woman and child, with the exception of a few freaks, takes pleasure in sound and colour to some extent is more obvious still. In fact these questions are precisely similar to the mid-Victorian formula: "Do you keep up your reading?"—except that as, now-a-days, everybody reads, the remark seems unnecessary and idiotic even to the most maiden of ladies in the most cathedral of cities. Still it is, in reality, no more ridiculous than the others. Unfortunately many people, intelligent people, still regard the arts, especially the hearing and

the practice of music, as they used to regard the reading of books, to wit as something very solemn and rather mysterious for which a definite time must be put aside.

Now this, I think, is almost entirely due to the romantic atmosphere with which the nineteenth century surrounded the arts. The artist has long been regarded as a creature essentially remote from other men. He is in fact according to different idiosyncrasies either invested with a halo of glory or branded with the mark of the Beast. He is never suffered to be natural, or to take himself for granted. In short the modern world talks a great deal about Art—with an inflated capital A—and forgets about craft altogether, whereas the two are, or ought to be, inseparable. The result is, as you would expect, the marked tendency to megalomania and neurosis of modern European artists on the one hand and the militant materialism of the modern European public on the other. Both have, in their different ways, paid the penalty for getting their views of life out of focus.

Wherefore it seems to me that the most pressing need of modern times is to bring the conception of the artist as primarily a craftsman back into common use. This view of the artist is now-a-days commonly supposed to be derogatory to art; but quite erroneously. In what was probably the greatest period of pictorial and plastic art, the Italian Renaissance, the painter and the sculptor and the worker in metals were regarded in very much the same way as we regard the workmen who decorate our houses. It is quite pathetic to read of a man whose name is now world-famous begging for a little more ultramarine to finish off his work to his liking. He had no illusions as to "Art for Art's sake." He was, of course, highly regarded because patrons in those days valued talent at its proper worth, but he remained a skilled workman by profession not, as now, an independent gentleman of uncertain temper. I have been told by those who are more competent to speak on the subject than I that it is not unlikely that this very fact of being forced to work with limited materials and for a specific object served to develop all the artistic qualities in the craftsmen of the time. That may be so. As a not altogether dissimilar instance I would venture to point out that English domestic architecture, which concerns itself solely with the practical necessity of providing what are admittedly the most comfortable houses in the world, does, as a matter of fact, produce far more satisfactory results, judged solely from the aesthetic point of view, than the school of English architecture which endeavours to erect public buildings intended primarily to look beautiful.

Now in latter years there has, of course, been a movement started by William Morris and revived quite recently, though in a very different manner by Mr. Roger Fry and others to bring the art of colour into direct relationship with house-decoration. But the art of sound still pursues the way marked out for it, I regret to say, by Beethoven and Wagner. Of course both these composers had the very best intentions, to wit, to raise music to a more serious level, but, unwittingly, they inaugurated a tendency which, I fancy, they would have been the first to deprecate, the tendency towards the isolation of music and musicians from the every-day life of the people. Both Beethoven and Wagner, it must be remembered, were typically romantic by temperament. They were, naturally enough, in full reaction against that eighteenth-century levity which treated Mozart as an ordinary flunkey. Fully conscious of their own greatness they proclaimed the right of the artist to complete expression of his personality, never dreaming, as I guess, that their followers, to achieve this admirable ideal, would claim exemption from the ordinary musical routine of their day.

For that really is what has happened. I can think of no contemporary composer of the front rank, except Stravinski, who writes regularly for a theatre or an organisation of any kind. Yet the best musical compositions the world has known were written by an organist for a rather incompetent choir and an indifferent organ at Leipsic. Some of the finest symphonies were "turned out" for various patrons very much as our musical comedy composers "turn out" music for Mr. George Edwardes. There is nothing paralysing to musical invention in writing to order or for money so long as the composer is not expected to lower his own standard of taste in the process.

That of course is the basis of all the trouble at the present day. The public taste is, on the whole, bad and so the good composers do not supply music for the every-day life of the people. Yet, until they do, the public taste must remain in a varying degree of badness. The vicious circle would seem to be complete.

Formerly, of course, the difficulty did not arise, because music was written not so much for the public as for patrons, but with the advent of democracy the question has assumed a different as well as a wider aspect, and the whole bias of modern legislation tends to make the race of patrons even less numerous in the future than it is as present. Besides, it is often forgotten that the mere possession of money cannot make a discriminating patron. Indeed, to be such an one, a great deal of natural taste and hard work are necessary. And an indiscriminating patron usually does more

harm than no patron at all. So that it is hopeless, I think, to expect salvation now-a-days from patrons, still less from their amorphous modern successors, the State and the Municipality.

The only hope is to tackle the problem boldly, to contrive to bring the composers and the people face to face. And as the people shows but small sign of wishing to climb higher let the composers come down from their isolated heights and try to meet them a little more than half way. In plain words, I would like to see our most talented composers everywhere, in the organ-lofts writing services and anthems for their choirs, cantatas for the local choral societies, a string quartet or two for the best players of the district; in the conductor's chair of the theatres writing incidental music for plays and perhaps small ballets, condescending if their talents happened to have some kinship to those of Offenbach and Sullivan, to think kindly of musical comedy occasionally, briefly, in every musical situation conceivable producing compositions primarily intended to satisfy the immediate requirements of their various offices. To portray, even in outline, the organisation of our music on such lines would require an article—a very long article—to itself. Suffice it to say here that such an idea does not preclude the possibility of composers writing some works on larger lines than have been indicated. There would always be the one or two who possessed either private means of their own or had acquired leisure and fame enough to specialise in would-be masterpieces. But now-a-days the word "masterpiece" is sadly overworked. Every young composer seems to think that he is expected to write important compositions for huge orchestras, consciously to make one bid at least for a place in the musical repertory as permanent as that enjoyed by Beethoven or Wagner or Mozart. As a matter of fact everybody knows that even of the great masters comparatively few compositions have stood the test of time. The lesser men would, it seems to me, be better employed in fulfilling, in the best possible manner, the musical requirements of their generation instead of bothering their heads about posterity and greatness. Indeed now-a-days we hear far too much about greatness and not nearly enough about music.

Of course, should anything so unlikely as the practical realisation of this suggested ideal come to pass, all of us who, like the author, are primarily interested in the complicated developments of modern music would suffer very considerably. We should have to bear, for a considerable time at any rate, with the almost complete absence of just the music we particularly affect. It were idle to deny that this would be a loss, a loss which some of us

would feel more than we could say. But, for my part, I would make the sacrifice tomorrow did I know that music could thereby be established on a more solid foundation. At present the whole structure of our musical life rests on the most unstable foundation. It is practically built on a marsh, with the critical eclectic and the wealthy dilettante as sole supports. And unless we can grout it with the cement of "every dayness" we may witness the most appalling collapse at any time. The whole modern, "Parsifal" school of thought—though not, I believe, the original "Parsifal" ideal as formulated by Wagner or even by his friends and relations —tends to make this operation more and more difficult. In practice, whatever it may do in theory, it begins by reserving the best music for a few initiaties and ends by providing music-festivals for wealthy Cosmopolitans and Jews. Certainly we have, thereby, acquired a higher standard of musical performance and probably we owe to it the amazingly rapid development of European music. But rapid development can be paid for too highly. In this case the price has been that divorce between our music and our every-day life which may lead to eventual bankruptcy. In short our music today represents not our civilisation but the tastes of an infinitesimal minority. To some extent that has always been true of the very best music at all times, but, in days when the aristocratic principle was commonly accepted, the fact, though regrettable, had no practical importance. Perhaps our music then is better than our civilisation. I believe it is. Nevertheless the point is not its merit so much as its stability. How long should or can any democratic civilisation support an art better than itself?

THE MEASUREMENT OF MUSICAL TALENT

By CARL E. SEASHORE

The Problem

THE psychology of music is now being built up in the laboratory from three points of view, namely: the psychology of individual talent, the psychology of aesthetic feeling in musical appreciation and expression, and the psychology of the pedagogy of music. Our subject limits this discussion to the first of these three aspects.

Musical talent, like all other talent, is a gift of nature—inherited, not acquired; in so far as a musician has natural ability in music, he has been born with it. Perhaps natural ability of a high order is not so very rare, for modern psychology has demonstrated that a surprisingly small portion of our talents are allowed to develop and to come to fruitage, and thus has given great reinforcement to the dictum that many men "die with all their music in them." From the point of view of measurement, the latent power is as tangible as the developed, and is often of greater interest. The measurement of musical capacity, therefore, concerns itself chiefly with inborn psycho-physic and mental capacities as distinguished from skill acquired in training.

In 1842 the greatest physiologist of that time declared that it would forever remain impossible to measure the speed of the nerve impulse; yet, within two years of that time, his colleague measured it with accuracy. Up to that time it had been supposed that the nerve impulse might have the speed of an electric current; but the measurement showed that it takes a nerve impulse as long to pass from the foot to the brain of a man as it would take the electric current to pass half way around the globe. About the same time it was almost universally believed that "the time of thought" could not be measured; but the "reaction-time experiment" did on the mental side what the measurement of the nerve impulse had done on the physical side. Talent, like the dream, has been thought of as peculiarly illusive and intangible for observation. Yet the science of individual psychology to-day virtually "dissects"

the genius, analyzes and measures talents, sets out limitations, diagnoses the possibilities, and directs the development of the individual.

Musical talent is not one thing. To amount to anything, there must be a hierarchy of talents, sufficiently related to work together. Hierarchies of talents may present entirely different organizations in different individuals. The analysis of musical talent aims first to locate the dominant traits and then to determine qualitatively and quantitatively the composition or characteristics of each group, or hierarchy of traits. The term musical talent is therefore used in a collective sense.

It is quite possible to make a fairly exhaustive classification of the essential traits of musical talent. This may be done by considering, first, the characteristics of sound which constitute music and, second, the mental powers which are needed for the appreciation of musical sounds.

The elements of musical sound are really three, namely: pitch, time and intensity. The fourth attribute of sound, extensity, which represents the spatial character, is negligible for the present purpose. Pitch is the quality, the essence of a sound. Timbre, usually spoken of as quality, is merely a pitch complex. Consonance, harmony, and clang fusions are also pitch-complexes. Rhythm represents aspects of time and intensity. This classification of the fundamental aspects of musical sounds gives us a basis for the classification of musical talents into the ability to appreciate and the ability to express respectively, pitch, time, and intensity of tone. Each of these may, of course, be subdivided in great detail.

Turning then to the human side of music, we find that the capacity for the appreciation and expression of music may be divided, for convenience, into four fundamental capacities; namely, sensory, the ability to hear music; motor, the ability to express music; associational, the ability to understand music; and affective, the ability to feel music and express feeling in music. By combining these two classifications—the elements of musical sounds and the capacity of the human individual—we shall obtain the principal groups of musical talent.

Arranging the principal measurements now available in the psychology of music laboratory on the above bases of classification, we get a scheme like the accompanying list of measurements on a singer. Certain modifications of this list would, of course, be necessary in Section II to adapt it to other performers, such as the violinist or the pianist.

List of Measurements on a Singer

I. Sensory (ability to hear music).
   A. Pitch.
      1. Discrimination ("musical ear;" tonal hearing).
      2. Survey of register.
      3. Tonal range: (a) upper limit, (b) lower limit.
      4. Timbre (tone color).
      5. Consonance and dissonance (harmony).
   B. Intensity (loudness).
      1. Sensibility (hearing-ability).
      2. Discrimination (capacity for intellectual use).
   C. Time.
      1. Sense of time.
      2. Sense of rhythm.

II. Motor (ability to sing).
   A. Pitch.
      1. Striking a tone.
      2. Varying a tone.
      3. Singing intervals.
      4. Sustaining a tone.
      5. Registers.
      6. Timbre: (a) purity, (b) richness, (c) mellowness, (d) clearness, (e) flexibility.
      7. Plasticity: curves of learning.
   B. Intensity.
      1. Natural strength and volume of voice.
      2. Voluntary control.
   C. Time.
      1. Motor ability.
      2. Transition and attack.
      3. Singing in time.
      4. Singing in rhythm.

III. Associational (ability to imagine, remember and think in music).
   A. Imagery.
      1. Type.
      2. Rôle of auditory and motor images.
   B. Memory.
      1. Memory span.
      2. Retention.
      3. Redintegration.
   C. Ideation.
      1. Association type and musical content.
      2. Musical grasp.
      3. Creative imagination.
      4. Plasticity: curves of learning.

IV. Affective (ability to feel music).
  A. Likes and dislikes: character of musical appeal.
    1. Pitch, timbre, melody and harmony.
    2. Intensity and volume.
    3. Time and rhythm.
  B. Emotional reaction to music.
  C. Power of æsthetic interpretation in singing.

The writer has outlined elsewhere (Psychology in Daily Life, D. Appelton Co., 1913, Ch. VII.) how each of the measurements in this list may be performed.

An Example of a Measurement

To illustrate the method of proceedure in measurements of this kind as briefly and accurately as possible, we may consider one, as an example, in some detail. The first in the list (IA1) may serve this purpose.

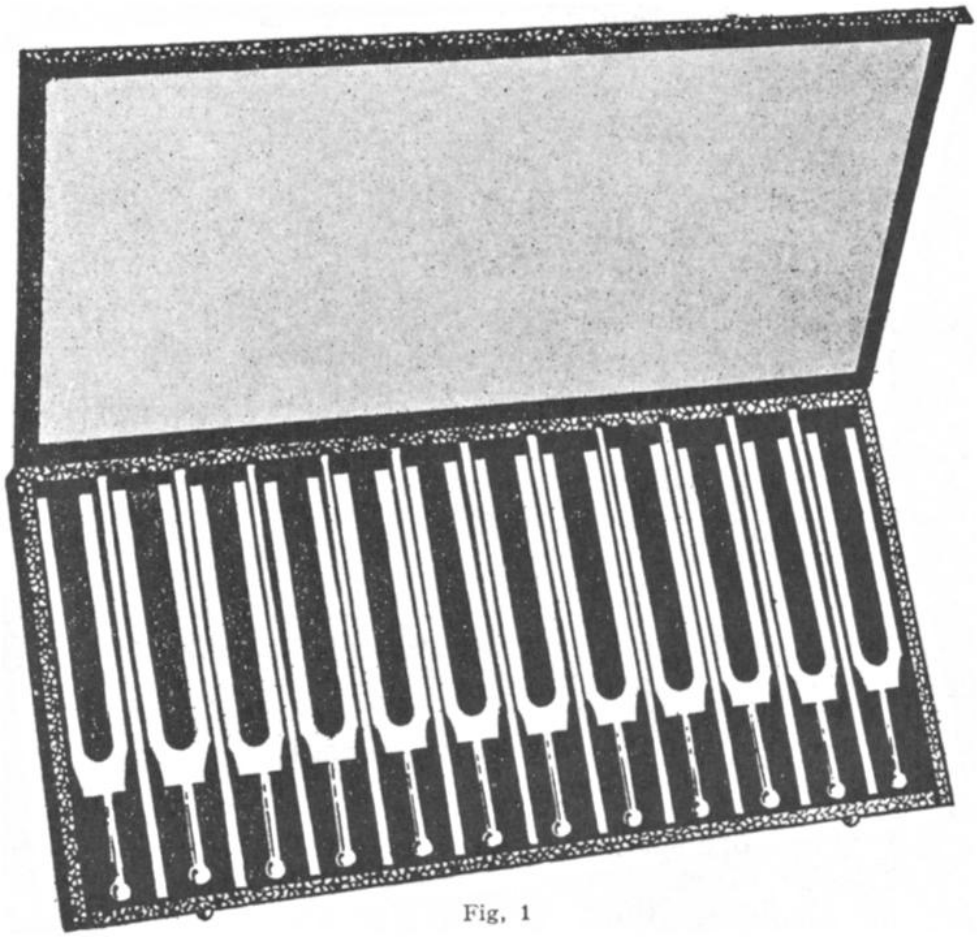


Fig. 1

The first rule of experimental psychology is to reduce the problem so that there shall be only one variable and all other factors shall be kept under relative control. The variable must

be measurable, repeatable, and describable. In this test we want to vary and measure pitch. Time, timbre, intensity, sequence-complexes and all other factors of tone must therefore be kept relatively constant or uniform; and all conditions must be kept as simple as possible. The task is merely to hear which of two tones, sounded in rapid succession, is the higher.

This test must be made so simple and elemental that it shall be equally feasible for young and old, for musical and for unmusical. It has proved no small undertaking to devise, test, and standardize, apparatus and methods which shall make these conditions possible. A full account of the standardization of this test has been published by the present writer.[1]

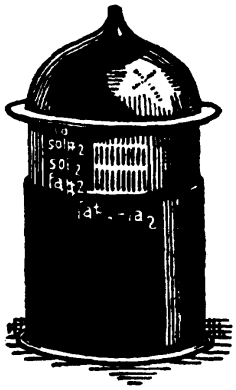


Fig. 2

The apparatus consists of a set of tuning forks, Fig 1, a resonator, Fig. 2, and a rubber covered lead rod to strike the forks upon. The standard fork, which is duplicated, has a pitch of 435 vibrations, a′, international pitch. The remaining forks are tuned higher than this by small increments, as follows:— ½, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 12, 17, 23, and 30 vibrations, respectively. The resonator is mounted in a convenient position. The forks are sounded by striking gently upon the rod and holding before the resonator. So long as a fork is merely held in the hand it cannot be heard; but the moment it is presented before the mouth of the resonator, it speaks the tone loud and pure. The loudness and the duration of the tone are regulated by the position and the time before the resonator.

The standard and one other fork are sounded in rapid succession and the observer, who is blind-folded, is required to say whether the second tone is higher or lower than the first. A preliminary test is made in which we begin with the largest interval, 30 vibrations, and then take successively the remaining intervals

[1] Psychol. Rev. Monog. (Princeton, N. J.) No. 38, pp. 30-60.

in the order of decreasing magnitude. Repeating this a few times, we soon get an approximate indication of the measure; *e. g.*, on the average, the observer gets all right down to a difference of 5 vibrations. This limit is called the threshold. This approximate threshold being found, we then take a large number of trials, one hundred to five hundred, on a single interval—that one for which the observer, according to the preliminary test, is most likely to get 75 per cent. right judgments. Having found what per cent. of judgments actually are right in the test we convert that by applying a formula which gives the magnitude of the interval that will yield 75 per cent. right judgments. Thus, supposing that in five hundred trials on 3 vibrations we get 78 per cent. right judgments, computation shows that it would take a difference of 2.6 vibrations to yield the required 75 per cent. of right cases with this ability; 2.6 vibrations would therefore be the threshold of pitch discrimination in this case.

This measure may be converted into "part of tone" by recognizing that in this interval a′-b′ one vibration equals one fifty-fourth of a tone; 2.6 vibrations therefore equal about one-twentieth of a tone. The equivalent of vibration-differences in terms of whole-tone differences may be represented as follows:

Vibrations	1/4	1/2	1	2	3	5
Part of tone	1/216	1/108	1/54	1/27	1/18	1/11
Vibrations	8	12	17	23		30
Part of tone	1/8	1/5	1/3	1/2–		1/2+

To illustrate further the procedure in the interpretation and the application of records of this kind, let us consider in turn the specific conditions which bear upon the interpretation of this record. In doing this we must keep foremost in mind the first rule of interpretation in applied psychology, namely, that the interpretation shall be limited to the bearing, direct or indirect, of the factor under control, *i, e.*, the factor measured. Here we have measured pitch discrimination, one out of a hundred or more measurable factors in musical capacity, one of the many elements in "the sense of pitch." We must search diligently into the reliability, the qualifications, the meaning, the ramifications, and the practical significance of this measure. But we cannot generalize in regard to musical capacity as a whole on the basis of this measure alone, except as such general capacity is modified by the limitations in the capacity measured.

Individual Differences. It is a matter of common observation that individuals differ in their sense of pitch. In pitch discrimin-

ation, stripped of all vagueness and confusion, we have a quantitative measure of the magnitude of this one factor, and can get a clear-cut picture of the distribution of individual differences in this specific capacity.

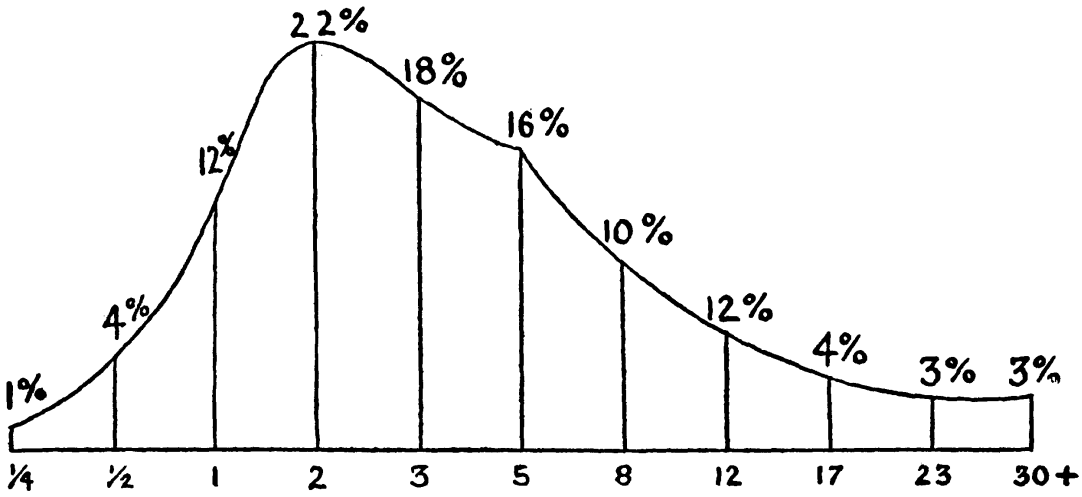


Fig. 3

Fig. 3 shows the normal distribution for university students in a frequency curve which is based on twelve hundred cases. The numbers at the bottom designate the conventional series of steps in terms of vibrations, from 1/4 to 30. The figures on the curve give the per cent. of cases whose threshold of pitch discrimination falls at each of the levels designated by the steps. Thus, 1 per cent. can hear a difference of 1/4 vibration; 4 per cent. can hear a difference of 1/2 vibration; 12 per cent. can hear a difference of 1 vibration, etc. The mode, the most frequent record, is at 2 vibrations. The best measurement is 1/4 vibration, and all but 3 per cent. can hear a half-tone. The average is 2.5 vibrations.

A Norm. This curve of distribution, being based upon a sufficiently large number of representative cases, may be regarded as a norm in terms of which individual and isolated records may be interpreted. For example, if a child is measured and gives a record of .8 vibration, it will be seen by reference to this norm, that this child finds a place among the best, *i. e.*, in a small group of 8 per cent. at the head. If his record were 2.6 per cent. this is found to be near the average ear; whereas, if the record were 15 vibrations, it would be decidedly among the inferior. Such a norm is then a standard by which we may evaluate our individual tonal hearing just as we judge our height or weight in terms of the published anthropometric charts. Indeed the curve is quite similar to a

height curve in that the cases tend to bunch about the middle and the number of cases diminishes rapidly toward both extremes. It differs, however, from the height curve in that the units at the bottom are not equal but form approximately a geometric series of the second order. The distribution is therefore said to be skew.

Cognitive v.s. Physiological Limit. It is clear that the threshold as defined above, is an arbitrary standard; and we may fairly ask if it represents a mental or a physiological limit. It is convenient to distinguish between the cognitive threshold and the physiological threshold. The cognitive threshold is a limit which is due to cognitive difficulties such as ignorance, misunderstanding, inattention, lack of application, confusion, objective or subjective disturbances, misleading thought, inhibitions in recording, etc. The physiological threshold is that limit which is set by the character of the physical structure of the pitch-differentiating apparatus in the organ of Corti in the inner ear. A cognitive threshold is really no measure at all; it is merely an indication of the fact that the conditions are not under control and serves as a means of discovering sources of error. A flawless measurement should give the physiological threshold; but that, like all other forms of perfection, is scarcely attainable. We therefore content ourselves with a "proximate physiological" threshold. This is what Fig. 3. represents, and it is the concept we must employ in most practical work. The three chief factors which account for the difference between the physiological and the proximate physiological threshold are,—the convention of counting 75 per cent. of right cases, which is based on the theory of probability; the physiological variation in the organ of Corti with varying body tone; and the failure to eliminate disturbances in the test. It is therefore safe to say that the actual psycho-physical limit is always somewhat lower than the conventional threshold.

Reliability and Success. Since the record is of diagnostic value only when it represents approximately the bed rock of capacity, it is important to have means of determining when and to what extent this is reached. In the first place, we can never get a record that is too good, *i. e.*, below the physiological threshold. An error is always in the direction of a cognitive threshold which must be reduced. In the actual test the experimenter may observe sources of error such as objective disturbances, his own lack of skill, or the subjective difficulties reported by the observer. He must then labor to eliminate them. But, in the last resort, the record itself contains internal evidence in the character of the

distribution of the errors by which the expert may know whether or not he has reached the desired limit.

Ordinarily, under favorable conditions, the desired threshold may be established in a single sitting of less than an hour in an individual test. If a task is not satisfactory in the first sitting, it must be repeated until it complies with the required criteria of reliability. Occasionally we find a resistant case which may leave us in doubt after many trials, but in individual work, 95 per cent. of the cases should be disposed of in less than two hours of intensive measurement.

The above norm is based upon the measurement obtained in the second hour of a group test, which is about equivalent to an individual test. It therefore contains cases that are further reducible. A final-test norm would show a considerable improvement in some of the records.

Illusions of Pitch. One very interesting and baffling feature which is encountered in this test is the illusion of pitch. Many of these illusions have been identified, isolated, measured, and expressed in terms of mental law. Among these is the illusion of anticipation, or expectant attention. If one consciously or unconsciously anticipates that the second of two tones in a small interval is to be the higher and it really is the higher, the difference will seem greater than it really is; but if, on the other hand, it is really lower, there are two possibilities: if it is relatively little lower, it will still be heard as higher, whereas, if it is distinctly lower, it will be heard as lower and the interval will be overestimated. Similar to this are the illusions due to the differences in the intensity, the timbre, the pitch level, the location, etc., of the tones. All such errors must be eliminated. It would be no test at all merely to ask the observer if he heard a difference, as the early experimenters did; he must be required also to give the direction. By virtue of the illusions we often tend to hear two tones of the same pitch as different and sometimes feel a higher degree of certainty in a judgment which is wrong.

Absolute Pitch. We hear much about the possession of "absolute pitch." It would perhaps, be facetious to say that some persons come into my laboratory at the State University of Iowa with absolute pitch, but no one has yet been known to leave with it, which is the truth. Some musicians can of course identify any key sounded on the piano in isolation; but the claims of absolute pitch go beyond that, as *e. g.*, when the violinist says

that the violin string sounded by itself first thing in the morning is one vibration below international pitch. Often, indeed, he can tell this, not by absolute pitch, but by memory of conditions of tuning, by difference in timbre, and by a happy guess, etc. In this way many musicians cultivate fixed illusions of absolute pitch. The claims about absolute pitch when referring to such small differences, exist only so long as they are not checked by actual measurement.

To measure absolute pitch, let the experiment run for some months, devoting a minute or two to the test each day, in the morning before any other musical sounds are heard, as follows:—Use the above set of forks, Fig. 1, with the resonator producing pure tones. Sound the standard on the first day until it is thoroughly familiar. On the second day sound one fork—either the standard or a differential fork—and require the observer to say whether this tone is standard or a higher tone. Then sound the standard in preparation for the next day. Repeat this procedure on successive days until each of the differential forks has been sounded at least ten times. The record will then show what is the smallest pitch difference that can be heard without error when the compared tones are a day apart.

We are here concerned with the relative pitch. It is common that a violinist may have a pitch discrimination of 1/2 vibration but it would be an extraordinary and improbable case that he should have an absolute pitch to the extent of 5 vibrations, or one-tenth as good as the relative pitch hearing.

Tone-Deafness. It is likewise generally supposed that tone deafness is a common occurence. There is of course a great variety of cases of tone deafness on record in clinical otology and aphasia. There are many possible causes, both in physical and mental pathology. From the point of view of the "normal" community, it is of interest to note that Smith (Psychol. Rev. Monog. (Princeton, N. J.) No. 69, pp. 69-103) in measuring 1980 school children, taking every child in a given room without exception, did not find a single case of tone deafness. Many cases were resistive; but, through his skill and ingenuity, he was able to show that in this entire number there was no one who could not hear as small difference as a whole tone. Tone-ignorance is sometimes appalling, but we must distinguish between that and tone deafness. Taking this fact with the above observations on absolute pitch, we find that common opinion is extravagant, both in ascribing achievement and in denying capacities.

Practice. As a result of an extensive study of the effect of practice on 467 school children and 54 university students, Smith (*op. cit.*) arrived at the following conclusions:

The sensitiveness of the ear to pitch difference can not be improved appreciably by practice. There is no evidence of any improvement in sensitiveness to pitch as a result of practice. When a person shows a cognitive threshold practice ordinarily results in a clearing up of the difficulties which lie in the way of a true measure of discrimination, by information, observations, a development of interest, isolation of the problems in hand, and more consistent application to the task in hand. This is, of course, not improvement in the psycho-physic ear but merely a preliminary to a fair determination of the psycho-physic limit.

Training in pitch discrimination is not like the acquisition of skill, as in learning to read or to hear overtones. It is in the last analysis informational and the improvement is immediate in proportion to the effectiveness of the instructions or the ingenuity of the observer and the experimenter in isolating the difficulty.

In this respect the limit of pitch hearing is like the limit of acuity of vision. As training in the use of the eye does not improve the dioptric system of the eye so that one may see finer print or greater distance; so practice does not modify the actual structure of the organ of Corti in the ear so as to make it more responsive to pitch, except in the sense that a violin may be improved by use. But, as the ability to give meaning to what is seen—the ability to use the eye to its limit—is amenable to training and finds its limits of development only in the limits of the grasp of memory, imagination, thought, feeling, and will; so the meaning of pitch, in all its intricate operations, is capable of refinement through training, and passes gradually from a simple sensory impression, in one direction, into fixed automatisms and, in the other direction, into conscious analysis and synthesis.

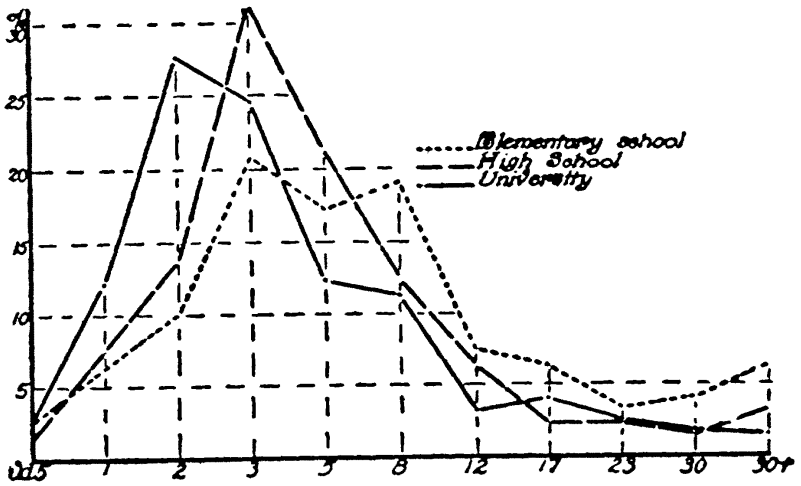


Fig. 4

Age. The actual psycho-physic capacity for pitch discrimination does not improve with age, *i. e.*, with general mental growth. Some children are ignorant, obstinate, and helpless in a test of this kind. This is likely to fall off with age in childhood. Fig. 4., shows the distribution of records in a single group test in each of three ages. The records of the younger children are slightly inferior to those of the older, but this is amply accounted for by the presence of conditions for observation among the younger children, which are ordinarily overcome as experience grows with age. These conditions are, however, merely disturbances in the measurement; they would not ordinarily operate in the child's hearing of music. We often find the finest record in children of five to ten years of age, who have had no musical training whatever. Three out of four of the writer's children equalled the record of their father's ability, which is good, each one before the age of five and without any musical training. Reliable measurement may be made upon children as early as three to four years of age, depending upon the natural brightness of the child. If we measure a hundred children, intellectually at an age capable of observation, and measure also the mothers of these children, it is probable that the records of the children, will average as high as the records of their mothers. Aside from selection, the same principle would apply to teachers and their pupils.

Sex. The capacity for pitch discrimination does not vary appreciably with sex. Records of school girls are ordinarily superior to the records of school boys, but this is due to the common aloofness of the preadolescent boy toward music. The boys in the American schools investigated, often regard music as a frill for girls and therefore do not enter the test with the same zeal and fervor as do the girls. It is significant that this difference in favor of girls disappears at the university age notwithstanding the fact that there is still more interest in music among young women and they have, on the whole, had more advantages of musical training than the university men.

Elemental nature of the Test. This test is elemental in the sense that, when applied under favorable conditions, it calls forth a relatively simple and immediate sensory act which is so single and isolated that the performance of it does not improve with practice. This was a goal in the designing of the test and the extent to which it is successful has been discussed under the head of practice. In so far as we deal with a cognitive threshold, this test is not elemental; it becomes elemental only as we approach the

physiological threshold. In its elemental nature this test contrasts with complex processes in musical hearing, such as the hearing of overtones, the analysis of chords, judgment of timbre, all of which require training.

Basal Nature of the Test. This test is basal in the sense that many other aspects of musical capacity rest upon the capacity here measured. Thus, tonal memory, tonal imagery, the perception of timbre, singing and playing in true pitch; and to a certain extent, the perception of harmony, and the objective response are limited by any limitation that may be set in pitch discrimination. If the pitch discrimination is poor, we can predict, at least, a corresponding inferiority in the derived factors. On the other hand, excellence of pitch discrimination does not necessarily insure excellence in these factors, since it is only one element in them. There are six such basal measurements—three sensory and three motor; one on pitch, one on intensity, and one on time, for the sensory side and for the motor side respectively.

Theory. No physiological theory of pitch discrimination is fully established. We know that the pitch differentiating mechanism is located in the organ of Corti in the inner ear and that it works on mechanical principles in the selection of vibrations which determine pitch. It is safe to say that ordinarily variations in capacity for pitch discrimination are due to variations in the sensitiveness of the selecting mechanism. It is natural to suppose that this should vary in individuals just as height and color vary within large limits.

Intelligence. The test of pitch discrimination is not an intelligence test. A person may be a philosopher, a mathematician or an inventor, and yet have "no ear for music." Preliminary tests as a rule, show that the brighter persons on the whole tend to make a better record, but this is because all the "good observers" are able to give a reliable test in the first trial whereas the dull, the careless, and the backward blunder at first and give only a cognitive test, which must be further reduced before it can be accepted.

Inheritance. There is no doubt but that musical talent may be inherited, but there are no reliable statistical data on the subject, although there is much biographical material. The first condition for statistics is that the facts under consideration shall be identified and measured. This we have only recently learned to accomplish. The fact that Smith (*op. cit.*) when comparing the records of children in the same family with children in different

families, in a group of 1980 children, found no tendency for records within a family to agree more closely than records among unrelated families, should sound a warning and incite cautiousness in the accepting of biographical material in naive form. It shows the necessity, as well as the possibility, of including specific measures in extensive studies of inheritance.

Tonal Range. This measure was taken at 435 vibrations because that is approximately in the middle, the most stable, the most used and the most sensitive part of the tonal range. Sounds may give the character of tonality to the human ear as low down as 12 vibrations and possibly as high as 50000 vibrations, although the upper limit varies greatly with individuals. But pitch discrimination is defective near both these ends. It does not vary uniformly throughout as the constant part of a tone, *e. g.*, 1/50 of a tone, nor with the absolute vibration frequency, *e. g.*, 1 vibration at all levels of pitch; it is a sort of irregular combination between these two tendencies, as is shown in Fig. 5 by Vance (Psychol. Rev. Monog. No. 69, pp. 115-149). Since this curve is a fair representation for all normal persons, a measure at one level, such as we have here at 435 vibrations, gives also a serviceable knowledge of the relative sensitiveness at other levels.

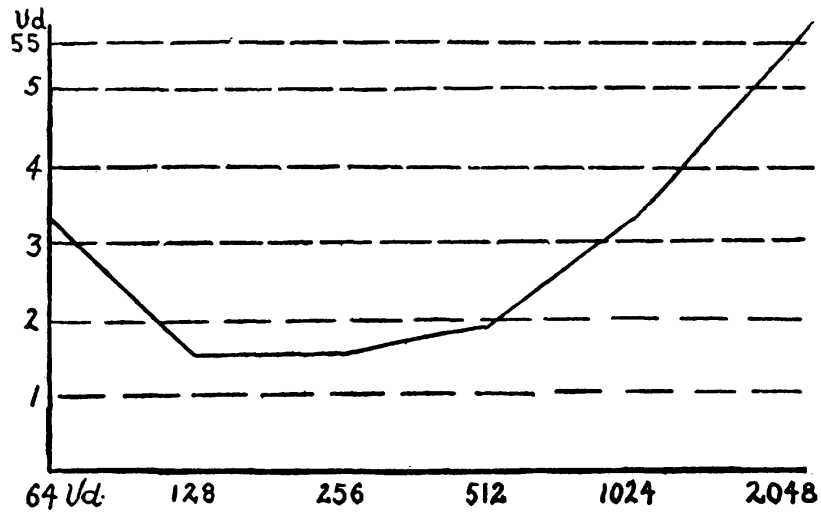


Fig. 5

Evaluation. Fourteen years ago the writer proposed the following tentative evaluation for the purpose of vocational guidance (Ed. Rev. Vol. XXII, pp. 69,82.); and, in the extensive use of the test since then, he has seen no serious reason for changing it:

Below 3 vd.: May become a musician;
3-8 vd.: Should have a plain musical education (singing in school may be obligatory);

9-17 vd.: Should have a plain education in music only if special inclination for some kind of music is shown (singing in school should be optional);
18 and above: Should have nothing to do with music.

This account of procedure in one of the numerous tests under consideration is perhaps sufficiently generic to serve as a general illustration of measurements in musical capacity, in particular those included in the above list. Each test presents an individual problem, often requires its own peculiar apparatus and technique, results in its own norms and its own laws of behavior for the factor under control, and requires its own interpretation. Each problem having been dealt with in isolation, the next step is to collate the results and interpret each one in the light of every other record of talent.

The Talent Chart

For the purpose of illustration we may now assume that each of the tests listed above have been made and evaluated in the spirit and on the plan of the given example. How shall we then bring such a mass of material into a single picture, into graspable form and relief?

The first step is to reduce all numerical records to a sort of common denominator. This may be done by what we may call the method of percental rank. In one case the record may be in terms of vibration, in another in terms of time, in another in terms of number of successes, etc. A direct comparison of values would be bewildering for want of a common unit; but the method of percental rank furnishes such a unit.

When a norm like Fig. 3., has been established on adequate data, we may transform the data on which that norm is based into percental rank values. For the sake of simplicity, let us assume that the data represent only one hundred cases. In this method we would rank the best 100 per cent, the poorest 1 per cent, and the remaining ninety-eight between these limits in the order of magnitude of the record. From the data back of Fig. 3., we may then construct a table which gives the percental rank value of each of the units employed, as follows:

% rank		vibrations	% rank		vibrations
100	—	.25	50	—	2.5
95	—	.5	45	—	2.8
90	—	.7	40	—	3.1
85	—	.9	35	—	3.5

% rank		vibrations	% rank		vibrations
80	—	1.1	30	—	4.6
75	—	1.3	25	—	5.2
70	—	1.6	20	—	7.1
65	—	1.8	15	—	9.1
60	—	2.0	10	—	12.0
55	—	2.2	5	—	18.5

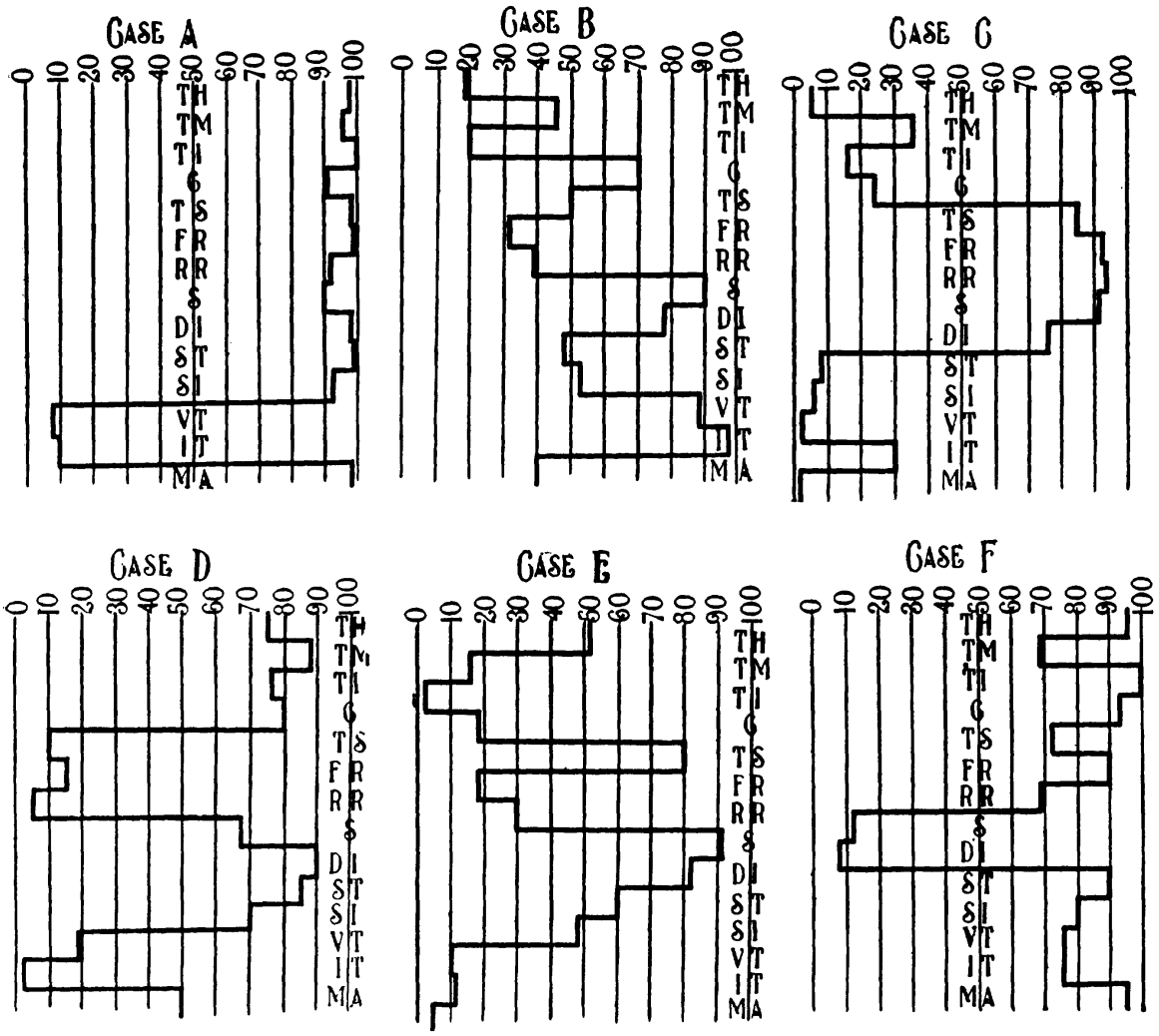
For each and all measurements in the above list on which we have sufficient data, those data may be set out in a table of percental ranks like this. The advantage is clear. If, *e. g.*, a pupil stands 92 per cent. in pitch discrimination, 18 per cent. in the sense of rhythm, 72 per cent. in auditory imagery, etc., the meaning is perfectly definite and clear at a glance; all records are presented in terms of the same unit, percental rank.

We may go one step further and picture the results of all measurements in a single graph or curve, which shall show a sort of profile of features, a single sketch of a persons' musical talent at a glance, when familiar with the plan. Six such charts are shown in the accompanying illustration.

These charts are made to cover only those measurements on which we have adequate norms at the present time. The initials with numbers in parenthesis refer to the tests in the lists as follows:

T. H. (IA1)	Tonal hearing, or pitch discrimination as described above.
T. I. (IIIA1)	Tonal imagery; the ability to hear in imagination.
T. M. (IIIB1)	Tonal memory; the span of immediate memory for tones.
C. (IA5)	Consonance; the ability to distinguish consonances from dissonances.
T. S. (IC1)	Time sense; the ability to hear with accuracy the duration of short time-intervals.
F. R. (IIC4)	Free rhythm; the ability to mark a free rhythm.
R. R. (IIC4)	Regulated rhythm; the ability to follow a set rhythm.
S. S. (IB1)	Sensitiveness to sound; "hearing-ability."
D. I. (IB2)	Discrimination for the intensity of sound.
S. T. (IIA1)	Singing a tone in true pitch.
V. T.	Vocal training } based on a systematic questionnaire.
I. T.	Instrumental training } based on a systematic questionnaire.
M. A.	Musical appreciation } based on a systematic questionnaire.

When the plan of these charts is once familiar and the measurements are known, these graphs form striking pictures which convey to us an immediate representation of the features of musical traits or capacities quite as naturally as a photograph conveys the type of physical features.



Case A. Extraordinary musical talent. Has had no musical training. Loves good music. Would have been encouraged for a musical career if discovered early enough. Boy age 20.

Case B. Poor musical talent. Has had extensive vocal and instrumental training. Intellectually bright. Advised to discontinue intensive training in music.

Case C. Lack of sense of pitch; hence also poor in tonal imagery, tonal memory, and sense of consonance.

Case D. Lack of time sense. Has good sense of pitch. Beautiful singer aside from time. Intellectually keen. Mingled feelings in regard to appreciation.

Case E. Lack of tonal imagery; hence also memory and rhythm. Good time sense. Intellectually bright. Does not care for music at all.

Case F. Good musical talent. Sensitive musical temperament. Lives in music. Shiftless and poor in other studies.

Meaning and Use

As acquaintance with a person whose photograph one sees gives a life touch to the bare outline of the features suggested on paper, so acquaintance with the system of measurement, biographical and professional knowledge of the individual, and common sense observation arouse through the chart a sense of relationship and a feeling of insight which tend to make the picture realistic and true.

This system of measurements, if it may be called a system, is unfortunately not adapted for general use by musicians themselves. It presupposes a techinque, an equipment, and a skill in psychological analysis which the musician does not possess. It requires a specialist trained in music and psychology and will tend to open a new profession—that of a consulting psychologist in music. Since the elaborate measurements will be made only on those who have serious aspirations for a professional career in music, many will not be needed; but laboratories might well be maintained in a few of the principal music centers.

The function of such a laboratory specialist will be most varied and interesting. His primary business will, of course, be to take inventories of individual capacities for the purpose of vocational guidance of a highly specialized sort. It is no small matter if parents can take a twelve-year old son or daughter into this sort of laboratory and secure a chart of musical talents. The effort and expense of securing such an inventory is insignificant in comparison with the cost of a professional musical education. It is difficult to estimate the value of such an inventory, whether it serves the purpose of encouragement and stimulus of good talent or serves in the saving of one who has serious incapacity for some essential part of the life work which might have been blindly entered. The stake at such a time is not primarily dollars and cents, but human happiness through adaptation to a life work, and a most wholesome advancement of the art.

There will however be more frequent demand for service to the musician who has encountered some serious obstacle. The psychologist will be ready with tests which may be employed in making scientific diagnosis of the obstacle, for to him the human organism is an instrument—a receiving instrument and a producing instrument. He believes in cause and effect, just as the oculist, the aurist and the mechanic of the stalled motor car do. Exactly what is the obstacle? Can it be repaired? Will a substitute do? How

serious is it? What is the natural thing to do? The discovery and isolation of the cause of the trouble is the first logical step toward the discovery of a remedy. We see the coming of a new specialist. He will have a mission.

This inventory also serves to explain experiences of the past which may not have been understood. If the singer has had defeat, it will show exactly why. If she has been misguided in musical training, it may show the nature of the error and its results. If the singer is conscious of lack in some capacity, the record shows the nature of this lack, and may even suggest a remedy, if such there is. Even among the best musicians it is rare to find one who does not have some kind of difficulty. Indeed, the difficulties of the singer are unquestionably great. If psychological measurement can lend assistance by laying bare the conditions of the difficulty and by determining its nature and extent, it will indeed in this respect be a handmaid of music. It may also be of great value in discovering new singers who are not aware of their genuine ability.

Another effect of such measurements is not only to objectify the elements of musical appreciation and expression so as to deepen the insight of the expert, the teacher, and the pupil, but also to shape the science and art of music as the scientific conceptions gradually become known. The measurements will furnish an outline for the psychology of music. (Psychology in Daily Life, p. 220)

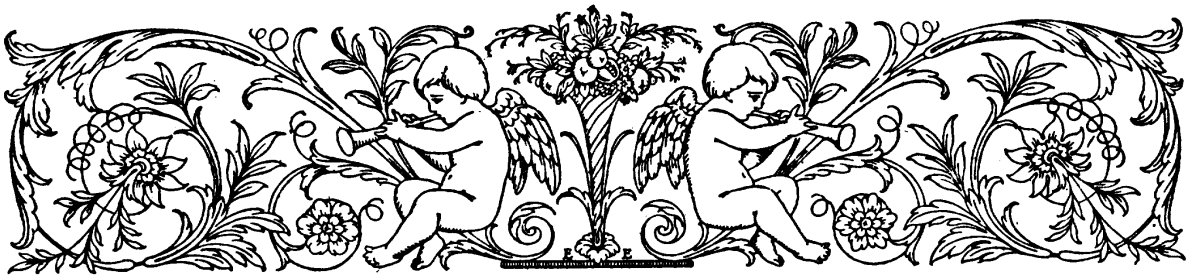
There is, however, also a place for the measurement of musical talent outside of the laboratory. A few of the tests may be made informally in the conservatory. The principle of measurement may be adapted to the needs of teaching, not merely for diagnosis, but also as a means of training. In singing, correction of pitch, timbre, time, etc., can be made most effectively if the pupil practices with an instrument which reveals to the eye of the singer the exact fault or merit of each tone produced. The tonoscope, (Psychol. Rev. Monog. No. 69, pp. 1-18) *e. g.*, reveals to the eye of the singer the actual pitch of the voice to a hundredth of a tone on the principle of moving pictures, and the pupil trains his voice by his eye. The tone-analysis does the same for timbre. It throws on the screen a picture of the distribution of overtones. The time sense apparatus (Psychol. Rev. Monog. No. 69, pp. 166-172) does the same for time. It shows in detailed graphic record on a ticker tape the rhythm as sung.

But there is a far larger field, in the elementary schools. Certain of the few most fundamental tests can and will be used as as group tests, for the purpose of a rough preliminary sifting in the schoolroom. This will reveal the unusually bad as well as the unusually good; and both of these classes deserve individual treatment. Such tests may eliminate the helplessly unmusical

and save them from an intolerable imposition of musical requirements; but their real value is in finding the gold in the dross. One gifted child found early, investigated, and encouraged, is a great reward.

It is also fortunate that this principle may be utilized in devising drill exercises in music instruction. By isolating the elements of music and presenting feature after feature to the class, the elements of musical sounds and elements of human musical talents may be made clear for the purpose of rendering training conscious and specific.

In brief, talent has been a sort of mysterious puzzle to teacher and pupil just as the stars were to ancient man. The mystery has not been cleared or made simple; but scientific psychology has given us an approach, a tool, a vision. This in no way dispels the art attitude, but rather enhances it. The mere artist views talent as we view the starlit heavens on a moonlight stroll; the one who begins to control conditions, to employ instruments, and to apply scientific principles (inductive and deductive) and measures, views human talents as the astronomer views the heavenly bodies. The astronomer magnifies distances, intensifies illuminations, analyzes the atmospheres, reviews the records of ages, trusts his instruments and gives wings to scientific imagination; he measures, predicts, and explains; and with it all his visible universe grows larger, more orderly, and more sublime. He brings order out of chaos, breaks the mad spell of those believing themselves to be under their fateful influences, and sets aglow the imagination of those who love the stars. The expert in the measurement of human talents has similar opportunities. The stars form a macrocosm; the powers of the human mind are a microcosm. Both are orderly. Astronomy is old; the science of the human mind is barely coming into existence. The psychology of music is a new field, quite unworked, but full of promise and fascinating possibilities. Knowledge of self comes after knowledge of things, but is none the less valuable and interesting. Applied knowledge of self comes later still. In the survey of natural resources characteristic of the conservation movement of the day, the survey of natural resources in the shape of human talents is most promising.



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NOISES, SMELLS AND COLOURS

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN

I

DURING the year 1914 Mr. Scriabine came from Russia to tell and show our English musicians how things should be done; and he gratified the fervent interviewer and sent him not empty away. On the contrary he provided him with many yards of copy by talking a great deal of fascinating moonshine about the relation of music to colour and the connection between perfumes and music. Let no one mock him. Any man, native or foreign, who provides a fad for faddists renders humanity a conspicuous service; for your faddist whose mental pockets are empty readily becomes a danger to society. He may take to theosophy, or Bacon-*is*-Shakespeare, and is as like as not to end by breaking the Sabbath. No harm is done by the conversion of a few visionaries to the belief that "through music and colour, with the aid of perfume, the human mind or soul can be lifted outside or above merely physical sensations into the region of purely abstract ecstasy and purely intellectual speculation" (Mr. Scriabine's words as reported). Moonshine is generally harmless and sometimes beautiful. It is a pity it should be closely associated with the word lunacy—perhaps because a solid meal cannot be made off it, and those who try it as provender are apt to become light-headed. Mr. Scriabine admits that in his speculations he relies wholly on his intuitions, science as yet having uttered no word; but "some scientists" somewhere "in Russia" are hard at work and staggering announcements may be expected at any moment. While anxiously awaiting these, we have Mr. Scriabine's speculations and his music.

He somewhat scornfully repudiates the suggestion that he is a futurist. Well, his perfumes by any other name would smell as sweet; but if he objects to being classed with Stravinsky, Schön-

berg, Marinetti, Pratella, and the few others who constitute the futurist "school," he must procure a new set of views and devise a new mode of expounding them, and he must learn to compose a very different kind of music from the latest manifestations of what it pleases his admirers to call his creative genius. His theories may not be Futurism, but in essentials they coincide with futurism; his music may not be futurist, but in most respects it cannot be distinguished from music which is avowedly futurist. It shows the same desperate struggle after originality and the same impotence of the creative faculty; like Schönberg's and Stravinsky's at least, it reveals a really consummate mastery over the technical devices and resources of the mighty men of old time and of the less mighty men of today; in the matter supposed to inspire it, the "programme," the "story," or the "philosophy" we cannot but observe a curious and quaint intellectual vacuity and naïveté; we perceive that a pretentious self-complacency is the force that enables the composer to plan and finish each work.

In this article I wish to deal more especially with Scriabine and his theories about combinations of sounds, odours and colours; but it will serve to clear the ground if first I devote a little space to some of this new music with which I am familiar and have listened to carefully. One must start with the "programme." Mr. Scriabine proclaims himself a theosophist and he claims to have put his theosophy into his music. Now, I regard theosophists as belonging to the same tribe as the discoverers of perpetual motion—whose machines would be perfect if only they would work; yet it is undeniable that some of these people are deeply moved by their strange creed. Doubtless Mr. Scriabine is quite sincere; but I find small sign of his faith in his "programmes" and smaller signs still in his music. In bygone days the programme was of no great moment. Beethoven, we know, always "worked to a story," and perhaps it is as well so few of the stories have been recorded. When a man is a composer pure and simple, only the music counts (if he is a master of operas or music-dramas the story counts equally). In dealing with this latest kind of music, however, when we find the music itself, at first at any rate, incomprehensible, we are driven to look up the composer's principles, opinions, programmes, if only to discover what he would be at and thus avoid misjudging him. It would be absurd to blame Scriabine for not succeeding in writing a symphony of the Beethoven type (say on the clear model of No. 3 or No. 5) when he aimed at no such thing.

Such music as "Prometheus; the Poem of Fire" being anything rather than self-explanatory, we look to see what the

composer has to say about it. We promptly learn that the title is an utter misnomer. There is no Prometheus in the piece: it is "Hamlet," as Artemus Ward said, "without Othello." The "fire" is "spiritual"—and that is all. This may be theosophy—far be it from us to say it is not; or it may be any other "osophy," but it is extremely childish, and would add nothing to the enlightenment of a young men's Bible-class. Such of Beethoven's programmes as we know are childish enough, too; but they deal with primary, elemental, the essential and fundamental things, emotions common to all humanity; and Beethoven made no parade of preaching a new evangel. Scriabine puts himself in line with the futurists by giving us a lot of pretentious comment on his work—stuff which, without malice or any wish to pre-judge him, I can only call pompous rubbish. He is not content to be composer: he must needs be prophet as well. Further, he is with the futurists in refusing to be content with the musician's medium of expression: besides music he must have colours, and in another work he means to offer us smells. With no scientific acquirements he has made or got possession of a colour-piano, a "clavier à lumière," and he claims to have written this "Prometheus" in such marvellous wise that two symphonies run concurrently (like a convict's sentence—only we, the listeners, are to undergo the double chastisement), the sound-symphony and the colour-symphony. That, I will soon try to show, means he has written for an instrument which no one has learnt to tune. A deaf man with fifty pipes picked at random from the debris of an old organ could build as rational and artistic an instrument as Scriabine's "clavier à lumière." Had not other futurists asked us to accept and find an artistic joy in much more preposterous inventions we might call this futurism run mad. "Prometheus" has been heard without the accompaniment of the "colour-symphony": I wonder what would happen if the colour-symphony were tried without an orchestra.

II

It is easy enough to poke fun at these ambitious super-musicians. I might suggest, for instance, that, instead of one instrument showing variously coloured lights and another emitting varied perfumes, a much surer and more economical plan of raising an audience to the required state of "ecstatic contemplation" would be to insist on each seat-holder taking a dose of opium on entering the hall—though it would be sad if our Queen's Hall were

raided by the police as a drug-den. This sort of banter is cheap; but Marinetti and Pratella invite it; so long as they claim so much and offer so little they can expect nothing but ridicule. But Scriabine, Stravinsky and Schönberg deserve and shall have a different kind of treatment. I admit that their latest experiments provoke me to mirth; but my laughter is at any rate entirely good-natured; I am not merely tolerant but anxious to be enlightened; and if the laugh should some day turn against me I shall willingly join in. In their earlier essays, in what we ordinarily call "music" all three have proved themselves competent craftsmen. All claim to possess a sense of beauty, and by his "borrowings" Scriabine shows a sensitive appreciation of what is beautiful in the music of the older masters. The aim of them all is high. They aim no lower than at raising us for moments to the spiritual plane on which dwelt Bach, Mozart and Beethoven. To raise us for moments—that is the most the greatest poets and musicians of old time could do; and no worthier ambition could inspire, spur and whip up the genius of a poet or musician of today. But the ambition, the will, to do the thing is one matter; to live on that elevated plane, to breathe that diviner air, to have at command the means, (apart from purely technical means,) of raising us—these are different matters altogether. Granted the high aim, can we grant these composers the power of attaining it? Do they live in a remote region, hardly attainable by work-a-day mortals? Have they devised or evolved a medium to communicate their living dreams? Frankly, I cannot understand a page of Schönberg's later exploits. He declares they depict this, that and the other, and it is not for me to say they do not. A page of Chinese may be magnificent poetry; but I do not understand Chinese. I might take the word of a competent scholar that it is magnificent poetry. But, while I cannot understand Schönberg's Chinese, neither can I find the competent scholar to give any assurance regarding it. Not a single musician whose opinion carries any weight with me comprehends it any better than I do myself. Schönberg alone professes to understand it; he alone declares it to be magnificent music. I turn from his unintelligible cacophony to his "explanation" and find myself at once in familiar territory. There we have the platitudinous pomposity, the rhetorical, empty phrases, that we have learnt to be characteristic of the futurist. It may be that Schönberg writes music like an angel and writes prose like Poor Poll; and we are in the unfortunate position of not being able to grasp or feel the music and of having before us the Poor Poll prose, all too intelligible. The programmes leave one with the impression

of a fundamentally commonplace intelligence; the exposition of his artistic principles amounts only to an invitation to all the world to believe that everything Schönberg says is beautiful and expressive therefore *is* beautiful and expressive. That gets us "no further": despite the man's musicianship and praiseworthy intention we cannot admit any of his advanced work to be art at all. This is not to say he is a charlatan: it is simply to say that we cannot recognise as a great composer a man whose work we cannot as yet admit to be music.

The bulk of Scriabine's music is far from being unintelligible. His piano compositions are Chopin diluted with Henselt and water, and slightly flavoured at times with Russian folk-tune. He is one of the most generous borrowers time has brought forth. While he was playing I could have thought at moments that he had unearthed some unpublished work of Chopin and was trying a practical joke on us. But always the cold, tasteless water broke in and the illusion was destroyed. It is neat, slight music, totally uninspired, but graceful. It is evident that when Scriabine wrote it he was playing with music as with a toy. He had mastered notes and could amuse himself with them; but it had not occurred to him to use the toy for any high and noble purpose. If he had had it in him, the determination to do so might have served him as well as Beethoven was served by *his* determination—"today I take a new road." Beethoven had the root of the matter in him and the world got the "Eroica" symphony: in Scriabine's case we have the "Prometheus." This also contains a good many loans, the chief creditors being Beethoven and Chopin. The design of the work is copied from Beethoven: it is Beethoven purposely, deliberately warped and pulled askew. The themes are in outline either Beethovenish or Chopinesque; but by the application of a novel harmonic system they are somewhat disguised, and incidentally most of the colour and all the expressiveness are bleached out of them. As for Scriabine's power of developing his themes, I have already indicated that I should not dream of blaming him for not attempting to rival Beethoven. Just as he has twisted the Beethoven design for the purpose of following his programme, so he has developed his themes, not with a view of unfolding their musical possibilities but of following his programme, telling his story. Well, the story is not worth the telling; and the music as music is not, to speak frankly, worth the trouble of writing. The novel harmonies lose their novelty when one looks carefully at them. They are very ordinary harmonies with accidentals thrown in arbitrarily to make them sound extraordinary. They sound

extraordinary at first and make us prick up our ears; but presently we find the same recipe applied to all the chords our old friends the greater masters used, and the trick soon palls.

Stravinsky is a born writer of ballet-dances. He has come before the world with no very tremendous achievements. "The Sacrifice of Spring" is simply an elaborated accompaniment for the movements of Russian dancers. "Fireworks" is an attempt to paint in tones a picture of a pyrotechnic display; and all I have to say about it is that to my mind it might represent any other subject or scene one can think of. I take it, therefore, that either the composer meant it as an accompaniment to an actual display, or that he had the display so vividly in his fancy as to forget to provide a means of making it present to the fancy of his listeners. Like Scriabine's, his discords sound extraordinary at first, but, also as in Scriabine's case, the novelty soon palls. When Monteverde introduced the unprepared dominant seventh it was greeted with derision as harsh, ear-splitting, ugly and inartistic. Then the younger musicians grew to admire it and to imitate it, and they used it to death, thinking themselves very fine, original, modern and up-to-date fellows indeed. Nowadays, as I need scarcely remind my readers, it is a commonplace; and most of the works of Monteverde's 17th century imitators have perished—those, that is, who depended on "daring" harmony alone. This provides a lesson for futurists and all other composers: mere harmony alone cannot secure immortality for a work: the underlying idea, the emotion expressed, the design, and above all, the melody—to these alone can a composer safely trust. Stravinsky has melody, and so has Scriabine, but they have adopted new and arbitrary scales for the sake of the resulting harmonies; and our European ears do not take kindly to them. A deadly fear of being considered unoriginal prevents composers from inventing new, spontaneous, expressive tunes; and not all the effects of harmony and orchestration ever thought of can compensate, if these are wanting. Scriabine's orchestration and Stravinsky's are both in the highest degree brilliant, and often startling; but here again we must remember that the brilliance of today may sound dull and tame tomorrow, and reliance may not be set on it.

III

Let us now consider Mr. Scriabine's colour-organ. In his speculations about the relations of colours and tones he shows himself more than a little behind the times. Or perhaps his futurism

leads him in thought so far ahead that he considers all the discussions, conjectures and "discoveries" of the past thirty years as out of date and negligible. Anyhow, it is about a quarter of a century since some not particularly striking results were obtained by interrogating blind people about the very problem which Mr. Scriabine now claims to have solved by his unaided intuition. At first sight it would seem that the subjects or victims of our English scientists' experiments could not be objected to on the ground of prejudice or prepossession as far as colours were concerned—being blind they had never seen any colours. A person who had seen as well as heard a trumpet might associate the tone with a greenish or yellow or coppery hue, according to the value of the instrument he had seen played. Naturally a blind man could have no such association. One blind man said at once that the trumpet tone corresponded to what he imagined was scarlet; and I remember—rather mistily, it is true—how the low notes of the flute were compared to violet or dark blue, some other sound to pure white, and so on. What was the scientific value of these questionings and experiments, what the result of the interminable arguments that followed? As I have hinted, very little.

All the blind subjects could read; and many had evidently read a great deal. Their choice of colours seemed to me in every case due to an act of memory, determined by the most casual and random associations of ideas formed in the course of discursive reading. We have no notion, and have no means of acquiring any notion of what the word scarlet conveys to the mind of a blind man; but this we do know: that everyone, blind or clear-sighted, can learn from books that scarlet is a striking colour, one that arrests immediate attention, and undeniably the shrill note of a trumpet is striking and possesses the valuable if sometimes disconcerting power of attracting immediate attention. Scarlet for the trumpet, violet for the low tones of the flute—these were, it must be conceded, two lucky hits; but they came from books or conversational intercourse with people who could both see and hear. It is of greater importance to note that they establish no fixed, unvarying relationship, or any relationship whatever, between colour and sound; they afford no hint, not even the vaguest, as to a definite ratio existing between the ether-vibrations which reach our eyes, and through our eyes our brains, as scarlet, and the atmospheric vibrations which through the ear reach our brain as trumpet-tone. Not only did they fail to afford a hint: they could not do so. Mr. Scriabine is exceedingly reticent about the methods and aims, as well as about the names, of his "scientists" somewhere "in Russia"; but

it is only fair to assume that the aim is to determine some such ratios. If a means can be found of producing upon the brain, by colour through intermediation of the eye, a precisely analogical effect to that which is produced by sounds through the medium of the ear; if these means can be registered and the action set down in terms of cold arithmetic, so that a *clavier à lumière* can be tuned as accurately as a piano—then indeed it will be time to begin rhapsodising about colour-symphonies: then, but not till then. But I fear the "scientists" are as yet far from this goal; I fear that when they get their lists of vibrations of, say, the different shades which may form the scale of Red, and begin the work of finding the correspondence of these with the vibrations that form the scale of G on an oboe and the same and other scales on other instruments —I fear they will promptly find themselves landed in a quagmire of surds and decimals that recur to all eternity.

IV

If the problem of Tones-Colours seems not only difficult, but impossible, of solution, what on earth are we to think about the problem Tones-Colours-Perfumes? Granted that a symphony consisted of these three elements, or rather, to use Scriabine's phrase, three symphonies running concurrently, one made up of combinations of sounds (or noises), another of combinations of coloured lights, another of combinations of smells, is there the slightest ground for assuming that *any* combination of odours can make an appeal to the aesthetic faculty in us? One virtue odours possess, that of recalling by association past experiences. The smell of a rose may remind of some garden of long ago: it may call up vividly before the mind's eye some incident that occurred long ago. In my case, for example, it immediately recalls a scene of no interest to anyone else and of no particular interest to me. One summer evening after a day of rain a gardener showed a party over a rose-garden and we passed through a courtyard where the storm had played havoc with the flowers. The air was hot, close and damp; the wet cobble-stones were scattered with blown petals; the bushes in the centre plot and all round the walls were hung with battered, miserable leaves, still dripping with raindrops. From the courtyard we passed into a hot-house where for the first time I saw cucumbers growing, and so out into another rose-garden. This happened when I was a child, many years ago; and now, when I smell a rose, I have an immediate vision of—roses? No: of cucumbers growing under glass! Other associations I have; but

none so strong as that. Let me give another instance. The "perfume" of tar is not, I shoud think, in great favour with fashionable ladies, nor for the thing itself have I any mighty fancy. Yet it reminds me of the banks of the Tyne on sweet evenings, an old-fashioned seaport before iron ships had entirely ousted the old sailing ships, and sailors used to tar their wooden craft while the tide was out, and the litter of ropes, chains, canvas and timber suggested only romance to the boyish imagination. My case is not rare. Everyone to whom I have ever spoken on the subject had his or her particular association with a particular odour or smell; but the visions evoked were never alike and each person had a favourite smell. It might be that of a farm-yard, it might be a pine-forest or the sea. The reader will see whither I am leading. The æsthetic value of a smell—if æsthetic it can be called—is purely arbitrary; and the messages sent through the nostril to the brain, or the thoughts and emotions aroused in the brain by any one odour, are not the same in any two cases. If they were, or ever had been, music would never have been invented.

Ton-klang, then, can be counted upon in an art; arbitrary arrangements of coloured lights—quite a different matter from the art of painting—cannot, to say the least, be depended upon to produce the same or even analogous effects on various minds; and odours are absolutely certain to produce widely different effects at which the composer of a "perfume symphony" has no means of making a faint guess. I do not trouble about the business of getting a succession of changing smells to a large audience. Whether attendants would syringe us at intervals, whether a sort of shower-bath on a huge scale could be arranged on the ceiling of a huge hall, whether a powerful engine would pump perfumes at us from the concert platform at the direction of the conductor—these matters do not concern me: the whole idea is preposterous, a dream, not, from the artistic point of view, worth the pains of trying to realise.

V

I have already admitted that Scriabine, Schönberg and Stravinsky must be reckoned serious artists and competent craftsmen, and the fact of this being so, simply makes them greater puzzles, the harder to understand. We are driven to look at the question this way: that though serious, sincere, and able to write well in the manner of earlier masters, they lack the inner motive, spiritual force to create *something new*—new in the sense in which Bach's,

Beethoven's and Wagner's music was and forever remains new—remains forever new in that each is the truthful, perfect and full expression of a unique personality. Their case is therefore almost tragic. To have at command the means of saying a new thing and to have the desire to say it, and yet to have nothing new to say—how could mortal be more unhappily endowed or have a sadder burden or fate laid upon him!

Now it may be replied that this opinion has been uttered about each of the great composers in turn and has always proved untrue. As a matter of fact this opinion has *not* been expressed about the composers now universally acknowledged as great. The opinion expressed about them has always been very different, namely, that they were not masters of the older technique, that they did not write like their predecessors because they could not. Wagner was told that he invented the music-drama because he could not express himself through the medium that sufficed Beethoven. Wagner did not invent the music-drama: he extended and developed the opera from the dimensions that suited Weber until he arrived at the form which suited himself; he never discarded the medium that sufficed Beethoven, but on the contrary he never employed any other: he broadened it and added something to it—exactly as Beethoven had done before him. He had something new to find a voice for, and it was the new thing bursting within his heart that made him slowly, tentatively, add to the Beethoven law, taking away not a tittle. He was a consummate master of the Beethoven technique and the charge against him was that he had not the craftsmanship of a schoolboy. Quite other is the charge to bring against Schönberg, Stravinsky and Scriabine. They know the older technique and in using it never have they shown a hint of originality. Whereas in Beethoven and Wagner we see the old style being developed and originality slowly creeping in, forced by the need for expression, our three moderns seem never to have felt any inner need at all. All three appear to have determined at a single step to change themselves from utterly commonplace to highly original musicians. We see no slowly growing new style; they have put on their new style as a man might put on a new suit of clothes. The later Schönberg, I own, passes my comprehension altogether; but the later Scriabine is simply the old man in a new suit—the man underneath remains fundamentally and entirely the same. And the proof is that their latest step is in logical succession to their first: to add colours and smells to their noises is only what we might have expected.

The desire to be original, startling, astonishing, at all costs is a symptom common to all the arts at the present day. To create an immediate sensation does not demand any really original thought and emotion: on the contrary, to ensure an immediate success, true and lasting originality is the thing you must most avoid. If you want to startle you must not ask people to think. Thinking takes time and requires mental effort: hence profound art only slowly comes to its own: prompt successes cannot be scored by it. No: what you have to consider is the form and manner of your way of presenting any matter you may have to present—the garb of your thought is the thing to reckon upon. In painting look at the Cubists, the Futurists and some of the Post-impressionists: they rely on the extraordinary, the incomprehensible, the gaudy and the *outré*. Read the Imagists and the mighty achievements of Mr. Ezra Pound—the trifling put in a grotesque shape that disguises its poverty. Look at many modern novels, each trying to beat its predecessor in uncouthness of phraseology and in nearness of approach to the improper. Look all round: everywhere you find men and women with but one object, that of attracting attention, and with but one way of trying to attain it, that of indulging in sheer extravagance and exaggeration. It is not surprising that musicians have caught the craze. But, to return to our muttons, granted that Scriabine and Stravinsky are simply trying to do in an honest way what the great composers have done, enlarge the boundaries of their art, can we concede for a moment that by adding colours and smells to what they call music they have taken the right road? Have they not simply closely followed the example of the painters who will paint, and of the poets who will write, anything that occurs to them, provided only that it has not been used before? The smelling machine has not yet been invented; the colour-organ cannot be tuned; yet here we have musicians in such haste to be hailed as great inventors that they will write for these engines—and trust to luck!

VI

Some characteristics the big inventors, the real innovators, the extenders of territory, the "builders of the empire" of music have possessed in common, the principal being definiteness of aim and strength of purpose. 'High-falutin' they one and all abhorred. Sebastian Bach would say to his sons "let us go to [was it Dresden?] and hear their pretty Italian songs"—he felt no scorn

for them: he enjoyed them. Haydn was prosaic, bald, in describing his method of composition. Beethoven laughed at the raptures of his admirers. Dozens of young men took their resplendent scores to Wagner, only to be snubbed for their extravagance in using means beyond the necessities of the occasion. None of the great men would tolerate the vaporous, the windy, or like Mr. Scriabine indulge in moonshine. They knew the soul could only manifest itself through the body, and that if the body of music was spoken of at all it must be in plain, comprehensible terms. These were the men whose music is full of a lofty spiritual content; there is "ecstatic" contemplation, enough and to spare, in their work; but they knew precisely the shade and, so to speak, colour of emotion they wanted to express; and they went to work, just as they spoke, in the most direct fashion possible, recognizing the limitations as well as the powers of the medium, the body, through which the spirit had to manifest itself. Now take an exposition of ultra-modern views and intentions, from a very able article by Mr. Wallace L. Crowdy, in the "Musical Standard." He takes, as an analogy to that of the musicians, the case of an ultra-modern painter, Kandinsky. "Kandinsky," we are told, "is painting music. That is to say, he has broken down the barrier between music and painting, and has isolated the pure emotion, which, for want of a better name, we call artistic emotion." This, to me, is amazing. The "artistic emotion" is "isolated"—which means, if it means anything, that we have the soul without the body, the emotion, artistic or other, without any medium by which it can be conveyed. Mr. Crowdy says the musicians are aiming exactly at doing the same thing; and I submit that it cannot be done, need not be done, and should not be done; that the result of an attempt to do it can be no other than *the absolute negation of art.* I take my stand on this: that Art is beautiful form. It may be more than this—the great masters filled their beautiful form with a spiritual content—but it cannot be less. For we cannot have a content without a form to contain it. I employ the word form with no narrow academic meaning—I mean lines and spaces in pictures, melodies and harmonies in music, words and lines in poetry. According to the ultra-moderns' latest exponent, however, the spiritual content must be divorced from all these; and such an intention itself seems to me divorced from all sense. It is moonshine gone utterly lunatic.

The world is still beautiful, beautiful as it was in the far-off beginning of time; life is beautiful, too, and joyous, and sad, and gloomy and tragic and everlastingly strange; the heart of man is deep. Our human passions, our delights and griefs, our sense of

the unfathomable mystery of things, will continue to seek ever new expression in new forms. But music is the voice of man, and every stirring of the human soul, if it is expressed in music at all, must be expressed lyrically, in song; when music ceases to be song it ceases to be music. What Scriabine and Schönberg offer us is something that is not music, and is not in the proper sense of the word meant to be music. It may turn out to be better than music, but that is hardly conceivable so long as they are trying to make a kind of music (in the technical meaning of the word) which by a process of self-nullification gets rid of its own body.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

OR

THE WORTH OF BEAUTY

By CHARLES H. FARNSWORTH

WE all know the old story, how the gods while feasting had the apple of discord with its inscription, "to the most beautiful," thrown among them and how with an unusual exhibition of wisdom they decided not to settle the vexed point themselves, but to refer it to an independent judge and how the unknown heir of Priam, feeding his flocks on the slopes of Mount Ida, was chosen to decide which of the goddesses was most fair. The interesting part of this story is, shall I say, the graft that the fair goddesses offered to win the coveted judgment. One came with wealth and power, another, glorious in dignity, with honor and wisdom, and the third, with a thought to the last curl, embodying what she would give, promised Paris the most beautiful woman.

Women could not have been rare on the slopes of Mount Ida. It was not the woman that was the attraction, but the fact that this was to be the most beautiful woman.

Stopping to consider these offerings we find that they can be classified in two distinct groups. First, Hera and Athena, presenting power and wisdom, have this characteristic in what they offer that the value of what they give is dependent upon what we can do with it. It is because power and wisdom lead to certain results that we desire them.

On the other hand, the value of what Aphrodite, the goddess of beauty, offers is not dependent on what is done with the gift, but the value is inherent in the gift itself. In one, happiness is in the promise, in the other, in the state itself. That the Greek youth should have chosen the latter is not strange, but I wonder if today one of our college graduates, on the sylvan slopes of Mt. Washington, should have the choice between beauty, power and wisdom offered to him, would he choose as did Paris? He might if he responded to his heart's desire, but would not the prudence of the times, the experience of those about him, make him pause? In fact the whole weight of his education, the advice of his elders and the councils of religion would be against the choice of beauty.

Can it be that the centuries that have followed the famous choice have shown mankind that it was deceived and that it would have been better had Paris chosen wealth, or power, or glory? Certainly the races of the twentieth century are showing their devotion to power and wealth and a disregard of the demands of beauty that would seem to reverse the judgment of Paris. Yet it hardly seems as if the human heart could have changed so much. The difference between the estimate of the Greek and that of the modern is the difference between the externals of civilization, in the forms of education and creed, rather than any change in the nature of human beings. If this is so, an inquiry into the causes that have led to this change will be of timely interest.

One of the most important of these causes is the two totally different ways by which we determine values. The typical expression of practical value is money. Its worth is in what it can be changed for; its value is in ultimate results; its pleasure-satisfaction is anticipatory. Sagacity, keenness, and above all an intense consciousness of self that gives worth to every thing in the degree of its separate possession are the personal qualities that distinguish practical values.

The typical expression of aesthetic value, on the contrary, is love. Its worth is what it is, rather than what it can be changed for; its value is immediate; its pleasure-satisfaction is not anticipatory. Trust, faith and above all an ability to forget self in what is contemplated, a sense of worth coming from a feeling of union with a universal beauty, are the personal qualities that distinguish æsthetic values.

One is the practical, amenable to measurement and can be stated in terms of what is done. The other is the æsthetic, not measurable and is not stated in terms of doing, but of being. We give reasons for the first value and simply affirmations for the second.

It is no more than natural in a time of materialistic development, when the causal explanation of nature's procedure has had such unparalleled development, that there should be a tendency to overestimate those standards of value that are measured and underestimate those that are simply felt. For instance, the value of power, or wealth, or martial success can be stated in terms of what results in consequence of their possession. But in what kind of a scale would one measure the worth of beauty? And yet the attempt to give it some purposeful end is universal. Hence, we are told that the value of beauty is in the pleasure that it gives, while the acquirement of pleasure is the goal which we all desire,

both our intelligence and our moral nature rebel against making mere pleasure the end in any great pursuit. However ardently we desire it, we wish it as an accompaniment of worthy deeds rather than an end in itself. To say that the value of beauty is in the direct pleasure that it gives is to damage its worth at the outset.

But if it can be shown that the pleasure that accompanies æsthetic activity is no stronger, more unique or more universal than the pleasure that arises from practical activity, then it will be necessary to find a reason other than that afforded by pleasure gained or expected to value rightly the judgment of Paris.

To illustrate, let us imagine four men—a practical man of affairs, a scientist, a devout religious man and an artist—standing in the presence of a thundering Niagara. The practical man's thought would soon pass to the immense power manifested. His mind would see the value of that power in relation to the industries of the country. The problem of how to utilize it would come up, the necessity for capital, for investigations in order to make an attractive presentation of the business proposition. Need for getting options on the land, so that rights might not be claimed by others before he was ready to act, the magnitude of what was before him, the possibility of turning that roaring torrent into a stream of gold, would excite him so that his heart would beat faster and he would be impatient to act. He would take steps to accomplish his ends; his excitement would hardly allow him to sleep or eat.

The scientist sees the same torrent, but he notices the gorge. Stenciled on its rocky ribs he sees the story of the past. He sees again the mighty forces that lifted the underlying rock and pushed back the waters, until rising over the crusty rim they have cut back the chasm before him. His mind is attracted by the birds he sees, rare specimens flying in the rainbow and mist. He observes the unusual flowers that nod over the edges at his feet. His heart beats faster, too. Here in the picture of the rocks he sees a theory of creation that puzzles his mind. That bird fills a gap in the series of evolutionary forms. This flower is a specimen he has long sought. He is filled with a desire to do. Already he is classifying, arranging, placing before his colleagues and the public the evidences that he has discovered.

Clothed in his priestly garb, the religious man also gazes on the same torrent. To him that roar is the voice of God. It was the arm of Jehovah that cleft the chasm before him. The song of the bird, the beauty of the flowers and the glistening rainbow are all promises of a divine love manifesting this beauty for him,

the chosen follower. His heart also is filled with excitement, finding its expression in devotion and prayer.

Finally, the artist beholds the same sight. To him the fall does not suggest stocks, organizations, buildings; not discoveries, scientific theories, or specimens; not religious dogma, worship or a proprietary God; in fact the whole attitude is different. What he sees does not lead back to himself, what he is to do, but the self is lost in the glorious sight before him. His only desire is to grasp it. He climbs out on a pinnacle adequately to group the perpendicular shadows that close in on the floating mists of shimmering light. The black outline of pine trees must bound the view. That glistening rainbow must focus all the radiant color about it in the center of vision. He is wrapped in awe, spellbound he seeks no further. He rests.

The sight for the first three led directly away from what was being observed to other acts and consequences, becoming a link in the chain of cause and effect, while what the artist beheld, instead of leading away, focused his attention on what was before him, isolating it from the outside world. The value to him of those rapt moments was that in them the heart found rest from the spectre of consequences. Past and future were lost in the infinite now. Not struggle, but attainment, filled the soul with heavenly beatitude.

Comparing what the gorge offered to the four who saw it with what the goddesses promised the shepherd judge, we find the same parallelism: on the one side, wealth, power, advantages, each leading to another; on the other side, all future advantages forgotten in the beauty of the moment.

Evidently we have two standards of value in the illustration of the three men and the artist. The value of the experience of the first can be stated in terms of what follows: the practical man in manufacturing and business opportunities that are opened up; the scientific man in his specimens and discoveries; the religious man in his confirmation of belief in the goodness and greatness of his God; but no such measurement can be applied to the product of the artist's experience. The experience itself, or the state that he is in, is its own justification.

Unfortunately we do not ordinarily differentiate between these two standards, but apply the practical standard, that measures by effects, to the aesthetic experience. The result is the common verdict that the value of beauty is in the pleasure awakened. This is to totally misjudge the true nature of the æsthetic attitude, which is an ultimate state of being in which all desire

leading away from itself ceases. This cannot be measured by any consequence, even the pleasure that accompanies it.

In everyday life we constantly value experience by these two different standards. We look at a sunset, notice how red it is, and say: "It will be pleasant tomorrow." Our thought goes right on to what we wish to do. We observe the sunset closer, see how the clouds are drifting, notice the direction of the wind. This the practical attitude. We may now turn and notice the sunset for beauty; the rich harmony in those dull reds turning to a deep orange, where the King of Day has just disappeared behind the clouds. We notice the forms of the hills below, how on either side they frame the picture. This is the aesthetic point of view. It has no connection with what we are going to do or have done. In fact, the most fascinating thing is, that we have forgotten ourselves. We are freed.

Or take an etching of London Bridge. In the distance is the dome of St. Paul, some black arches in the foreground, and blotched to the right some kind of a floating craft, everything enwrapped in clouds and mists. We look at it spellbound. It creates in us a mood but it tells us nothing.

On the table in front of me is a Baedeker map of London. Here every line and mark mean something, but in a totally different way from what was meant by the picture, for while in the picture the lines and marks merely suggested objects sufficiently to awaken a mood, in the map every line refers to something in brick and mortar, street and park. It is absurd to say we only valued the sunset when by it we could prognosticate the weather, or that the map was prized rather than the picture because we could measure on its surfaces the directions and distances of our going. True the map has its value and the wise person will look at the sunset to judge the weather, but we do prize pictures and who would forego the joy of the passing day.

Both kinds of value are real, but the worth of the one cannot be judged by the standard of the other.

Parallel with this tendency to attribute the value of the aesthetic to the pleasure that attends it, is the complementary tendency to put the worth of art on its forms as naturally being the cause of the pleasure. It is against this notion that music bears such remarkable testimony. Whether we compare our musical experience with that of the past, the present, or the possible future, we must admit that the remarkable similarity of statement with reference to the power and influence of music in contrast with such totally different musical forms employed, shows that

it is in the æsthetic state awakened and not in the forms that give it rise, that its value consists. For instance, comparing past with present, how enthusiastically have the Greeks written of their music. What wonderful power they have attributed to its influence. How ardently did the churchmen of the dark ages cultivate singing and what significance they placed on its influence as a factor in spiritual control. Yet how inadequate by our standards were the forms of music that Plato and Charlemagne so highly prized. At the same time, the value these worthies placed on their art was not the enthusiasm of ignorance, of experimenters looking forward to an ideal. Their estimate was placed on proved facts of experience. Evidently the Greek Ode, or the Gregorian Service, moved the sensitive souls of their time as profoundly as do a Schubert Song, or a Beethoven Symphony the similiar spirits of our own.

No one, certainly, would have the temerity to say that sensitiveness to the influence of music had kept pace with the formal expressive development of the art. In fact, some observers claim that the appreciation of music diminishes with civilization. Whether this is so or not, the unanimity in the testimony as to the influence of music seems to have little relation to the widely varying types of music employed.

Comparing now people of the same time, but of widely varying civilization: We admit the artistic ability of the Japanese, Chinese and Hindu in every branch of art, granting even superiority in many of them, and then at the same time we call their music barbarous, because it is unlike our own. This is strong testimony to the fact that the significance in the aesthetic state is not in the forms employed but in the activity of the soul.

Similarity in the formal standards in so many of the arts, such as architecture, sculpture, painting and decoration, is due to the accident that the forms these arts employ are physical necessities of people in every part of the world. In other words, if these arts created their forms solely for the aesthetic purpose, so unique in the art of tone, the product of oriental taste in these respects would seem as barbarous to us as it does in the case of music. But the argument for the significance of the aesthetic state can be made stronger still if we take the established art of the present day and by its standards attempt to value the art of the futurist in music, for now we can compare not only the product of essentially the same time, but also the same civilization. Here also we discover that widely different forms are employed for producing a similar state of being. It is the spirit in art as in all things that

maketh alive. And if the creators of the music of the future sincerely realize the æsthetic significance of their work, they need not worry for recognition, for the influences in the racial progress that have produced their works will produce the public to understand them.

What is causing the confusion in our musical judgment whether of the past, the present, or the future, is the application of the practical standard to a state of being to which it does not apply.

To sum up such application: we call pleasure the end in beauty and then associate the beauty with some specific form or manifestation that has awakened the feeling in us, and then every one who is not moved by similar forms we pronounce as deficient in musical perception. What colossal egotism, unthinkable but for the twist in our judgment that comes from the confusion of standards!

No argument is necessary to show the value of the practical attitude. We should soon come to grief as did the gods and men in the classic story, were we not to consider the consequences of what we experienced. The practical results of our scientific advance have tended to make us more and more capable of determining and measuring the beneficial or harmful consequences of our acts. The prudential capacity of the race has infinitely developed since the days when gods and men held charming converse. On the other hand, the value of the æsthetic attitude is in this very power of detachment from the consequences of things about us, in the possibility it gives of being able to forget the egoistic self with all its passions and possessions and realize an altruistic self in harmony with the universe. Such harmony is the very breath of the soul and has ever been sought since man first caught sight of himself as different from the brute. It was this insight that made the eventful choice of our story so important. For the Greek and his civilization has stood as an example of the value of the æsthetic. Never was there a time when the world needed more to heed the lesson. Power to possess has obsessed us. Even the "brooding East" is forced out of her contemplation. Where will it end unless man learns to value being as the equal of doing, and to regard the satisfaction of the soul as seriously as that of the body. This can be done only when we keep clear the two standards of value and learn that the one cannot be judged in terms of the other. Thus shall we realize the true worth of beauty.

Let us prize the practical, our material progress depends upon it. Let us also have the courage to estimate life by æsthetic standards and gladly forego the strife for possession in order to win the peace of realization, the outward token of which is so beautifully illustrated by the judgment of Paris.

THE AMERICAN COMPOSER

By HENRY F. GILBERT

IN a truthful and honest consideration of the art of Musical Composition in America one is compelled to admit that there are as yet no real American composers. That is, speaking in the sense in which we consider Beethoven, Wagner or Strauss as German composers; Delibes, Massenet or Saint-Saëns as French composers, and Verdi, Rossini and Donizetti as Italian composers. There is a family resemblance between the music of the various German composers which in its ultimate essence constitutes a racial distinction to the music of any other nation. The same is true of the French composers *in toto;* also of the Italians and of other nations whose native culture has been allowed to develop for a period of time during which it has been protected from the disturbing effects of outside influences. This especial characteristic attaching to the music or other culture of a nation, or race, is a well-nigh impossible thing to define, although comparatively easy to recognize. If we contemplate sequentially, say fifty or more compositions by German composers, without allowing any serious diversions of attention to interfere with the process, we shall get a fair mental equivalent of the composite photograph. Certain common characteristics will be felt rather than perceived. If we now repeat the process with say fifty compositions by French composers we shall get an impression which we shall have no difficulty in feeling to be of a mental color quite distinct from that of the German group.

Papa Haydn declared that *his* language was understood all over the world. This remark has given rise to the curious corollary that music is a universal language. Many persons hold that music is music, no matter whether composed by a German or a Frenchman, Italian or whoever it may be, that the laws of beauty are the same for all and far above any racial influence. This appears to be so, as long as we confine our attention to the externals of music such as melody, harmony, counterpoint, etc. But when we consider the inner meaning, the spiritual color of the music of a particular race, we immediately perceive something which differentiates it from the music of any other race. We feel the presence of a characteristic which we cannot define, but it would be foolish

and unscientific to ignore this simply because we cannot analyze it. While music is quite universal in its appeal it is not universal in its expressive power but in some esoteric manner reflects that particular racial spirit of which its individual composer is a fragment and as it were a mouthpiece.

In the sense of the foregoing we certainly do not have *American* composers. Possibly one reason for this, and perhaps the greatest reason, is that we have hardly as yet developed an American race. The population of America is, as every one recognizes, a general hodge-podge of almost all conceivable racial elements. These racial elements are not as yet amalgamated. Each still retains to a very large degree its original physical and mental characteristics, and that particular brand of conservatism peculiar to the race to which it originally belonged. However, environment, the enforced contact with other individuals of different races, and intermarriage are rapidly doing their work and an American race is only a question of time. Meanwhile we have already developed a strong and distinctive American *spirit*. As compared with that of Europe it is the spirit of youth in contrast to the spirit of age. We are filled with a glorious will for accomplishment, an impatience of restraining bonds of tradition, and a buoyant and incontrovertible optimism. The dominant tone of America is ever onward. We *have* hitched our wagon to a star, the star of youth which shall indeed eventually drag us out of the slough of vulgarity. Inasmuch as we, as a nation, are infused with the spirit of youth we have the faults of youth as well as the virtues. These faults are ever present and indeed are the only things that certain critics and satirists perceive. But the main point is that with all our shortcomings we do possess the pristine strength and indomitable will of youth and it is this spirit which is the very mother and father of invention, culture, science, the arts and all which in the end tends to make life of value and beauty. In our literature this free and self reliant characteristic has found from time to time an unmistakeable expression. The writings of Emerson and Thoreau are filled with it. Walt Whitman continually suggests to us that in America humanity having touched the bed-rock of primitive conditions is arising Antaeus-like, endowed with new and pristine vigor. And in quite another manner that most glorious of recent Americans, Mark Twain, strongly reflects the same spirit. But when we turn our attention in an earnest and unprejudiced manner to our native musical culture we must confess that not only are we lacking in composers of equal distinction, vigor, and originality, but we must admit that such composers as we have fail for the most part to

grasp or to express this new spirit. With the exultant life of America throbbing vigorously about them they still turn to Europe, asking, that she not only teach them technique (which is right) but unconsciously absorbing and expressing her ideals of beauty (which is wrong). Here and there appears a gleam of the right sort but as it does not receive much encouragement it usually fails to develop. One always feels that music by an American is not wanted, especially if it happens to be *American music.* It is merely tolerated with a sort of good-natured contempt. It is true that American music as such is still very much in its infancy. But an unwelcome child always has a very hard time and sometimes fails to grow up.

The position of the native composer of music in America is, to say the least, peculiar. The art of music plays a large and important part among the present day diversions of the American public, but it is in the nature of an imported toy and is not a significant part of the life of the people. We have much music, it is true; the greatest in the world; and probably a more catholic and broader view of the world's musical achievements than can be obtained in any other country. But the reverse side of the fact is, that the poor, struggling, and as yet not very individual native musical product has perhaps a harder time than it has had in other countries.

In America, Symphony Orchestras and Opera Companies spring up as it were over night. Beside which there is always an abundance of piano and vocal recitals. The members and directors of these opera companies, the conductors of the symphony orchestras, besides the vast majority of the players, and by far most of the recitalists, are Europeans. Even when they have not been born in Europe, all their training has been European, and all their mental bias is in accordance with European musical tradition. Naturally almost all the music performed is European and thus the public is educated to an ideal of musical beauty which though great and wonderful in itself is perforce exclusive of anything which differs from it.

The American composer, even one of the best and most earnest sort, in submitting a composition of his to one of our European-American symphony-orchestra conductors, must abide by his decision respecting its worthiness of performance. The decision of the orchestral conductor respecting the value of the work submitted is naturally influenced by the degree in which the new work approaches those great European models with which his life-training has made him familiar. It therefore happens that

many works which are not in the least significant, nor important to the development of an *American* school of composition, are given the high honor of a finished performance and a wide-spread publicity.

To this it should be added that the great body of our professional critics is likewise educated exclusively to European standards of musical beauty. There are of course a few brilliant exceptions who are doughty champions of the new note wherever it appears. But the vast majority proceed to judge the work performed in accordance with their Europe-derived standards of taste; to praise it wherever it coincides, however weakly, with these standards; and to condemn it whenever it departs, with no matter how much intrinsic justification, from these standards.

There have also been instituted numerous prize competitions such as the Paderewski prize, founded by the munificence of Mr. Paderewski; the annual prize competition held by the Federation of Musical Clubs, and numerous others of smaller caliber. At first sight these competitions would appear to be most excellent encouragers of the art of musical composition in America. They undoubtedly do this to a certain extent, but inasmuch as the judges who award the prizes in these competitions are usually veteran composers, whose training and sympathy is entirely in accordance with European ideals, it almost invariably happens that the composition which, though technically well made, is least offensive by reason of any new or significant features which it might present, gets the prize. In other words, the most un-American composition stands about the best chance of a prize. I am well aware that in prize competitions generally, in no matter what country, the most academic and frequently the least significant composition gets the prize. In America, however, the operations of these prize competitions would seem to be one degree worse than anywhere else. Not only does the most academic composition usually get the prize, but the one which is the least American also, owing to the European training of the judges.

Prize competitions in general certainly encourage activity but their immediate effects tend to retard progress. For they emphasize and raise to a high point of honor those still-born works in which the form is quite in accordance with existent traditions of musical beauty but which are lacking in vitality, in new and convincing spirit. The world *does* move. There is progress in Art as in other things. The gentlemen who act as judges in prize competitions continually forget to remember that new wine refuses to be confined in old bottles!

Then again there is the attitude of the government; Music, and indeed the fine arts in general, have no official recognition or governmental support and encouragement in this country. The attitude of the government of the United States toward the fine arts is indeed one of apathy if not complete indifference. Almost without exception civilized countries have a minister of fine arts, and by means of endowment of art schools, subsidies to theatres and opera-houses, and pensions given to creative artists such as poets and composers, do much to encourage and make possible the growth of a native culture. But the government of the United States of America offers the most flagrant exception to this custom. Our legislators, if they do not express open scorn at the idea of governmental patronage of the fine arts, consider the issue of no importance whatsoever. In fact, if we consider the indifference and inaction of the government in this matter we cannot take a very high rank as a civilized country. We are certainly true barbarians in this matter. Even Russia, a country which it is much the fashion to look down upon, is inestimably in advance of us in this particular. She has developed a vigorous and distinctive native culture, and this largely through the aid, encouragement and financial support of the government. It is perhaps a trite saying that "Art is not a business," but the truth of it cannot be emphasized too often, especially in this country. It needs to be fostered and substantially encouraged if it is to take root and grow among a people and in turn react upon them as a civilizer. The consciousness of the American people as a whole has not yet grasped this fact. Neither has the consciousness of the American government, which is representative of the people, yet appreciated the value and worth of culture as a civilizer. The encouragement of Art and particularly of Music is therefore left to the care of a few wealthy individuals; and were it not for the generosity and public spirit of certain of our citizens in supporting our Symphony Orchestras, Opera Companies, and in certain very rare instances giving financial aid to our serious composers, our country would indeed be a barren desert as far as the art of music is concerned.

The endowment or financial aid given to a composer is too often looked at as a charity, or as temporary aid until the time when he shall eventually be able to stand upon his own feet. But this is wrong. True Art seldom pays for itself; at least not for a long time. And the finer it is the less likelihood there is of its paying for itself. Money, advanced to a composer to free him from the necessity of earning it, should be regarded in the light of an investment; not as a material investment which shall eventually bring

returns in kind, but as a spiritual investment which shall eventually bring rich returns of an artistic or cultural nature.

With the many prevailing ideas of music which however excellent in themselves nevertheless militate against the success of the American composer, he has much difficulty in getting proper public performances of his works. Numerous societies have been formed from time to time for the purpose of bringing to public performance worthy American musical works. Such are the Manuscript Society of New York; the American Music Society; and the Women's Musical Clubs in various parts of the country. There is a slight tendency on the part of the European trained conductors of our symphony orchestras to give the American composer a little fairer show than formerly.

About 1904 the investigations of Professor Will H. Monroe, covering the six principal symphony orchestras of the country, showed that of all the music given by these orchestras less than one per cent. was by American composers. This is really a shameful condition of things and should cause both composer and public to take thought. However, this condition has slightly improved since then.

Among the many annual festivals of music held in various parts of the country three at least must receive honorable mention as they are all likely to effectively stimulate the growth of native creative musical art. These are the annual festival of the Litchfield County Choral Union, held at Norfolk, Conn.; the MacDowell Memorial Colony with its yearly festival held at Peterborough, N. H., and the "High Jinks "of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco.

The salient feature of the Norfolk Festival, as it has come to be called, is the first performance each year of a new composition by an American composer under the most dignified and honorable auspices. The festival itself is practically the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stoeckel to the Litchfield County Choral Union. On his estate in Norfolk, Mr. Stoeckel has caused to be built an unpretentious but wonderfully perfect auditorium. It seats, in addition to a chorus of four hundred and fifty and an orchestra of seventy-five, about sixteen hundred persons. The orchestra is the best that can be obtained, barring none. The chorus, which is composed of the best singers in Litchfield County, has had constant ensemble training and practice for years and has attained to a degree of artistic finish well-nigh unsurpassed anywhere.

The American composer has here the opportunity of bringing his work to performance amid almost ideal conditions. Beside

conducting all rehearsals and the performance he is given every practicable assistance and is treated with deference and respect. The foreword of the programs of the Norfolk festivals contains this paragraph: "No advertising of any nature is permitted in connection with these concerts, the sole object being to honor the composer and his work, under the most elevated conditions."

In addition to an ideal first performance of his work, the composer receives a substantial honorarium. This sum of money is decidedly the right sort of encouragement as it enables the earnest composer to keep on with his most artistic work regardless of immediate financial returns. The privilege of a performance at Norfolk is conferred by a committee who are guided by purely artistic considerations in selecting a composer and his work for this distinguished honor.

It has been said that the highest duty of princes is to protect and encourage learning and the arts. As Mr. Carl Stoeckel is doing this in a most free-handed and beneficent manner he is a prince in the highest meaning of the word. Would there were more like him.

Quite different, but of equal if not more importance to the American composer, are the summer festivals at the MacDowell Memorial Colony at Peterborough. The performances at Norfolk are naturally somewhat more perfect from a strictly artistic standpoint than those at Peterborough. No expense is spared to make them as perfect as possible. But there is unfortunately no prince behind the Peterborough festivals. They are for the most part an expression of the will, energy, and enthusiasm of one woman: Mrs. Edward MacDowell, widow of the late composer.

The activities of the Norfolk festival however, in relation to American music, are usually confined to presenting first performances of not more than two American composers each year. But at Peterborough many composers are represented. Not only do many promising young composers here receive a first performance of their works, but American compositions which have proved their worth are frequently repeated. As at Norfolk, the decision as to the works to be performed rests with a committee whose sole object is to present works of artistic significance or promise. There is a complete symphony orchestra and an efficient chorus, and about twice the number of concerts are given as are given at the Norfolk festival.

In the heart of the large pine forest on the estate of the MacDowell Memorial Association in Peterborough, a woodland auditorium has been built with a seating capacity of about fifteen hun-

dred. There is a large stage with a floor of earth, rising tiers of seats surrounded by primeval forest trees, and a wonderful view out over the stage toward rugged Monadnock. Here on the late afternoons of the festival days are given plays, pantomimes, and orchestral concerts. Bathed in the dying sunlight, and surrounded by whispering pines with frequent glimpses of distant mountain through openings in the forest, what more poetic place could be thought of to bring to light works of beauty. Merely to contemplate this beautiful woodland auditorium is enough to inspire one. Last season, a pantomime lasting one hour, by one of our younger composers,[1] was given at a mysteriously beautiful evening performance on this forest stage.

Edward MacDowell, with his years of teaching in America, came at length to realize keenly what a homeless outcast the American creative artist was in his own country. The thought and wish then came to him that, when he had passed away, his Peterborough home might serve as a summer working place for struggling young creative artists. After his death Mrs. MacDowell threw herself into the work of realizing this dream with surprising energy. Not only has a summer colony of conspicuously talented young American creative artists been successfully founded, but the annual Festivals have been inaugurated. And this in the face of discouraging lack of interest and of financial support. Dr. Rudolph Eucken during a recent visit to Peterborough remarked that "for years no such important movement has been started for the development of national art as was being attempted at Peterborough."

I have spoken thus fully concerning the Peterborough Festival as it is in my estimation an important and much needed ally of the American composer, especially in regard to securing first performances of many diverse compositions. There is a large possibility that creative musical talent, which would have much difficulty in introducing itself through the regular channels, may be here brought into the light of publicity.

The celebration called the "High Jinks" of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco has become well known through the writings of Arthur Farwell, who has attended several of these festivals. The scheme is of the utmost grandeur and may in time give rise to an American equivalent of Baireuth. Once a year the members of the Bohemian Club repair to a magnificent grove of giant redwood trees about a hundred miles from San Francisco, taking with them a symphony orchestra, chorus, actors, etc. Here, at night,

[1] "Pan and the Star" by Edward Burlingame Hill. *Ed.*

on a great open-air stage is performed a music drama, the plot, book, and music of which are by different members of the Bohemian Club. Each year a different drama is performed, which has been written for the occasion. The underlying motive, the fundamental idea of all of these dramas is the vanquishing of care. Care is personified by one of the characters in the drama and is eventually utterly defeated and slain.

Truly a great idea and one which rings very true with our national spirit of triumphant optimism. This one point accentuates in a vigorous manner the fundamental difference between the spirit of Europe and that of America. Europe as a whole looks at the western sky, and in her art, particularly in her music, tells us of many beautiful sunset colors to be found there. Wondrously beautiful, but still telling of the sunset; decadent; whereas America looks into the dawn, the coming day, and is wildly impatient of the spirit of anxiety and care which rests like an incubus upon the spirit of the older races.

The only strong point of criticism that can be made on the "High Jinks" celebrations as they are held at present, is that the book or libretto of the music drama to be performed *must* be written by a member of the Bohemian Club, and that the accompanying music *must* be composed by another member of the same club. This necessarily restricts the wide-spread influence and benefit which this otherwise magnificent scheme might have on the development of American art. But as it is, it is in many ways the thing of the largest caliber of its kind in the country and there is reason to hope that this limiting restriction may ultimately be removed.

Let us now examine a few of the prejudices against the American composer and his work. In the first place there is the feeling, which is widely spread, that he can only produce works of an inferior order of merit. This feeling I am bound to say is somewhat justified by the facts. Many American composers (and would-be composers) hardly as yet realize the intense and utterly self-sacrificing amount of concentration necessary to produce a real masterpiece. Our country is so rich; Life is so royally easy here. It seems that in this as in other things the prize may be had for the plucking. That symphonies may be built by main strength even as are fifty story buildings. But this rough and ready optimism, this objective and materialistic heroism with which America is filled, is not the kind which creates great music. For that a finer, a more spiritual strain of heroism is necessary. Our Brooklyn bridges and fifty story buildings are fine, heroic and masterful and fill one with an exultant joy in the compelling

power of the mind of man over material things. But it takes a yet sterner and deeper mastery for the mind to compel and to control itself. And this must be done before great art can arise. Is it not written that he who controls his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city? And Emerson writing in 1840 says:

> The Hero is not fed on sweets
> Daily his own heart he eats.

This kind of heroism is all too rare in America, even among such as aspire to fill the sacred rôle of creative artist.

But there is yet another reason why the work of the American composer, taken as a whole, can hardly win our highest respect. That is, that it is so largely imitative of the art of Europe. Most of us realize, even though unconsciously, that imitative art can never be great art. And even though its very lack of individual distinctive quality may procure it a temporary recognition and quasi success, at the same time it fails to win for it a permanent respect. American music in its development as such, has this problem to face: that it can only become ultimately distinctive by leaving the paths of imitation, and that by leaving the paths of imitation it must temporarily sacrifice both immediate success and the respect, such as it is, of both public and academician. However, this principle is not at all confined to the development of American music but applies to all things of any distinction or ultimate value which have ever been developed in any age or country.

In addition to this there is the somewhat provincial but nearly always present objection to the home product as opposed to the imported article. This is also a very old and widely operative principle. It is mentioned in the New Testament, Matt. 13:57. Without resorting to any cheap jingoism, which I hate as does I believe every true American, I will merely observe that as long as we run after foreign gods with too great an assiduity we shall never have a god of our own really worthy of our respect and worship.

Considering the lack of aesthetic consciousness in the American people, the apathy of the government toward the fine arts, and the prejudices of various kinds against the serious minded American composer, we are fain to give him considerable credit for his struggle against such overwhelming odds. During the last quarter of a century or so there may be observed a slight tendency on the part of our composers to kick over the traces of European tradition, and to treat American subjects, to use fragments of melody having an American origin as a basis for musical structure. Indian and Negro tunes and rhythms, Spanish-American tunes, and even the

familiar Foster songs have been made use of in this way. Many of these compositions are probably not of lasting art value. The high water mark that has thus far been reached by this method of procedure is undoubtedly MacDowell's "Indian Suite." But these compositions taken as a whole indicate a fine, healthy tendency on the part of the American composer, one which we should certainly congratulate ourselves upon. This is but a tendency as yet and the compositions arising therefrom can certainly not express the large and complete spirit of America. But it seems to indicate a dawning consciousness on the part of our composers of the difference in spirit between Europe and America. It seems to indicate that our composers are gradually beginning to realize that we cannot arrive at a distinctive adulthood in our music until we have left the home nest of European tradition and struck out for ourselves. Now these first steps are naturally somewhat blundering and unsure and can hardly give any true indication of what may be arrived at ultimately. But the main point, on which we should all congratulate ourselves, is, that the first step toward an American music has actually been taken. Its subsequent arrival is merely a question of time.

The foundations of culture in a new and only partially civilized country are always laid in imitation of the culture of a completely developed and civilized country. Thus, early Italy imitated Greece; France and Germany imitated Italy; Russia imitated Germany, and in the nineteenth century we have seen America imitating England in literature and Germany in music. All the European countries mentioned have eventually developed a fine, sturdy, and distinctive culture of their own. Something native to themselves and expressive of their own race consciousness. But what of America?

To the minds of all thinkers and the hearts of all who sincerely love our country and have a living faith in its future, this question must be big with interest. We have already, as has been said, struck a distinctive note in our literature. But the spirit of our music is still largely imitative. In the order of the development of the arts music usually comes last, and it is perhaps too early to look for a distinctive note in American music. Still I see here and there a gleam of something big and vital.

But it is the potentialities, the latent possibilities of American music which arouse my most earnest enthusiasm. Here we are in America with a population composed of all European racial stocks. Each having its own distinctive race consciousness, yet all bound together by a free, liberated and on-rushing national

spirit. When the amalgam is complete—shall there not arise eventually a strong and beautiful music in whose texture is woven all those various strands of race consciousness? For all these threads shall be here gathered together and harmoniously blended, and I, for one, look with great interest to the ultimate development of an art of music, which, while containing these many elements, shall yet be superior in expressive power to any of the single elements from which it has been built.

MUSIC AND MATERIAL EXPRESSION

(A Plea for Aristotle)

By CYRIL SCOTT

I ONCE came across a man who rather wittily remarked that there was no more moonlight in the Moonlight Sonata than than there was sunlight in Sunlight Soap. And in the face of all the modern tendencies to stretch the expressibility of music to its utmost limit, one is bound to doubt,—if one weighs the "pros" and "cons" of the matter—whether the programists are pursuing methods consistent with musical truth at all, and to ask oneself if Aristotle was not correct after all when he stated that "music expresses nothing but itself."

The problem in fact is worthy of being looked into, and to begin with it is essential to see how music lies in its relationship to all the other arts. For as to these, it indeed bears towards them a unique position. Presuming that Aristotle is right and that music expresses really nothing but itself, at any rate the same cannot be maintained of painting and sculpture, since these must inevitably portray some things physical and material, however remote and ideal that portrayal may be. And this, although to a less extent, applies to poetry as well; for in spite of its frequent dealings with things abstract and spiritual, yet in that it uses words, it uses something definite, and in so far material. It is in short subject to limitations which if discarded would lead it into the realm of nonsense, and nowhere beyond.

True it is, however, that poets allow themselves licenses with regard to the exact meanings of words, just as philosophers very frequently do: yet it can only be with those words whose meanings in any case are somewhat elastic or very widely embracing. For a poet, as an instance, to use the word "forest" and by that word to mean a region where there are no trees; such a thing would be inconceivable and absurd: he might imply a celestial forest, or a dead one or a buried one, but there the matter would end—since a word must denote a certain limitation. But with music this is by no means the case: a sound, unless it be purely imitative, portrays nothing; it may undoubtedly awaken certain feelings in the listeners' breasts; it may engender a sensation of boredom or of delight: but that is an entirely different matter from

inherently expressing boredom or delight. The word "rapture" denotes rapture, but it may awaken a great despair in the man who reads it—for he may become conscious of how very far from rapturous he himself is feeling at the moment. Likewise the word "death" not only means cessation from terrestrial existence, but also the very quintessence of dolefulness—and yet, if this word be perused by the unloving but expectant relation of the person who happens to be dead, it might awaken within his expectant heart a thrill of considerable elation.

To engender a feeling, then, is quite different from expressing it: and again, to have certain emotions associated with a thing, is surely not to express that thing either: wine does not express the maudlin, hilarious, visionary or soporific states of mind it may call forth in the mortal who partakes too lavishly of its allurements. Wine is nothing but wine: wine expresses nothing but wine; and as to whether it causes one person to sink to sleep gradually underneath the table, or another person, metaphorically speaking, to wake up more than under ordinary circumstances he ever could wake up—well, that has, as far as this argument is concerned, nothing to do with the matter. Moreover—to revert to music—if it really gave definite expression to that overpowering despair and melancholy, which not a few writers have read into the last movement of Tschaikowski's Sixth Symphony, for example, would not every compassionate eye in the whole auditorium be suffused with tears; and would not, at any rate, sensitive natures think twice before submitting their delicate constitutions to such a highly affecting and heartrending ordeal? To witness real and overpowering despair, when all is said, cannot even to the most hard of heart be exactly a pleasant thing; and although I am aware that there are certain persons who visit the theatres in order, as they put it, "to enjoy a good cry," yet fact goes to prove that even should they visit the concert-halls with the same purpose, their expectations would remain hopelessly and assuredly unfulfilled—sniffling, unless caused by a cold in the head, being a distinctly rare occurrence in the concert-hall.

But it may be asked, in contention to the horrible blasphemy of Aristotle which I have quoted, "if music then expresses nothing how has such a very reverse idea come into existence? And what about Symphonic Poems and Programme Composers?" And here these supposed interrogators must not forget the remotely imitative faculties of certain forms of music: they must not forget that certain chromatic and long-drawn string passages are something suggestive of a wail, and that it would be unusual to disassociate a

wail from distress. And, this being the case, it requires but a step further to arrange a system, which, however remotely and falsely shall express everything from a lamb's bleat to a cyclone. It is in fact perfectly conceivable that music—as a few thinkers have already contended—began with certain imitations, just as poetry is said to have originated in exclamations. To mimic the bird's song, for instance, was to produce a lively strain; to mimic a moan of distress, was to produce a plaintive strain, and so forth, until the wind and other mightier elements in nature came to be imitated as well—and until (what is more important to our subject) music passed almost entirely beyond the scope of mere imitation, and became Itself. And yet, after all these centuries of evolution, people seem to think that they are paying a musical composition the highest compliment when they, as it were, banish it back to its first primitive beginnings; when they, in fact, tell its embarrassed composer, how they are reminded of birds and cascades and rustling tree-tops, and what not—all very arcadian and rural, it is true—but did the particular composer happen to think of these when he wrote his Fantasy, or whatever it might be? And is it not conceivable that he might considerably dismay his admiring commentators by replying, that there was nothing further from his mind at the time than tree-tops and the like?—for the singing birds were the united merriment of mother and first-born, the cascades were the gurgling of Baby's evening bottle, and the rustling tree-tops—well those he could not place at all.

Let it not be supposed, however, that I wish to fall into the error of musical intolerance, and that I would add to the general whoop and cry with regard to Programme-music. My aim is not to condemn that form of musical composition, but to show, for purposes which shall be revealed anon, that music does not truly and actually express, beyond the few things that it really can mimic, those which many litterateurs and musicians would fain make it express. Indeed, even in the comparatively few imitative things, would not the listeners go very far astray if there were no text-books to keep them in the right path? And are there not likely to be many uninitiated mortals, like the two ladies I heard of recently, who when listening to the sheep-bleating variation in Don Quixote felt quite sympathetic for the conductor on account of the extreme annoyance he must have been feeling; the annoyance arising from the fact (as they supposed) that the whole orchestra had "got out." Furthermore, admitted, that music can be made to resemble the bleating of lambs and so forth—could it be said that on such occasions it rises to its highest flights of

beauty? Can the cuckoo-call in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony be regarded as one of that composer's most sublime moments? And would Dr. Richard Strauss be flattered if one told him that the sheep-bleating variation in Don Quixote, which so puzzled the two ladies, was the finest thing he ever penned? And yet, if the criterion of good art consists, as Shakespeare unfortunately remarked, in its trueness to Nature, he certainly ought to be: for in spite of the two ladies, never has he been truer to Nature before or since, to my knowledge, at any rate.

However, be that as it may, I think it must be fairly obvious to every upright thinker, that beyond the limits of all things possible to imitate by sound, music ceases to express actually and truly anything but itself. To make it express such a thing as Love, for instance, may be all very well from the composer's point of view, and indeed highly elevating and entrancing from the listener's, too, but from the sane, cold-blooded attitude of logic it is merely an absurdity. If, as I have attempted to show, music can express only what it can mimic, how can an abstract, soundless thing like Love be expressed by a noise? One might almost as well try to express hatred by a perfume. Nay, the very fact that two people may glean two absolutely different meanings out of one piece of music; that, whereas one person may have imagined a storm, merely of wind, and another a storm of romantic passion, and a third, nothing material whatever, this is surely enough to prove that the medium which is *supposed* to express these things, does not in reality do so after all.

But there is still another aspect of music to consider in this connection; there is that point of view, which, I believe originated in the mind of a great man—namely, that music expresses the Inexpressible. And like most paradoxes, but by no means all, it is both true and untrue. For our purpose, however, I must dwell first on, and emphasize that side which is untrue. And to begin with, I am inclined to say of the Inexpressible what Edward Carpenter so wittily said of astronomy: for to use his own words, "Astronomy is (regarded as) the most perfect science, *because we know least about it*"—because our ignorance of the actual phenomena is the most profound. And although many of us may be highly incensed at this apparent slight on such a study as astronomical science, yet we are bound to admit that when it comes to the *inexpressible* the ignorance of most of us is undoubtedly most profound, if not *quite* so. Nor does this similitude end here, since not only are we ignorant of the actual phenomena of this Inexpressible, but we want to express it by a medium which expresses

nothing but itself: by the combination of two negatives, in fact, we are giving birth to a positive, which is impossible. In truth, we can with no real justification say that music expresses the "inexpressible," since, in the first place, we do not know what music really does express, and in the second, as aforesaid, we assuredly do not know the "inexpressible." But what we *can* say, is, that music may perhaps express certain things out of the myriads and myriads which go to make up that vast unfathomable region of thought which we call the Inexpressible: and beyond that we certainly are not justified in going.

And yet, in emphasizing what I have urged as the untrue side of this conception, does not the fault arise perhaps merely in that difference, already alluded to, between expressing a thing, and engendering a certain feeling? For it is undoubtedly true that music often gives rise to a sensation which is entirely inexpressible, and which perhaps no other medium could call forth. As far as music itself is concerned, it cannot signify whether its votaries write symphonic poems, or wish to express the inexpressible, or nothing at all but pure sound for sound's sake, as long as they give real intrinsic pleasure to their listeners, and above all, produce a novel work of art. Theories, however true or false, do not change a thing; the explanation which may be advanced to account for this or that, can not persuade the stars to move one inch from their courses, or the tide to politely refrain from wetting the feet of Canute. For the explanation is made to suit the fact, and not the fact to suit the explanation. If the adamantine power of Originality asserts itself in the soul of the genius, no petty pre-existent rules can hold him back, for from this moment he makes, as it were, a new rule. As Edward Dowden puts it in his admirable work on Shakespeare—"In due time we fling away our manuals, our codes of spiritual drill, our little rules and restrictions. A deeper order takes authority over our being, and resumes in itself the narrower order; the rhythm of our life acquires a larger harmony, a movement free and yet sure as that of Nature." And as to these new laws, the explanation and also the justification thereof, that is left to the pundits and to those whom a somewhat bitter philosopher has termed "learned idlers."

With regard to the theory which lies at the basis of the whole Programme-system, although with the lesser lights it may on the one hand often stand as an excuse for barren and uninspired ugliness, yet on the other, if it also gives us such sublimities as the prelude to "Tristan and Isolde," or the conclusion of "Tod und Verklärung," well, we can afford to take the evil with the good, and forgive

it all its transgressions. That certain composers find a stimulus to their creative faculties in a material or abstract idea, and by the translation, however wrongly, of that into music engender beauties which otherwise they might not have been able to engender, this is quite enough, in one sense, to justify the system. Moreover a system which so many musicians have at times adopted must have something considerable in its favour, and its evil side could easily be mitigated if its votaries would select exalted and abstract subjects in place of those sordid and grotesque ones, necessitating sundry subterranean gruntings and bass-tubal uglinesses, meant no doubt as a hair-stimulant, in the way of making it stand on end, but most often resulting only in a stimulant for the risible muscles instead.

Indeed—if one takes into account all the aforementioned things—it is almost self-evident that music (with certain exceptions, principally to be found in Wagner) is at its highest artistic pinnacle when furthest from the plain of mimicry. And the reason lies in the fact that on those occasions it is more truly and intrinsically itself; it is, in fact, entirely unfettered by the material element. And—if one wishes to put it in that way—it has passed onto the plane of the inexpressible; the word "inexpressible" here meaning that which is not expressible by any other medium *but* music. In short, the whole thing comes back to the phrase of Aristotle—music expresses nothing but itself.

THE STUDY OF INDIAN MUSIC

By FRANCES DENSMORE

TO study Indian music is to study a crude, though cultivated art. It is pleasant to think of an Indian lover trilling in the dawn an improvised song to his beloved, or an Indian hunter singing beside his campfire, but neither picture represents the custom of the Indian tribes whose music I have studied. Indian song, in my observation, is far from being a spontaneous outburst of melody. On the contrary there is around it the dignity and control which pervade the whole life of the race. Many years ago I knew a Chippewa guide in the forests that lie to the north of Lake Superior. Indian music was somewhat new to me at the time and I said "What songs do you sing when you hunt?" A quizzical look was in his eyes as he waited a moment and then replied "When we hunt we don't sing, we keep very still and watch, then we *shoot*."

Among the Chippewa, Sioùx and northern Utes there still are Indians who say that they "receive songs in dreams." Probably this custom obtains in tribes of which I have not a personal knowledge, but I have phonographically recorded "dream songs" among these peoples. The song is considered a gift from the bird or animal which appears to the dreamer and which is thereafter considered his supernatural aid. Thus a certain Sioux dreamed of the thunderbirds who assumed human form, talked with him, assured him that they would always answer his summons, and also taught him a song. Another Sioux dreamed of a lodge filled with elk who were singing. He learned their song, and sang it when he wished to secure their supernatural aid. Among the Chippewa it was the custom for medicine men to build "nests" in the trees, where they waited, fasting, until they secured a dream and its song. A man was very proud of a song received in this manner. The words were often in a "sacred language," which consisted of common words used with an occult significance. A medicine man always sang his principal dream song and related the dream before he began to treat a sick person, these being in the nature of credentials. A successful medicine man had many such songs, and if he sold the formula of herbs for preparing certain remedies he sold also the songs which made the remedies

effective. On the Dakota prairie I recorded songs from two old medicine men who sold me dried roots of herbs, together with fresh specimens of the plants for identification, and the songs which were used with each herb. For instance, a certain herb was used in the treatment of fractures, and when it was applied a certain song was sung, the words meaning, "Friend, now come, behold all these, a bear told me this; friend come." The medicine was received in a dream of the bear, and Indian musicians are careful to give credit to whom credit is due.

Among the Sioux I heard many "chief's songs," and I asked "Do the chiefs *sing* these songs?" The reply was "These are praise songs. A chief would not sing them. The chief sits still while the others sing his praises." An ordinary man, however, might sing a song which embodied the story of his valor; indeed there were occasions on which he was expected to do this, as an evidence of his right to some honor which was being conferred upon him. There were various uses for praise songs in the old days, and a man might weary of hearing his praises sung by his friends. Thus if food were needed at the council tent, or for some tribal gathering, it could always be secured by singing the praise songs. A party of men and women would make the circle of the camp. Pausing before the tent of a successful warrior they sang of his victories, often inserting his name in an old song. Who could fail to respond to such an appeal, bringing out venison or the choicest buffalo meat?

The songs of military societies are in themselves a wide field of study. Among the Sioux there were the White Horse Troop, the Strong Heart Society, the Wolf Society, and many others, each having its own songs, separate and distinct, which were sung at its meetings, as well as at the social gatherings of the tribe. Even more numerous than these are the songs of native religions. I have been reliably informed that the 107 songs of the Chippewa Grand Medicine Society which I recorded, are only a small part of the songs of that organization. A majority of the original songs are probably lost in the sleep of the singers, for the Grand Medicine is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

The Indians sing as they play their games. It is said that in the old days all the Chippewa songs of the moccasin game were "dream songs"; that gambling was a gift from the "manido" (spirits), who also gave songs to ensure success; but this original attitude of the Chippewa toward the game has disappeared except in remote places, and the moccasin game songs of the present day are usually modern melodies. As great a change has come

in the love songs. Among the Sioux it is said that the old type of love song always concerned a man's qualification to wed, this qualification depending on his success in war. I have succeeded in securing some of these old love songs, but among those recorded there is none which contains a direct avowal of affection. From my observation among the tribes mentioned, as well as among the Mandan and Hidatsa, the *outspoken* form of love song is the more modern. An Indian trusts much to silence. It is the white man who thinks he must put his thoughts into words. Love songs abound today on every Indian reservation and are constantly being composed by the young men. Thirty Chippewa love songs were recorded and only one was inspired by happiness. All these songs were comparatively modern. Too frequently the words contained the information that the singer intended to drown disappointment in liquor. On moonlight nights one hears wailing songs of this kind issuing from the barred windows of the agency guard-house. Let us hope that future students of Indian music will pass them by. Weird they are, and melodious they may be, but representative of true Indian character they assuredly are not.

Three classes of material are available for study at the present time, and the lines of demarcation between these classes of songs should be clearly kept in mind by the student. First, there still remain some of the old songs, sung by the old singers. These are, of course, the most interesting and valuable of any songs. Second, there are old ceremonial and medicine songs belonging to men now dead, but which can be sung, and sung with reasonable correctness, by men who heard them given by their owners. These are less valuable than the first but are well worth preserving if the singer is known to be conscientious. Third, there are comparatively modern songs, which represent a transitional culture. If differentiated from the really old songs, these are not devoid of interest, though it is scarcely worth while to collect a great many of them. My own work has been chiefly with the first class of material, though songs of the others have also been secured. During the past seven and a half years I have been collecting and analyzing Indian songs under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, about 900 songs having been phonographically recorded in the course of the work.

To those at all familiar with Indian usage it is needless to say that important ceremonial songs are never sung by men who have not the ceremonial right to sing them. In the old days a man who was being fitted for some ceremonial position would be taught these songs by the man who was preparing him for his office,

and he would pay liberally for the instruction and the songs. I have met with much opposition in securing such songs as these, some of the old men insisting that it were better to let the songs die than to sing them for any fee less than the value of a horse, which was their value in the old days. Fortunately there have been others willing to sing them for a reasonable fee, in order that they might be preserved.

The rehearsal of an Indian song by a chorus around the drum is interesting to hear. The song is as carefully repeated as by white singers, and those uncertain of the melody sing softly until they are sure of the progressions. I recall one gathering which I was asked to attend. The singers were to rehearse a certain song in my honor which they intended to sing at the approaching Fourth of July celebration. The song had been recently composed by several men, collaborating in the work. It was a happy group, on the wide Dakota prairie. For miles and miles there was no white person except myself. I had not mastered the Sioux language, but courtesy readily makes itself understood and my trusted interpreter was with me to translate all conversation. Fur robes were spread for me to sit upon, and every one came to shake hands with me, even tiny babies having a dark little hand held out by their mothers. A beef had been killed, part of it simmering in the kettles and part drying in the sun, being cut in thin strips and hung over poles. The feast was not lacking in abundance or repartee, and no one was offended that I had brought my own lunch, supplementing it with a cup of their coffee, for the sake of sociability. As the sunset sky grew rosy in the west the singers returned to their task around the drum, singing right heartily that I had "been kind to the poor and needy." Over and over the song rose and fell in its minor cadences. The full light of the moon rested on the little camp as I drove away to the Government School, which is my home when on a reservation. Afar through the summer night I heard the throb of the drum, and I knew how the camp fires flickered and the horses dozed beside the wagons.

Do you doubt that the Indians *love* their music? There are among them men who are recognized as good singers and who are invited to "sit at the drum" at all tribal gatherings; there are also indifferent singers, and men who correspond to those of the white race who only know Old Hundred and cannot be sure of *that* tune. In the early days of my work I recorded two or three songs from a man who said he was one of the best singers in the tribe. When I examined the songs I found in them no sense of a keynote. The

melodies rambled about in a way to suggest marvelous complications of key and scale. What theories of Indian musical culture I might have evolved, with those songs as evidence—for they certainly were recorded by a typical "old timer," if one judged by appearances! But the mass of material, gathered on many reservations, contradicts the songs by this singer who, I found, had no recommendation except his own. Later another singer recorded the same songs, and behold—a keynote appeared! The melody crystallized along definite lines, and the progressions became those of an ordinary major key. I would not be understood as saying that *all* Indian songs correspond to the scales and keys of the white man's music. Some of those which I have analyzed show only a slight feeling for what we call a keynote, but the singer can repeat the melody any number of times with no appreciable variation, and it "makes sense." One learns by experience to distinguish between poor *singing*, and a song which is full of native irregularities. Concerning a feeling for a tonic, or keynote, it may be of interest to state that, in a series of 340 Chippewa songs which have been fully analyzed, it was found that 67 per cent ended on a tone which, by the test of the ear, was a satisfactory keynote.

There are many mannerisms among Indian singers, and it is important that they be not regarded as essentials. Among these are the exaggerated tremolo, and a certain attack by beginning a tone sharp and immediately sliding downward to the sustained tone. From extended observation of the songs of native religions and of medicine it appears that a vibrato was always used in these songs. There is also a tremolo or vibrato which is cultivated by young men and is commonly used by singers around the drum. In phonographic recording it is difficult for some Indians to steady the voice enough to make a record which can be transcribed. An Indian once said to me, "No white person can sing exactly like the Indians, for he has not an Indian *throat*." It is difficult to describe the vocal method of the Indians, except to say that tones are separated by a contraction of the glottis, so that, without the use of either words or syllables, an Indian can give short note-values corresponding to eighth or sixteenth notes with perfect distinctness. These do not vary in repetitions of the song.

Field observation and the phonographic recording of songs are the first steps in the study of Indian music. The collection of songs is followed by their transcription and analysis. There are two methods of transcribing Indian songs so that the melodies can be presented to the eye and made available for practical use.

One of these methods concerns minute variations of pitch and may be compared to a perfectly focused photograph which shows even the smallest lines in the object before the camera. With the apparatus available at the present time the scope of this work is limited. Variations of tone in Indian singing are so constant and so very minute that to trace them in any large amount of material is a stupendous task. The other method, which is the one I use, may be compared to a painting, in which outline and mass take precedence over detail. Thus if we were to study the oak we might photograph single leaves, or we might paint the tree, giving its outline and environment. A thorough study would include a knowledge of the leaves and their variations of form, but we would be careful to keep our grasp of the subject of oak-trees as a whole. This simile, like any other, can be pushed too far, but it may serve to illustrate the difference between two recognized methods of studying all exotic music, the first being purely mechanical, the second depending primarily on a test by the ear.

In my work I transcribe Indian songs in ordinary musical notation, with a few additional signs to designate peculiarities which appear with such persistence as to be rightly considered part of the melody. I find the octave sung with a very fair degree of correctness, also the fifth and third. Intermediate intervals may vary, but when the song reaches these points the boundary seems, in some strange way, to have been kept, and the interval is sung with surprising accuracy. As a justification of the use of the common staff with its lines and spaces, it should be borne in mind that our present musical system is not a cunning invention. It has been a gradual evolution through centuries of experiment. There must be something human back of it. Our ancestors once lived in tents and hunted animals for their food, as the Indians did in the years before we gave them the trader's store. It is well that we note any comparisons which may exist between the music of Indians and our own established musical system, especially when the work is done among Indians influenced as little as possible by the music of the white race. Another reason for the use of ordinary notation is that, although not showing exact pitch, it is the only method by which Indian songs can conveniently be presented to the musical world. They have so many peculiarities of rhythm that it seems asking too much of musicians to expect them to master a strange, cabalistic system of signs, before the music can become intelligible.

As we are to consider the outline, or form, of Indian melodies let us borrow a figure from the graphic arts. Let us suppose that

a student of decorative art had never seen the wild flowers in the field, being familiar only with their conventional outlines. Then let us imagine that in some strange way he found himself in the world of the growing flowers, a world filled with forms half familiar and half bewildering. This, in a sense, is the experience of a trained musician who undertakes the study of Indian music. We scarcely realize the artificial standards of our music until we see the freedom of Indian music. For instance, we have a tradition that the accompaniment of a song shall be neither faster nor slower than the song itself, but the Indian regards no such arbitrary rule. The tempo of the drum is different from that of the voice in 64 per cent. of a group of 220 Chippewa songs, though each record was made by a man who himself beat the drum as he sang. The drum was usually a little faster than the voice, and even if the metronome time of the two was the same the drum slightly preceded the voice. We have also a custom that a song shall be in uniform time. Not so the Indian. If the first measure is in triple time, the second may be in double time; or, if the original unit of measurement corresponds to a quarter note, he may introduce a few measures in five-eight time, singing them so uniformly in every rendition of the song that there remains no doubt of his intention. This change of measure-lengths occurs in more than 75 per cent. of a group of 300 Chippewa songs. These are some of the differences from our standards which first impressed me in observing Indian music.

But let us return to the wild flowers. Suppose we wish to make a study of the field lily. Suppose it has interested us in our study of decorative art and we wish to learn all we can about it in its natural environment, with a view to comparing the natural with the conventionalized forms. As we go into the field and see the differences from the conventional lily we may be tempted to say that field lilies are haphazard in shape, but if we measure a great many field lilies and compare the outlines we will find that the lines which are common to *all* are very much like the lines of the conventional lily. This is because the outline of the conventional lily was developed from that of the natural lily. So in the study of Indian music we notice first the points of difference from that to which we are accustomed, and, as our study progresses and becomes intensive, we find unexpected points of resemblance. Many years ago there was a general belief that Indian music is haphazard in form. At that time it seemed absurd for any one to maintain that the Indians had definite melodies which they could repeat at will. To Miss Alice C. Fletcher belongs the fadeless honor of having demonstrated the fact of Indian song. The misapprehension and

questionings with which she had to contend are things of the past, but we who study Indian music today are following the trail which she blazed, in hardship and difficulties.

Let us keep a little longer our figure of the lily. As one might draw the outlines of many field lilies, lay these drawings one upon another, and let the light shine through the tracings in order to observe the common outlines, so I have transcribed Indian songs and, as it were, let the light shine through the transcriptions, to observe the common forms. One of the points by which we would judge the lily would be its height, which may be compared to the range of a song. In my observation of more than eight hundred phonograph records of Indian songs I find that, with few exceptions, they have a keynote satisfactory to the ear, and that, in a majority of instances, it is sung as the final and also the lowest tone of the song. I find that, in a group of 340 Chippewa songs, 15 per cent. begin on the octave and 33 per cent. on the twelfth above the keynote. It at once occurs to us that the octave and twelfth are the first and second overtones of a fundamental and we see a resemblance to our own musical system. In music, as in art, the natural shows us the origin of the conventional or artificial form.

Perhaps we wonder *why* the Chippewa framed so many of his melodies in these intervals. Did he hear the overtones of some mighty diapason in the forest and beside the lakes of his early home? This is a pleasant fancy. But if it is true, how shall we explain the fact that the music of the Sioux shows the same characteristics? The Sioux lived on the open prairie where there were only a few trees along occasional streams. The reason must lie deeper than in the environment of a people.

Among the songs which I have studied I find many which seem to be constructed on a *sense of interval*, though the sequence of these intervals is such as to lead downward to a keynote. Thus in Chippewa music a song which begins with interval-phrases usually ends with the descending tones of the tonic triad. But with less cultured peoples the song is often limited to a single interval. Explorers tell of savage tribes who sing only the minor third. This of course should not be understood as meaning the exact interval which is given by the piano, nor yet the exact interval which would be played by a violinist, but rather an interval which, to the ear, appears to be smaller than what we call a major third and larger than what we call a major second. There is something haunting in this interval of a minor third. Beneath it there lies something of psychology or of physiology which is still to be explained. This interval characterized the intoning of the Roman

Church in ancient days, and we find it strongly accented in the old ballads of Ireland, when the harpists sang their melodies. In 340 Chippewa songs, containing more than eight thousand intervals, I found that the number of minor thirds is almost double that of any other interval except the second, which is often a passing tone. Searching still farther, I reduced the intervals in these songs to terms of a semitone, and found the average interval to contain 3.1 semitones, or one tenth of a semitone more than a minor third. Indian music is said to be "minor," and Chippewa music shares this characteristic, yet 57 per cent. of 340 Chippewa songs are, by the test of the keynote, major and not minor in tonality or "key." From these observations it is my opinion that the impression of minor tonality is due to the frequency of the minor third as an interval of melody progression. In some instances a song is found to be major in "key" although 70 per cent. of the intervals are minor thirds.

As the interval seems to be the melodic nucleus of Indian song, so a short phrase or "motif" appears to be the rhythmic nucleus of the song. In this, as in other bases of classification for Indian song, I did not seek for a certain characteristic, but, when it appeared in several songs, I placed them together. In some instances the characteristic proved to be wide-spread, while in others it was a peculiarity of too small a number to be made a general basis of analysis. I had analyzed more than a hundred songs before I became convinced that the "rhythmic unit" was an actual feature of the melodies; I then began grouping such songs, the result being that 64 per cent. of a series of 298 Chippewa songs were found to contain one or more rhythmic units, sometimes repeated continuously throughout the melody, and sometimes occurring only a few times but having an evident influence on the rhythm of the song as a whole. In many instances these rhythmic units were taken apart and "worked over" in much the manner of a composer of the white race, several repetitions of the song showing that this rhythmic form was clear in the mind of the singer. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the rhythm seldom varies in the repetition of a song, though the order of the phrases is sometimes changed, or only a portion of the song repeated. It is my opinion that, in a good singer, the rhythm is even more strongly impressed on the mind than the melody of the song. A marvelous variety of "rhythmic units" occur in Chippewa songs. Thus in 191 songs containing such units there is only one duplication, and that is a commonplace little phrase. The units vary in length from one to eight measures. In observing the average interval in

various classes of songs I found the interval largest in songs of excitement, the moccasin game songs and pipe dance songs having an average interval of 3.5 semitones, while the average was smallest in the songs for the entertainment of children, being only 2.2 semitones. This suggests a definite connection between the content and the form of a song. I have grouped the rhythmic units of the various classes of songs, and it is possible that close examination of them will suggest a connection between the idea and the rhythm of its musical expression.

The statement has been made that Indians use intervals of a quarter tone, or even smaller divisions of a tone. Such gradations of sound frequently occur in their singing, but to hear them is one thing and to believe that they are consciously sung or can be accurately repeated is quite another matter. Unless both these can be proven it is scarcely proper to regard such intervals as part of Indian musical culture. To believe this would imply that they, who are so far behind us in general development, have a musical proficiency far in advance of our own, since few white musicians have full control of such intervals, especially in their production by the voice. This matter is open for demonstration by mechanical means, but in my observation both Chippewa and Sioux Indians have more difficulty with the interval of a minor second than with any other interval unless it be the major second, when repeated in upward and then downward progression. The minor second occurs infrequently in the songs I have studied, and it is said that it never occurs in the music of the Cherokees. More comparative data on this point would be valuable. This, however, does not point to an ability to repeat correctly intervals smaller than a minor second. Another respect in which Indians are sometimes credited with a musical skill beyond that of the white race is the combining of rhythms. It is true that a song in double time is frequently accompanied by a triple drumbeat, but, in my observation, there are no points of coincidence between the two, which suggests that a ratio between them is not present in the mind of the Indian. It is well-nigh impossible for a trained musician to carry two rhythms without merging them at certain points, but a discrepancy between simultaneous rhythms does not trouble a person whose rhythmic sense is not cultivated. Thus I have seen people in remote parts of the west dancing in a time entirely different from that in which the orchestra was playing, and have also seen a child swinging in one tempo and singing in another. In these instances it was an evidence of lack of musical development rather than a sign of a high degree of culture, and it is my opinion

that the same is true of the rhythmic combinations which characterize the musical performances not only of the Indians but of uncultured peoples of distant lands. For instance, the players in the Dahomey "orchestra"at the World's Fair in Chicago performed with a rhythmic indifference to each other which would have been absolutely impossible for a similar number of white musicians.

Four reasons justify the intensive study of Indian music: first, that the songs of a vanishing race may be preserved; second, that our composers may have native themes for use in distinctly American compositions; third, that the analysis of Indian songs may, perhaps, throw some light on the problem of the intuitive lines of musical expression; and last but not least, that, through his music, we may learn the better to understand the Indian.

Too much has been said and written about the tragedy of the passing race. We need to be reminded that the Indians were a race of warriors and knew how to face defeat. There was no self pity in the heart of the Indian and he asked no pity from others. Long ago, in the Sun Dance of the Sioux, there was sung a song in memory of Sitting Crow, who had been killed in battle. The words were few, after the Indian custom, but they are the best eulogy of a warrior. The words of the song are: "Sitting Crow. That is the way he wished to lie. He is lying as he desired."

The Indians deserve to be honored, as those who fought long and well. Their music was one of their most cherished possessions. Today they are willing to give it to us. Let us preserve it, and examine it, if perchance we may find in it some trace of kinship, some new reason that, as we stand beside the grave of the Indian, we may say "Here lies my brother."

TOWER MUSIC OF BELGIUM AND HOLLAND

By WILLIAM GORHAM RICE[1]

I OPEN my note-book of the summer and there is written: "Antwerp. Again this enchanting entrance into Europe. At sunrise we steamed slowly up the Scheldt, our great ship standing high above the many red-tiled roofs and long rows of shaped trees bordering the canals and roadways, gaining sight here and there of awakening farm life. It was as if we were welcomed to intimate friendship with the land.

"With a constant shifting of the rudder we were borne up the winding channel of the tidal river. . . . Gradually the more distant scene unfolded and Antwerp's Cathedral showed in a golden mist. As we came nearer we heard from the spire a rich and varied music of bells. What was the tune that floated down to us as a morning greeting? Wagner somewhere has written:

. . . . At daybreak
When the silvery bells were ringing!

"Was it some air of his we heard? Surely the swan-boat might have appeared at any turn among those reedy banks, for at this very place—'The Scheldt near Antwerp'—the scene of *Lohengrin* is laid.

"Looking out over the trees of the Place Verte, from the open windows of our hotel, we see the Cathedral's spire, now close enough to reveal the delicate details of its beauty and above the noise of flower market, and tram cars, in the busy square below, we hear, before the great bell 'Karolus' strikes the hour, again the melody of the earlier morning."

Since the words in my note-book and those of the pages that follow were written, war has destroyed many bell towers and much defaced their surrounding beauty in part of the Low Countries. But the descriptions as once set down are left unchanged here in the hope that they may give something of the charm that existed when peace prevailed everywhere in the land of the carillons,

[1]The subject is treated more fully in the author's book, "Carillons of Belgium and Holland" (New York, 1914), from which the illustrations here used have been borrowed by courtesy of the John Lane Company.—*Ed.*

and that still exists in all the northern portion. Perhaps the contrast in conditions then and now may contribute to a stronger confidence in the benefits of universal Democracy, and sustain belief in its domination as the best safeguard for every attainment of civilization and the best protection of art in every form.

I

Before entering the domain of this unique music, it seems desirable to define the word carillon as it will be used here. A carillon is a set of bells, (a) attuned to intervals of the *chromatic* scale, (b) many in number, sometimes four octaves or more, (c) the lowest often several tons in weight, with each succeeding bell smaller, so that in the highest octave the weight of each bell is scarcely 20 pounds, and (d) hung fixed, that is, so as not to swing. Owing to its more convenient form and long acceptance, the word chime often has been used in English poetry and prose when, in reality, the bells written of were a carillon. Strictly, a chime, ring, or peal is a set of bells generally not more than about an octave, attuned to intervals of the *diatonic* scale with sometimes one or two additional half tones. The bells of a carillon usually are connected (a) with a keyboard by means of which a bell-master or carillonneur causes their clapper to strike the inside of their sound bow, and (b) with a clockwork mechanism which causes a hammer to strike the outside.

Between a carillon and a chime this fundamental difference exists, namely: the carillon is essentially chromatic in its intervals while the chime is essentially diatonic, these terms being used as defined by Dr. C. W. Pearce, in "Modern Academic Counterpoint," where he says: "Diatonic means proceeding mostly by tones as opposed to chromatic, which proceeds by semitones." The chromatic characteristic, combined as it is with the extended compass and range in size of the bells, enables a master of a carillon keyboard not only to play notes of a great variety of music but to interpret its sentiment and to produce effects which are distinctive and beyond the power of any other musical instrument.

Many travellers have sought to comprehend the secret of the attractiveness of the Low Countries. Complex and elusive that secret doubtless is, yet I believe we shall find a clue for our search in a knowledge of this distinctive music. Surely its long-continued hold upon the people of Holland and Belgium, its association with stirring events in their history, its touch with prosaic duties, its democratic spirit, its companionship with time, its seat in lofty

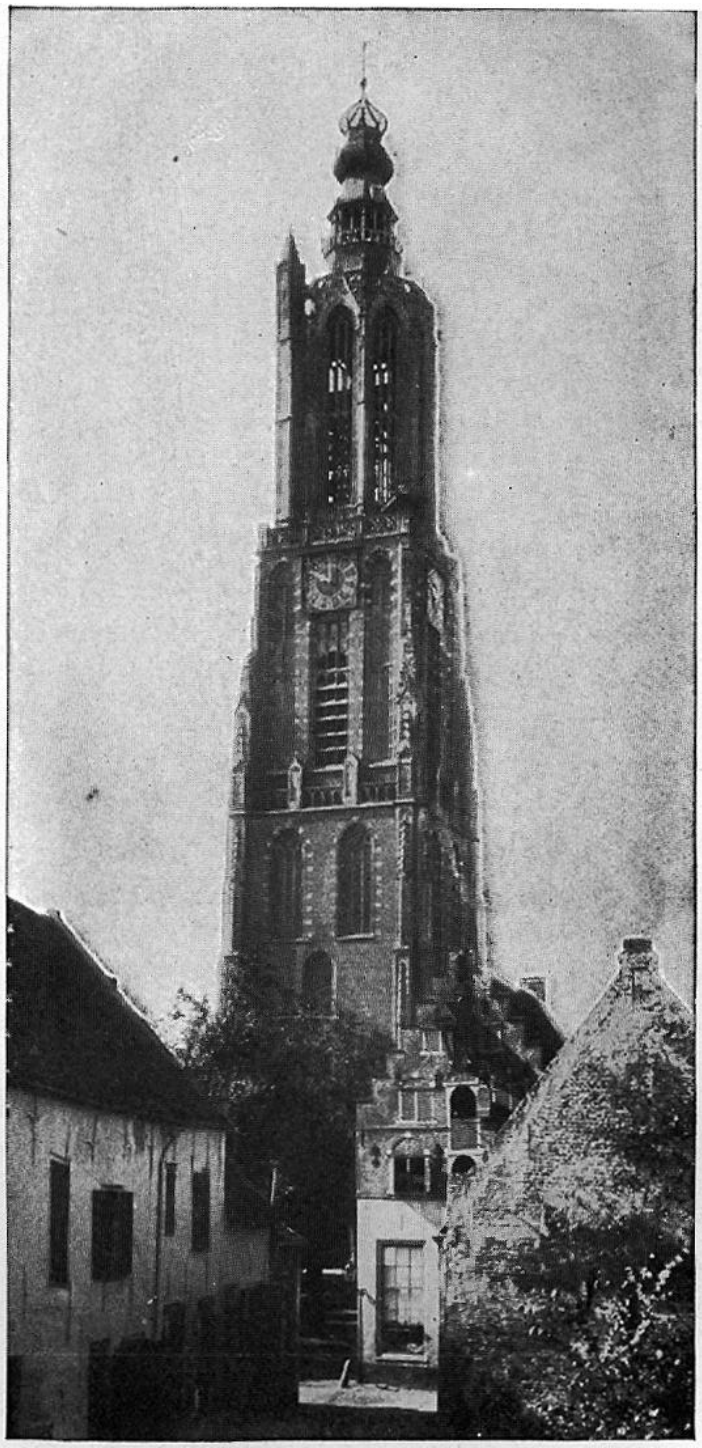
towers, and its maintenance at the public charge—all give suggestions of racial temperament well worth considering. Ver Meer and Rembrandt, van Dyck and Rubens, listened to it as they painted the life of their time, and still in our day the benediction of this music continues for all who dwell in the Low Countries. The watchmen high up in Groningen's tower in the north and those in Mechlin's tower in the south, as in centuries past, follow with their faint-sounding trumpet-strains the notes of this bell music through the hours of the night; and the market-men at the weigh-house of Alkmaar, and the market-women in their Zealand costumes at Middleburg wait for its signal to begin their selling at mid-day. From the tower of St. Stephen's at Nimeguen it floats down upon wide river waters, and from the Town Hall at Veere it sounds out over the sea; from the spire of the Cathedral of Antwerp it unites with hundreds of worshippers beneath, and from the tower of the fifteenth century "New Church" at Delft it inspires students listening in the great square below.

Each of these lofty towers, beyond carrying its part in this chain of melody, is itself of exquisite architectural beauty. Oudenaarde and Mons, Edam and Amersfoort, and those already spoken of, are perfect in their setting. By their proportions and strength, by their domination of the scene, they satisfy the eye even before the melody of their bells comes to please the ear. Assuredly no music joins more perfectly in the celebration of days of national rejoicing; but, better still, it sends down from airy heights an influence which lightens routine and to happy occupation adds an accompaniment of surpassing charm.

II

Carillons attracted the attention of many observant travelers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The Venetian Ambassador, Giorgio Giorgi, in 1626, and the representative of the Papal Court, Monsignor Oddi, in 1741, thought it worth while to have their respective secretaries, Francisco Belli and Giuseppi Garampi, make considerable record thereof. The English diarist John Evelyn in 1641, and the Musical Doctor Charles Burney, in 1773, climbed towers to inform themselves concerning the carillon science and enginery. As for Sir John Carr, so much did the bells of Delft delight him that his imagination multiplied them many times. Thus he writes in 1806:

> The chimes of this church, or as they are called, the Carillons, are very numerous, consisting of four or five hundred bells, which are



AMERSFOORT: THE TOWER OF OUR LADY

Affectionately called "The Mother and Child" because of the small spire carried by the tower as if in its arms

celebrated for the sweetness of their tones. . . . . By this invention a whole town is entertained in every quarter of it; that spirit of industry which pervades the kingdom, no doubt originally suggested this mode of amusing a large population, without making it necessary for them to quit their avocations one moment to enjoy them.

And Hilaire Belloc, the French essayist, not to be outdone in generously supplying bells, gives of this same Delft spire this lyrical description:

The very structure of the thing is bells. An army of them fills up all the space between the delicate supports and framework of the upper parts. For I know not how many feet, in order, diminishing in actual size and in the perspective also of that triumphant elevation, stand ranks on ranks of bells from the solemn to the wild, from the large to the small, a hundred, or two hundred, or a thousand.

But more enthusiastic concerning carillons than any previous explorer was the Reverend H. R. Haweis, who in a chapter of his "Music and Morals" sought to convince his fellow countrymen, and with reason I think, that Belgian bell-playing was musically far superior to English change-ringing.

It is when we come into the realms of the imagination that we find the spirit of this music best expressed. Edward Dowden's insight and appreciative knowledge were such that he gave the carillon a distinct place as an element in Flemish life. Thus he speaks of the poet Southey's choice of environment:

His imagination did not soar, as did Wordsworth's, in naked solitudes; he did not commune with a Presence immanent in external nature: the world, as he viewed it, was an admirable habitation for mankind—a habitation with a history. Even after he had grown a mountaineer, he loved a humanized landscape, one in which the gains of man's courage, toil, and endurance are apparent. *Flanders*, where the spade has wrought its miracles of diligence, where the slow canal-boat glides, *where the carillons ripple from old spires*, where sturdy burghers fought for freedom, and where vellum-bound quartos might be sought and found, Flanders, on the whole, gave Southey deeper and stronger feelings than did Switzerland.

And Edmond De Amicis, the Italian lover of the Low Countries, from the tower of St. Lawrence beholding all Rotterdam at a glance and gazing over the surrounding villages hidden in masses of verdure, with the spires of Dordrecht, Leiden, Delft, the Hague and Gouda visible—over what to him "was like a vast and motionless sea where the steeples represent the masts of ships at anchor" —is startled by the sound of strange music coming from he knew

not whence. He discovers it is a chime of bells in aerial concert, and that everywhere

> *In Holland the passing hour sings,* as if to distract the mind from the sad thoughts of flying time, and its song is of country, faith, and love, floating in harmony above the sordid noises of the earth.

To Longfellow at Bruges in his youth, the music of the belfry came

> Mingled with the fortune-telling,
> Gypsy-bands of dreams and fancies.

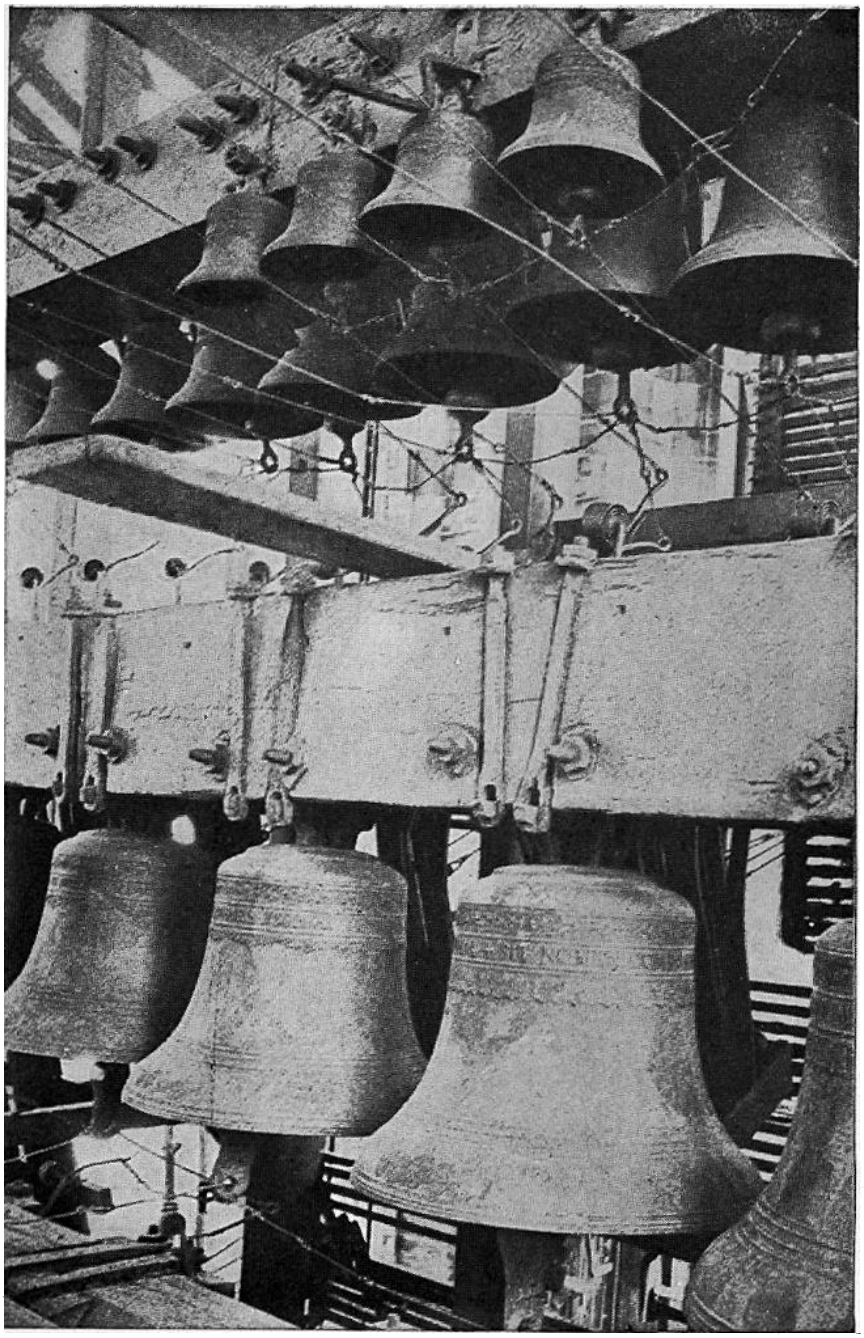
To Victor Hugo, awakened in the night at Mechlin, a vision appeared which he puts in verse so exquisite in its imagery and native cadence as to make all translation inadequate—a vision of the spirit of carillon music dressed like a Spanish dancer lightly descending from the heavens on a staircase of invisible crystal and from her silver raiment scattering magic notes upon a sleeping world.

III

The passion for this music from the beginning of its larger development in the sixteenth century followed racial influence rather than political frontiers. With scarcely an exception, each principal town of the ancient Netherlands, both north and south, early established its municipal carillon and maintained it with devoted spirit. In northern France too, as at Douai, Arras, Lille, Cambrai, and Dunkirk, and here and there in border towns of western Germany, as at Malmedy and Düren, bell towers have long existed, and many of these possess even now their complement of harmonious bells.

It was at Antwerp on the Scheldt that Arethusa and Cigarette began their voyage, and in that delightful chapter, "The Oise in Flood," Stevenson thus tells how a new sensation of sound revealed itself:

> On the other side of the valley a group of red roofs and a belfry showed among the foliage; thence some inspired bell ringer made the afternoon musical on a chime of bells. There was something very sweet and taking in the air he played and we thought we had never heard bells speak so intelligently or sing so melodiously as these. . . . There is so often a threatening note, something blatant and metallic in the voice of bells that I believe we have fully more pain than pleasure in hearing them; these as they sounded abroad, now high, now low, now with a plaintive cadence . . . . , were always moderate and tunable and seemed to fall into the spirit of the still rustic places like noise of a waterfall.



MECHLIN: THE BELLS

This shows bells hung in straight rows, the best arrangement

What bells they were that Stevenson heard we do not know. Certainly more than once their music must have sounded over him as Belgian market-place and French church tower were passed on that Inland Voyage.

Why should the measures of this music be thought so intelligent and melodious? And why should chimes in those nether lands awaken so great civic interest and popular affection, when the playing of bells at home often distracts rather than pleases our ear? Even if no complete answer is found here to questions such as these, I trust that we shall have been, if not discoverers, at least explorers together in congenial fields.

Edmond van der Straeten of Brussels, in "La Musique aux Pays Bas," Dr. van Doorslaer of Mechlin in the proceedings of archeological societies, and Dr. W. W. Starmer of Tunbridge Wells, England, in musical addresses, each have made important contributions to certain special features of the history of the carillon and its development. There are besides perhaps a score of local pamphlets giving the history of individual towers and finally there are the early municipal records preserved with great care in Belgium and Holland. Beyond these, at the time when my own inquiries about carillons began, there was little in published form. Above all there had been no consideration of the special identification of the art with the Low Countries, nor any broad survey of its influence therein. Careful study of the material that existed in foreign libraries, together with personal visits to many towers, the generous aid of carillonneurs, and particularly the co-operation of lovers of this music in our own and other lands, all are represented in what is here written.

IV

In the very heart of the ancient Belgian city of Ghent is the Place Saint Bavon, at one side of which rises a great bell-tower. Here so modern a device as an electric lift serves those who would ascend without effort. The heights of the belfry once gained, and the bell chamber entered, the explorer finds himself among a greater company of bells both large and small than he has ever before seen. He is, indeed, in the midst of a carillon of the first order. Should he count he will find 52 bells, fixed upon a heavy framework of wooden beams, and extending in parallel rows, tier above tier, filling the sides of the great tower room. The little bells are hung the highest. The big ones just clear the floor. The largest of all is taller than a tall man; its diameter, 83 inches,

is even greater than its height, and it weighs six tons. The smallest bell has both a height and a diameter of only about 8 inches and weighs less than 18 pounds.

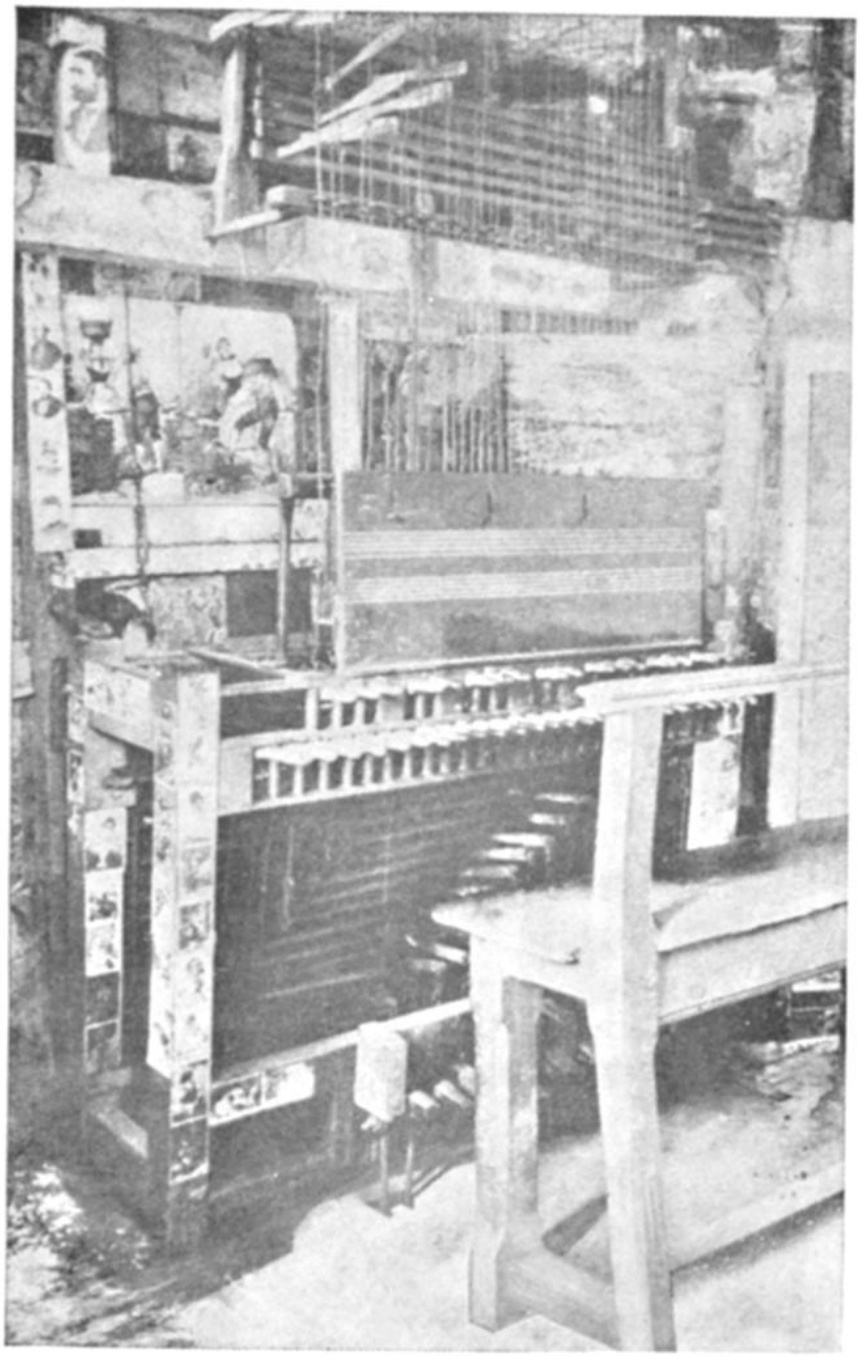
Of greater consequence, however, than number, or size, or weight, is the pitch relationship of the bells. For it is constantly to be borne in mind that throughout virtually the entire compass of three or four octaves or over, it may be, the bells of every carillon progress by regular semitone or chromatic intervals. Ghent has these intervals complete through four and one-half octaves, except that in the lowest part of its bass two semitones are omitted. Because of the weight and cost of the greater bass bells, similar omissions are made in virtually all carillons. In playing, however, there is little inconvenience from this, for a bell of the octave above is used instead of any particular one that may be lacking.

Carillons are played in two ways: first, automatically at the hour and other periods, and secondly, by a bell master in concert or recital. Played automatically a carillon may be thought of as a gigantic music-box. Its exact designation is then "Carillon à cylindre" or "Carillon à tambour." Before the hour strikes and at certain other intervals this cylinder or drum is moved by a mechanism of its own which is released at the proper moment by the great tower-clock. On the hour music is played for a minute or more; at the halves and quarters the play is for less time, and in some places at the eighths there are flourishes of a few notes.

Pins or studs of iron are placed in holes on the surface of the cylinder arranged so that as the cylinder revolves they trip levers connected with hammers which strike the outside of the bells. Tunes are set upon the cylinder by the carillonneur, and often by periodic changing are made appropriate to the season of the year. Town tradition, handed down for a century or more, sometimes fixes these tunes, but more frequently the musical taste of the carillonneur governs.

Secondly: a carillon is played by a bell-master, or carillonneur, using a clavier or keyboard resembling that of a piano or organ. Thus played, a carillon may be thought of as a gigantic pianoforte or organ. Its exact designation is then "Carillon à clavier." During market hours, at festivals, and in midday or evening concerts, popular songs, operatic airs, national hymns and a great variety of other tunes are played by the carillonneur. This playing by means of the clavier is often called a carillon concert.

Each key of the clavier is connected by lever and wire with the clapper of its corresponding bell. In what is known as the



MECHLIN: THE KEYBOARD

Belgian system, perfected by Mr. Denyn, each clapper when at rest is held by a spring and guide wires in an exactly defined position close to the inner sound bow, and the bells are hung in parallel lines. The deeper-toned bells are more or less inclosed in chambers within the tower.

The bells of the lowest octave and a half are connected also with a pedal clavier. This is done for the reason that the larger bells require a forceful stroke when it is desired to bring out their full tones, and because this arrangement gives the bell-master greater command of the resources of his instrument by allowing the use both of hands and of feet and so enables him to play music in three or more parts.

On the manual clavier, as Mr. Starmer points out, great dexterity of hand is essential, for much of the execution is with a kind of tremulando in which the keys are played from the wrist and the elbow. Scales and arpeggios are accomplished by a constant crossing of the hands. The greater part of the playing is on the smaller bells, with occasional use of the large ones. The reasons for this are that small bells are more easily sounded, and that the effect of chords is much more satisfactory on them, due to the fact that on the large bells the harmonic tones are prominent and, when sounded together, frequently interfere with each other in a disagreeable manner. This is not the case with the smaller bells, as their harmonic tones are too high in the scales of sounds to distress the ear. All degrees of crescendo and of diminuendo are possible. Vibration of the bells does not long persist, so that, apart from the fact that the effectual damping of bells is practically an impossibility, when a carillon is played by an expert performer, there is no real necessity for such a thing. With smaller bells the sound is so quickly effaced that when the effect of sustained chords is desired, it is obtained by a rapid tremulando, much as in pianoforte playing.

But enough of the mechanism of the bells, and the intricacy of their play. Above us, surmounting the topmost spire of Ghent's belfry is the gilded copper dragon which has looked down upon many stirring scenes in Flemish history. There is a legend that the Crusaders brought this dragon from Constantinople to crown the belfry of Bruges and that there it remained until Artevelde, victorious, carried it a prized trophy to Ghent, where it was again set high above bells. As we meditate and gaze upon the vast expanse before descending to the Place Saint Bavon, there comes vividly to mind that day when, 'tis said, Charles V, standing where we stand, and beholding the splendid panorama, answered Alva's

cruel suggestion that the city should be destroyed with: "Combien faudrait-il de peaux d'Espagne pour faire un Gant de cette grandeur?"

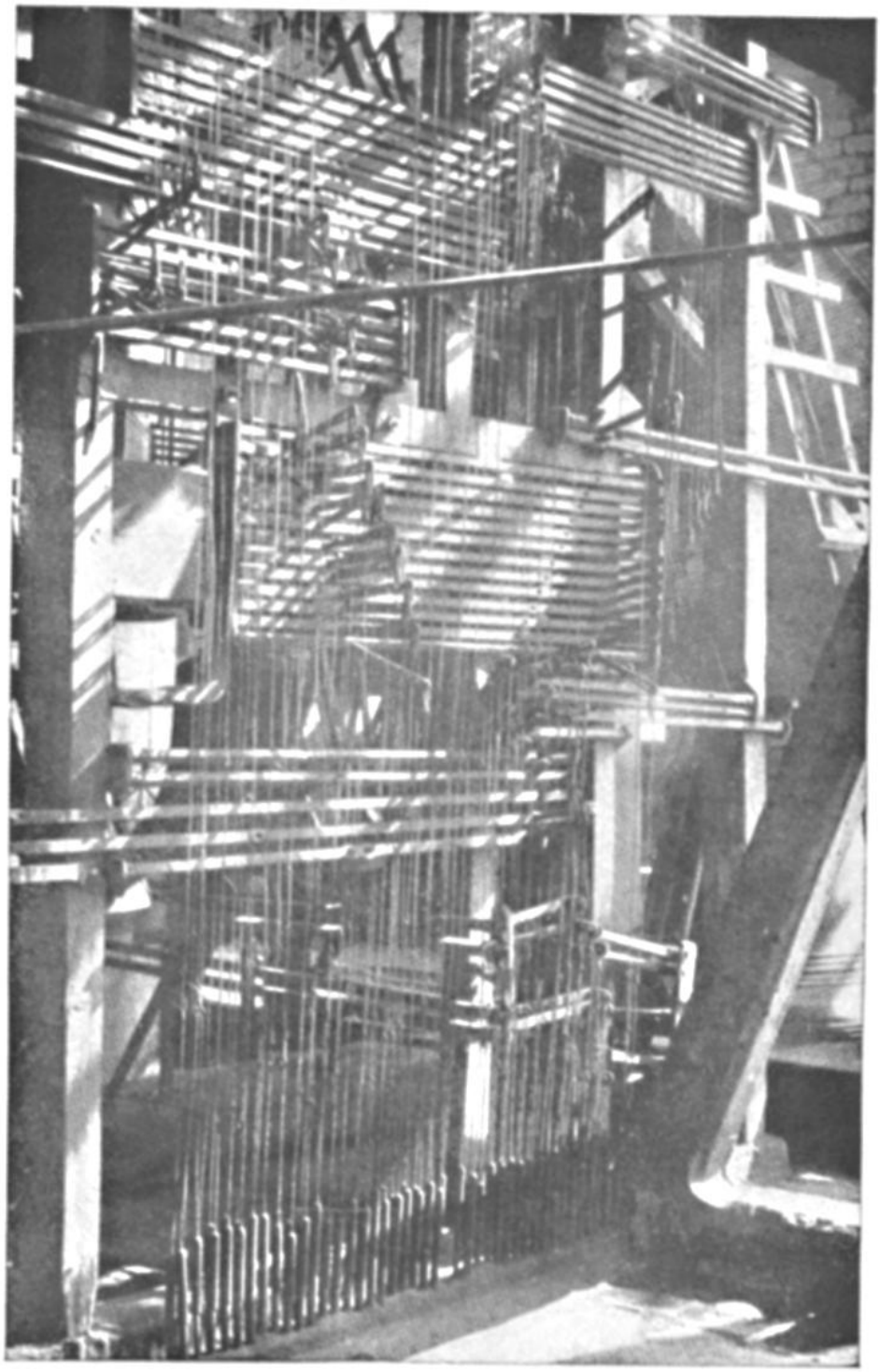
V

There are today in Belgium about 30 carillons of importance and in Holland about 20. If those of lesser consequence are included the total for both countries will be well over 100. The individuality of their towers and their surroundings will make all carillons of interest to students and to travelers with ample time at their disposal. But there are many not in either of these privileged classes, and for their benefit I have made a list of twenty-one that seem best worth hearing. This list embodies conclusions which have been reached after hearing many carillons, and after considering the question with many carillonneurs and lovers of the art. I offer it as a suggestion rather than as a statement of recognized relative standing, for in such a matter no absolute determination is possible. Accuracy of the pitch of the bells, their timbre, their weight, their compass, the perfection of their playing mechanism, their arrangement in the tower, and the situation of the tower itself—all have been considered in making the selection. The following, then, in my judgment, are the best carillons in Belgium:

TOWN	TOWER	BELLS
Mechlin	Saint Rombold's	45
Bruges	The Belfry	49
Antwerp	The Cathedral	47
Ghent	The Belfry	52
Louvain	(a) S. Gertrude's	40
	(b) S. Peter's	46
Ypres	The Cloth Hall	44
Courtrai	S. Martin's	47
Mons	The Belfry	44
Tournai	The Belfry	40

In Holland these are the best:

TOWN	TOWER	BELLS
Middleburg	The Abbey	41
Delft	Nieuwe Kerk	40
Amsterdam	The Palace	37
Utrecht	Domkerk	42
The Hague	Groote Kerk	37
Nimeguen	S. Stephen's	40
Gouda	Groote Kerk	37
Flushing	S. James's	33
Haarlem	Groote Kerk	35
Groningen	Martinikerk	37
Kampen	Nieuwetoren	35



MECHLIN: TRANSMISSION BARS AND WIRES

These connect the keys of the keyboard with the clappers

Generally speaking, the Belgium arrangement and mechanical adjustment are superior to the Dutch; and the effect produced is, therefore, more satisfactory. But those who would gain an adequate idea of what this unique music really is, should hear as large a number as possible of the carillons above named and should hear them played by a carillonneur. Above all, endeavor should be made to hear at Mechlin an evening concert by Josef Denyn.

VI

If Ghent's bells are easiest of access, Bruges's are most celebrated in verse. It was here that Longfellow came under the spell of the carillon. At once his imagination was awakened and we foresee his well-known poem in these brief entries in his diary of 1842:

> May 30. In the evening took the railway from Ghent to Bruges. Stopped at La Fleur de Blé, attracted by the name, and found it a good hotel. It was not yet night; and I strolled through the fine old streets and felt myself a hundred years old. The chimes seemed to be ringing incessantly; and the air of repose and antiquity was delightful . . . . Oh, those chimes, those chimes! how deliciously they lull one to sleep! The little bells, with their clear, liquid notes, like the voices of boys in a choir, and the solemn bass of the great bell tolling in, like the voice of a friar!
>
> May 31. Rose before five and climbed the high belfry, which was once crowned by the gilded copper dragon now at Ghent. The carillon of forty-eight bells; the little chamber in the tower; the machinery, like a huge barrel-organ, with keys like a musical instrument for the carillonneur; the view from the tower; the singing of swallows with the chimes; the fresh morning air; the mist in the horizon; the red roofs far below; the canal, like a silver clasp, linking the city with the sea—how much to remember!

More than any other literary utterance, the "Belfry of Bruges" has drawn English-speaking travelers to this unique music. How wonderfully the poet's genius there gives the night-time scene, when silence perfects the sound of the bells. And as we read the second part of the same poem, its day-time pictures conceived as Longfellow stood on the lofty balcony near the bells, it is not alone his own visions of the past that become real. His art produces also in us a reflective mood and other scenes and events in history associated with bell tower after bell tower in the Low Countries live again.

As a conspicuous emblem of municipal liberties, the belfry is specially characteristic of Flemish towns. To say that the word

belfry in its origin is not connected with *bell* appears to deny what is manifestly true. The fact is, however, that they have a purely chance resemblance. The Oxford Dictionary traces the derivation to the Teutonic "bergfrid," and says:

> "Frid," it is generally agreed, is a form of "fridu," peace, security, shelter; and "berg-en" means to protect, defend; the whole meaning "protecting or defensive place of shelter."

Thus these towers were symbols of municipal freedom and represented to the eye and ear alike the idea of civic solidarity. Grant Allen, in "The European Tour," analysing the art of Belgium, remarks:

> These Flemish belfries are in themselves very interesting relics, because they were the first symbols of corporate existence and municipal power which every town wished to erect in the Middle Ages.

The crown of every belfry was a carillon. The belfry and its crown were the proud possession of every prosperous community. And today, wherever the carillon may hang, its bells belong to the town, their management is civic, and the bell-master is a municipal officer.

VII

The Hemonys, the van den Gheyns and the Dumerys were the greatest bell-founders of former times. Beside these there lived in the same period a score of others well-known but somewhat less distinguished in that branch of the art. Hemony's bells, generally speaking, are the best; they are bright, clear, and true—epic in character. Van den Gheyn's bells are similar. Dumery's are velvety, soft, and true—elegiac in character.

Bells neither improve nor retrograde unless cracks develop. While modern music accepts certain combinations as chords not allowed by earlier composers, nevertheless the modern ear seems more sensitive and exacting as to correctness of pitch. Carillons today by founders such as van Aerschodt at Louvain, Belgium, and Taylor at Loughborough, England, are even more perfect than those of earlier centuries.

In answer to my inquiry about tuning, Mr. Van Aerschodt told me:

> The pitch can be heightened to the extent of 8 vibrations by cutting off at the rim and can be lowered to the extent of 12 vibrations by cutting the metal away from the interior at its sound bow without impairing its sonority. I cast a dozen small bells for a particular pitch I desire and choose the best one. The larger bells I make by exact formulæ based upon the records of my ancestors, the van den Gheyns.

The theory of tuning of the best English bell-makers has been summarized as follows:

1. A bell must be in tune with itself before it can possibly be in tune with others.
2. Every bell has at least five tones (and in some instances more), which can be most accurately tuned.
3. These principal tones are: strike-note, nominal (above,) and hum-note (below), which three should be perfect octaves with each other, and the tierce (minor third), and the quint (perfect fifth) between the strike-note and the nominal. All these must be in perfect tune with each other.
4. The timbre of a bell depends: (a) on the consonance of its component tones; (b) on the relative intensities of the various tones, which in their turn are dependent upon the minute accuracy of sharply defined height, width, and thickness proportions. These again must be so adjusted as to admit of the several tones being perfectly tuned without upsetting the ratio between the thickness proportions and other dimensions of the bell.

As we consider the science of tuning we are inevitably led to agree with van der Straeten that:

> A good bell is not made by chance but is the result of a wise combination of qualities and thought, and a fine carillon is as precious as a violin by Stradivarius.

Every musical instrument possesses a character of its own. To one who has heard it, this individuality is apparent in the carillon no less than in other instruments. To others, comparison may be of aid, but after all can give only a faint idea of the carillon's character and charm. Perhaps the best conception will be obtained by thinking of it as resembling an organ in majesty and a pianoforte in delicacy, but with harmonies aërial and unbounded. Like every other instrument it must be judged when well-attuned and mechanically perfect. Awakened by the hand of a master then, this tower music seems to come from the heavens, the silvery quality of the higher notes being carried far upon the tide of the sonorous bass tones.

VIII

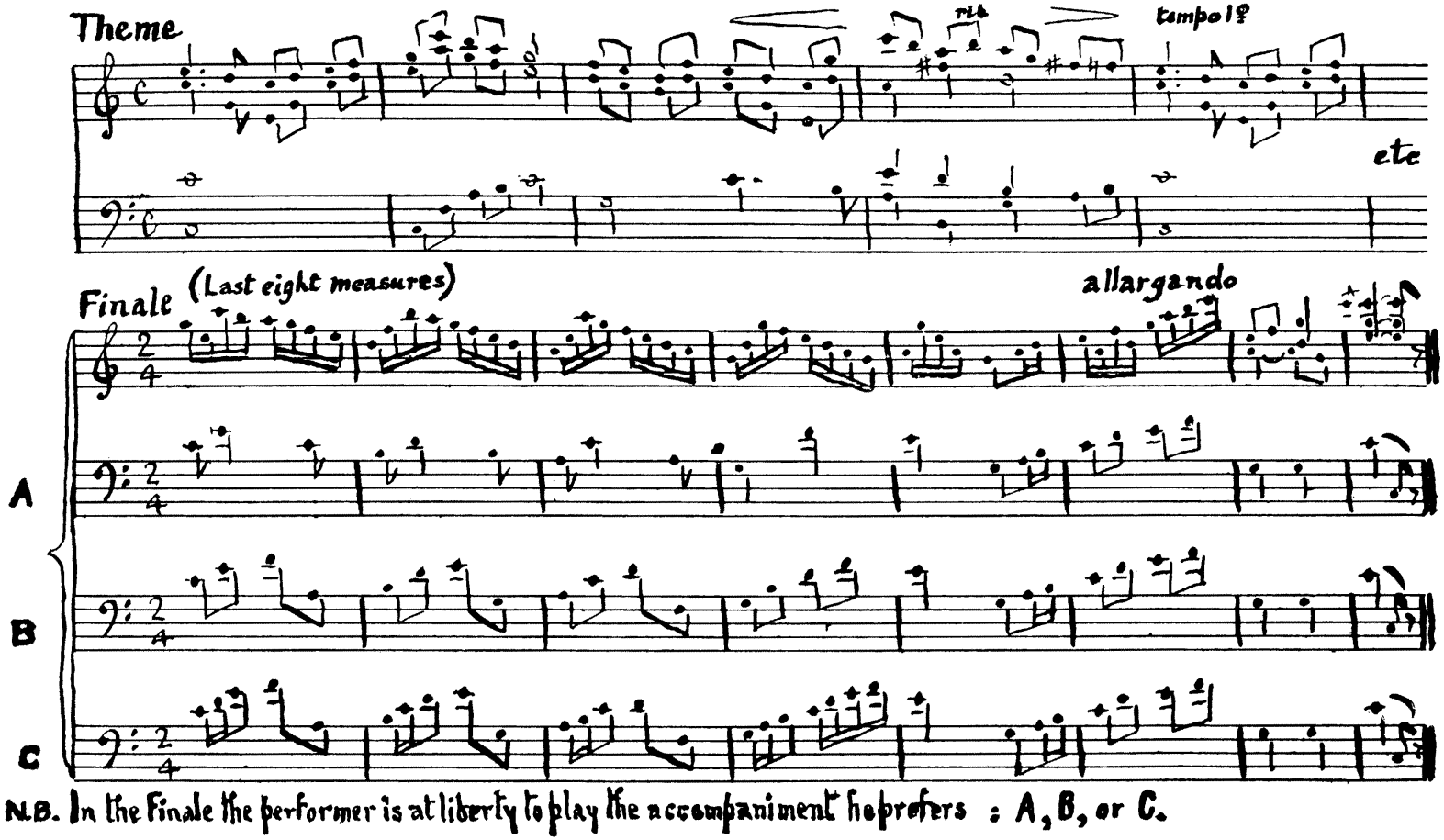
The story of the origin and development of the carillon would fill many pages. It is enough to say here, however, that upon the basis of a few bells giving simple songs, in connection with the striking mechanism of great clocks, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, there was developed by the end of the

sixteenth century a noble musical instrument, well adapted to its place in lofty municipal towers, lasting for generations and peculiarly fitted to give pleasure to thousands of people throughout the Low Countries.

The lives of the great founders, and their rivalries, the exactions of contracts, the public competitions and private quarrels of carillonneurs, the holidays decreed and the elaborate ceremonies at the first playing of a carillon, the tales of capture and ransom or destruction of carillons in war, and many other phases of the art are full of romance. These all appeal to the interest and imagination in a great variety of ways, and those that are curious will find much to repay study therein.

Nor is humor lacking in the story. When John V, of Portugal, visited the Netherlands about 1730, he was so delighted with the bell music that he determined to have a carillon for his sumptuous palace then building. The price having been ascertained—it appears to have been something like $43,000 for the completed carillon put in place—the suggestion was guardedly made by his treasurer that, in view of the financial burdens upon the King's purse, this was a large expenditure. The implied criticism is said to have so offended the self-esteem of the monarch that he replied: "Nâo julguei que era tâo barato; quero dois"—"I did not think it would be so cheap; I wish two." And these he got, for two carillons of 48 bells each, played by clavier and clockwork existed a few years ago, and, so far as I know, still exist in the twin towers of the convent, formerly the palace chapel, at Mafra.

The carillon of S. Rombold's at Mechlin, generally admitted to be the finest that exists, was saved from destruction in 1792 by the diplomacy of Gérard Gommaire Haverals, the carillonneur at the time. The revolutionary council had decreed that the Mechlin bells should be melted and made into cannon, when Haverals by his eloquence and cleverness persuaded the French authorities that one carillon should be preserved. Otherwise, he asked, how properly could be celebrated "la gloire de la république?" A few years later the reaction came, and he was given a sharp reprimand by the town council because of the republican songs he had played. His beloved bells, though, were safe, and so again he changed his tunes to suit changed times and endured patiently the municipal castigation. Happily his devotion and skill were so compelling that even political passions were subdued, and he continued as carillonneur until he died in 1841, being on the verge of four-score years, and having played



CARILLON MUSIC

A portion of the Andante Cantabile by Josef Denyn, which the contesting Carillonneurs were required to play in the Competition of Honor at Mechlin in 1910.

the bells in S. Rombold's tower continuously since he was seventeen. Fétis, in his "Biographie universelle des musiciens," says of him:

> Haverals was a distinguished artist of his kind. A good harmonist, he executed on his bells very difficult compositions in three parts, sonatas, fantasies, and fugues. He also had a remarkable gift for improvising variations upon popular melodies."

IX

No other event in carillon history brought together so large a list of competitors as those who met in the royal prize competition at Mechlin in August, 1910. The audience, too, was the greatest recorded, for according to the Musical Standard there were 30,000 people present. From Belgium as competitors came eight professionals and two amateurs, and from Holland five professionals and one amateur. The judges were: Josef Denyn, Municipal Carillonneur of Mechlin; W. W. Starmer, Member of the Royal Academy of Music, London; G. van Doorslaer, Carillon-historian of Mechlin; J. A. de Zwaan, Organ-professor at the Conservatory at the Hague and Municipal Carillonneur of Delft, and Cyr. Verelst, Manager of the Municipal Music Academy, Mechlin.

The report of these judges, giving in detail the reasons for the awards, embodies also what is virtually a treatise on the capabilities of the carillon and shows the rules which should govern the choice of music for playing.

The special correspondent of a London newspaper in the course of his account of this competition said:

> It was not until I heard the chief bell-masters of Belgium and Holland playing on the great carillon at Mechlin that the range and power of the keyboard carillon were fully revealed to me. . . . . Throughout the two days of competition the great square of the Groote Markt was thronged with eager and attentive listeners. Mr. Denyn's recital (following the competition) was the most memorable concert I have ever heard, and was a revelation not only of his amazing virtuosity but also of the possibilities, explored and unexplored, of the art of bell music. . . . But perhaps the most interesting and instructive of the selections was a set of ancient French ditties made for carillons at various dates. This was really a brief and delightful history of the evolution of bell music.

In general Mr. Denyn begins a recital or an evening concert with some brilliant composition which immediately takes his audience captive and compels its attention, something perhaps by Verdi or Bach. Toward the middle of the programme come numbers which require the utmost skill, such as a sonata by

Nicolai or a work of some ancient composer, like Pleyel or Kraft, which he has adapted to the carillon in a marvellous fashion. The concert usually ends with music expressing deep emotion, a stirring piece by Benoit or a tender song by Schubert. Besides, in every programme is likely to be found one or two groups of simple airs or folk-songs.

George Macdonald, in his novel "Robert Falconer," describes a bell-master's tower chamber and the thoughts of the hero who unexpectedly finds himself in control of the keyboard of a mighty carillon:

> Robert was slowly descending still, when he saw on his left hand a door ajar. He would look what mystery lay within. A push opened it. He discovered only a little chamber lined with wood. In the centre stood something—a bench-like piece of furniture, plain and worn. He advanced a step; peered over the top of it; saw keys, white and black; saw pedals below; it was an organ! Two strides brought him in front of it. A wooden stool, polished and hollowed with centuries of use, was before it. But where was the bellows? That might be down hundreds of steps below, for he was half-way only to the ground. He seated himself musingly, and struck, as he thought, a dumb chord. Responded, up in the air, far overhead, a mighty booming clang. Startled, almost frightened, Robert sprang from the stool, and, without knowing why, moved only by the chastity of delight, flung the door to the post. It banged and clicked. Almost mad with the joy of the titanic instrument, he seated himself again at the keys, and plunged into a tempest of clanging harmony.
>
> From the resounding cone of bells overhead he no longer heard their tones proceed, but saw level-winged forms of light speeding off with a message to the nations. It was only his roused fantasy; but a sweet tone is nevertheless a messenger of God; and a right harmony and sequence of such tones is a little gospel.
>
> At length he found himself following, till that moment unconsciously, the chain of tunes he well remembered having played on his violin. . . . Ere he had finished the last, his passion had begun to fold its wings, and he grew dimly aware of a beating at the door of the solitary chamber in which he sat. He knew nothing of the enormity of which he was guilty—presenting unsought the city of Antwerp with a glorious fantasia.

X

My fellow explorers and I had often listened to this same Antwerp carillon, yet those who were better versed in tower music had always told us of the pleasure in store when we should listen to the playing of Josef Denyn.

It was with unusual interest, then, that we set forth from Antwerp for Mechlin one Monday evening in summer to hear that famous master. As there was yet a full hour before the concert,

when we arrived, we took the ever-ready Belgian cab and started for a short tour about the town. We found much of quaintness in our drive and finally stopped at an attractive shop some little distance from the Cathedral. While we were deliberately making our purchases the coachman called in to us with much excitement that it was nearing 8 o'clock and that we must get back at once, for no carriage was allowed to cross the Grand' Place after the 8 o'clock bell in S. Rombold's ceased to toll.

We had barely reached the Grand' Place when the carillon began to play the melody that precedes the striking of the hour. It was eight o'clock! The great square was filled with people, some standing, but most of them sitting at small tables outside cafés, and as the bells began to play the talking and laughter grew less and last preparations were made for the enjoyment of the concert. Galloping across the market place and turning into a narrow street, we stopped before the entrance of a small school, the garden of which was our destination, since there the carillon could be heard to the greatest advantage. Our arrival was accomplished in the utmost haste, for the great, deep bell began to toll the hour as we descended from the carriage. Arrived there, in answer to our ring, a panel of the great door was opened by a woman who held in her left hand a large old-fashioned lantern lighted by a candle. "Bon soir, Madame et Messieurs," she said smilingly. Then in a hurried whisper she added, "Il faut vous dépêcher" and, leading the way, quickly conducted us through a long paved yard into the pleasant school garden. Just as we reached it, the last stroke of eight o'clock sounded.

In these northern countries the day is long even in late August, and it was still twilight. Against the southern sky, framed in by two dark trees in the foreground, rose the broad, rugged tower of S. Rombold's. High up, near the top of the tower, from a narrow opening shone out a faint, dull light.

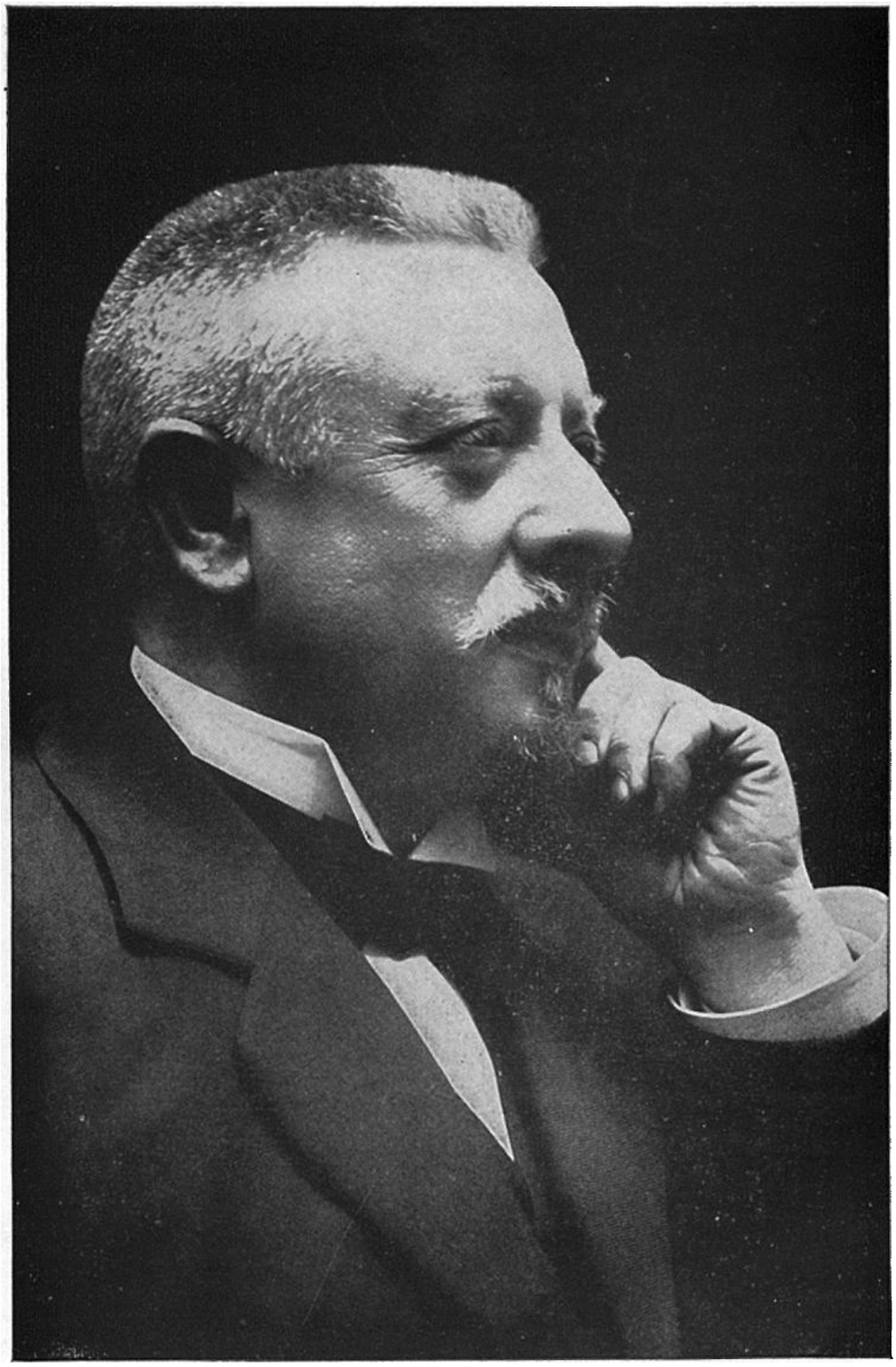
After the bell ceased striking, and the vibration of its deep and solemn tone had died away, there was silence. So long a silence it seemed, so absolute, that we wondered if it ever was to be broken. Then pianissimo, from the highest, lightest bells, as if not to startle us, and from far, far above the tower, it seemed—indeed as if very gently shaken from the sky itself—came trills and runs that were angelic! Rapidly they grew in volume and majesty as they descended the scale until the entire heaven seemed full of music. Seated in the garden we watched the little light in the tower, where we knew the unseen carillonneur sat at his clavier and drew the music from his keys, and yet as we watched and listened, we somehow

felt that the music came from somewhere far beyond the tower, far higher than that dim light, and was produced by superhuman hands. Sometimes in winter, after icicles have formed, there comes a thaw, and one by one they tinkle down gently and timidly at first; then bolder in a mass they come till, like an avalanche, they crash down with a mighty roar. All of this the music suggested. It was low, it was loud; it was from one bell, it was from chords of bells; it was majestic, it was simple. And every note seemed to fall from above, from such heights that the whole land heard its beauty. It was as if a great master had said: "I am no longer content to sit at my cathedral organ and give pleasure to a few hundreds only; I must give joy to thousands." So he mounts the Cathedral tower, and plays his sonatas, or his prelude, or his songs upon the great clavier, so that all the world may hear.

As the hour passed, daylight died, but the tower grew more distinct in the light of the full moon rising over the trees. We had programmes which we passed in silence to one another, and if there was occasion to speak, we spoke in whispers. It seemed that if we moved or spoke aloud, the tower, the far-away light and the music might all vanish. Nothing we had ever experienced had been like this. Sometimes the sounds were so low that we found ourselves bending forward to hear them. They seemed to come from an infinite distance, so faint and delicate were they. Then, at other times, great chords, in the volume of many organs, burst forth rapturously!

The concert ended promptly at nine with the national air of Belgium. Directly after this the great bell slowly, solemnly struck the hour. Leaving the quiet garden, we walked back to the square, where all was liveliness again.

At the foot of the tower we waited for Mr. Denyn. He soon appeared at its door in happiest mood, and leaving his lantern for the watchman who spends the whole night in the tower to keep guard over the sleeping city, he joined us, giving us the friendliest of greetings in French. As he dons for his work, which is far more strenuous than is the playing of any other musical instrument, a special costume kept in the tower room, he came out looking neat and cool and ready to enjoy with his friends the remainder of the evening. Invited by him, we went to the Cheval d'Or, a little café nearby. Here we came upon a scene of much gayety, one which was in marked contrast to the quietness of the surroundings in which we spent the last hour. As we entered, many rose in honour of Mr. Denyn, and coming forward grasped his hand and expressed in Flemish their delight in his playing. He invited us



JOSEF DENYN OF MECHLIN: THE GREAT BELL-MASTER

to sit down with him, and to have coffee or beer. As we sat together, after the greetings of the crowd were over, he spoke at length and with enthusiasm of the powerful influence music had in promoting a nation's happiness. And he said that in giving these concerts, which thousands enjoy, he felt he was contributing something to the education of the people. But the time for our return to Antwerp drew near and so, with mysteriously moving thoughts of the past, awakened by his music, and with feelings of aspiration, we parted from this large-hearted, simple man, the master bell-master.

XI

When, not long after, on the ocean returning to New York, we came upon the "Impressions and Comments" of Havelock Ellis, with what sympathy and appreciation we found him saying:

> The music of César Franck always brings before me a man who is seeking peace with himself and consolation with God, at a height, above the crowd, in isolation, as it were in the uppermost turret of a church tower. It recalls the memory of the unforgettable evening when Denyn played on the carillon at Mechlin, and from the canal side I looked up at the little red casement high in the huge Cathedral tower where the great player seemed to be breathing out his soul, in solitude, among the stars. Always when I hear the music of Franck—a Fleming also, it may well be by no accident—I seem to be in contact with a sensitive and solitary spirit, absolute in self-communion, weaving the web of its own Heaven and achieving the fulfillment of its own rapture.

Widespread is the revival of interest in carillon music—a revival inspired most of all by the devotion, genius, and wonderful skill of Josef Denyn, greatest of bell-masters. Travelers from other lands return again and again to the Low Countries, attracted by picturesque scenes of market-place and busy harbour, of civic hall and church tower, of quiet canal and lush field, but only when the music of bells is heard over all does the charm become complete.

WAGNER AND THE PARIS OPÉRA:
UNPUBLISHED LETTERS (FEBRUARY—MARCH, 1861)

By J. G. PROD'HOMME

It would seem that everything had been told and retold as to the historic days of *Tannhäuser* in Paris, the events preparatory and the consequences. Writers on music, both French and foreign, have recounted to the last detail this memorable episode in the life of Wagner and the annals of the Opéra—searching the contemporary periodicals, interviewing the survivors, devoting themselves, in a word, to any inquiry which might result in setting forth the event in its true light. Nuitter himself, Wagner's collaborator, narrated some thirty years ago the history of the 164 rehearsals of *Tannhäuser* and of its three unique performances. But it appears that, wittingly or unwittingly, he omitted the principal documents—the letters of Wagner himself—in the little administrative dossier whose existence was revealed to me through the great kindness of M. A. Banès, Nuitter's successor in the administration of the Library and the Archives of the Opéra.

These documents, more than half a century old, include first of all the manuscript of the French libretto, which was submitted to the censor and viséd perfunctorily by Camille Doucet, in these terms: "Read and authorized by the Minister of State for the Imperial Theatre of the Odéon (*sic*), Paris, February 25th, 1861"; and was then transmitted to the Opéra by the commissary of police of the Faubourg Montmartre, in whose precinct the theatre of the rue Lepeletier was situated.

Letters of scene painters, stage managers, etc., accompany this libretto, as also the usual train of solicitations to assist at the rehearsals or at the first performances, signed with names both illustrious and obscure. And finally, arranged in the order of their dates for February and March, a half-dozen letters of Wagner himself—all written in French—the text of which is given below. Some of these pages, which were known only in part, or the existence of which was merely suspected, were evidently conceived and written by the composer; but others—and notably that of the 7th of March to the minister Walewski—were dictated to him by his collaborator Nuitter, among whose papers the rough draughts were found.

One of the last rehearsals, which was to be "general," like thirteen others which followed during the next three weeks, took place on Sunday, the 24th of February, in the presence of the Minister of State, Count Walewski, the Superintendent of the imperial theatres, Bacciocchi, and of a number of persons invited by the management of the Opéra, or by Wagner himself. The next day, Monday, Wagner, thoroughly dissatisfied with the director of the orchestra, Dietsch[1], addressed himself to Royer in the following terms:

Paris 25 Février 1861.

Mon cher Monsieur Royer,

je ne puis decidement consentir à ce que l'effet du zèle inouï de tant d'artistes et de chefs d'étude soit abandonné à la merci d'un chef d'orchestre incapable, en ce qui concerne mon ouvrage, de diriger l'exécution définitive.

Sans revenir sur les griefs que j'aurais à faire valoir contre le directeur de l'orchestre le quel a méconnu le caractère amical de la proposition que je lui ai faite à l'effet d'obtenir qu'il me laissât conduire moi-même une répétition; sans appuier non plus sur le résultat que j'attendais de cette répétition qui m'eût permis de lui indiquer, de lui montrer en quelque sorte toutes les nuances essentielles qu'il n'a pu saisir lui-même, je me vois obligé par le fait de cette résistance, d'augmenter la somme de mes prétentions et de vous soumettre la résolution irrévocable que j'ai prise à la suite de la répétition d'hier.

Je demande donc aujourd'hui non seulement à conduire une répétition, qui sera la dernière, mais de plus à diriger les trois premières représentations de mon ouvrage, dont je crois l'exécution impossible si vous ne trouvez les moyens de satisfaire mes légitimes exigences.

Je n'ai pas à examiner les difficultés qui peuvent s'opposer à l'application

Paris, February 25th, 1861.

My dear Monsieur Royer,

Decidedly I cannot consent that the result of the unheard-of zeal of so many artists and *chefs d'étude* should be abandoned to the mercy of a conductor incapable of directing the definitive performance of my work.

Not to recur to the grievances, of which I might, if I chose, avail myself, against the director of the orchestra, who has failed to recognize the amicable nature of the proposition that I made him, that he should permit me to conduct one of the rehearsals myself; not to dwell upon the results that I expected from this rehearsal, which would have permitted me to indicate to him, to show him in some way all the essential *nuances* which he has not been able to grasp by himself, I find myself obliged by the fact of this resistance to increase my claims and to submit to you my irrevocable resolution, taken at the close of yesterday's rehearsal.

I ask then today, not only to conduct a rehearsal which shall be the last, but in addition, to direct the first three performances of my work, the production of which I believe to be impossible unless you find the means to satisfy my legitimate demands.

It is not my part to consider the difficulties which may oppose them-

[1]Pierre Louis Philippe Dietsch (born at Dijon, March 17, 1808; died at Paris in Feb., 1865) then conductor of the orchestra of the Opéra, where he had been at first director of the chorus. Dietsch was the composer of the *Vaisseau fantôme*, (Nov. 9, 1842, in two acts. Libretto by Paul Foucher, after the poem sold by Wagner to the Opéra, for 500 francs, in 1841).

de cette mesure, mais uniquement à vous en faire comprendre le caractère de nécessité absolue.

Quoiqu'il puisse advenir, le fait même de la représentation de mon Tannhäuser à l'opéra ne saurait plus désormais en être séparé. C'est vous dire aussi, mon cher Monsieur Royer, qu'il y a urgence pour vous de prendre à votre tour un parti et de faire un dernier effort en faveur d'une tâche dans l'accomplissement de laquelle vous m'avez jusqu'ici secondé avec tant de bonne volonté.

Vous comprendrez qu'en l'état de choses la solution doit être prompte. La prolongation des répétitions, en admettant quelque heureux résultat pour le chef d'orchestre, est impossible; les artistes sont accablés; et moi-même je ne me sens plus le courage d'entreprendre l'éducation du chef autrement qu'en l'invitant a être temoin de la dernière répétition et des trois première représentations conduites par moi-même.

Agréez, mon cher Monsieur Royer, l'expression de mes sentiments affectués (*sic*) avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être

Votre
très dévoué serviteur
RICHARD WAGNER.[1]

selves to this measure, but solely to make you comprehend the absolute necessity of it.

Whatever may happen, the very fact of the representation of my *Tannhäuser* at the opéra is involved. Which is to say to you, my dear Monsieur, that there is urgent need that you, in your turn, should take part and make a last effort in favor of a task in the accomplishment of which you have hitherto seconded me with so much good-will.

You understand that in the present state of affairs the solution must be prompt. The prolonging of rehearsals, while it would permit a happier result for the conductor, is impossible; the artists are discouraged; and I myself no longer feel that I have the courage to undertake the instruction of the conductor, otherwise than by inviting him to be present at the last rehearsal and the first three performances, conducted by myself.

Accept, my dear Monsieur Royer, the expression of my affectionate regard, with which I have the honor to be

Your devoted servant
RICHARD WAGNER.[1]

Wagner obtained, naturally, no satisfaction, and one "general" rehearsal followed after the other. There were two of these, one the 28th of February and the other the 2d of March, which were to be the last: 504 persons assisted, and the artists of the three illustrated papers which were published in Paris at that time had been invited. The letters and notes which follow, written the evening before or on the morning of the very day of this rehearsal, show that Wagner was not as disinterested in this matter as he had said on February 25th:

Paris, ce 1 mars 1861.

Monsieur le Directeur,

c'est probablement par un malentendu qu'on n'a pas encore fait droit à ma demande de 100 (cent) entrées pour la répétition générale de demain.

Paris, March 1st, 1861.

Monsieur the Director,

it is probably by some misunderstanding that no response has been made to my request for 100 (one hundred) tickets for the rehearsal to-

[1]Cf. Altmann, R. Wagner's Briefe, no. 1459.

Jusqu'ici, si la salle a été trop encombrée aux dernières répétitions, ce n'est point de ma faute. Pour celle d'hier par exemple, j'ai même refusé à ma femme la faveur de m'y accompagner, pour que la répétition eût le caractère le plus intime. J'ai été fort étonné alors de voir la salle remplie(s) d'individus qui m'étaient parfaitement inconnus. Je crois être dans mon droit, en vous demandant, Monsieur, de m'envoyer au plus tôt—préalablement—*cent* parterre pour placer mes amis, que j'ai discretement renvoyés à cette répétition générale. En outre je vous prie, Monsieur, de satisfaire aux demandes des artistes étrangers pour loges et stalles à cette même répétition de demain soir.

Agréez mes civiilités empressés.

RICHARD WAGNER.[1]

morrow. If up to this time the room has been too full at the rehearsals, this was not my fault. For that of yesterday, for example, I refused even my wife the privilege of accompanying me, in order that the rehearsal might be of the most private character. I was greatly astonished, then, to see the room filled with individuals entirely unknown to me. I believe that I am entirely within my right in asking you, Monsieur, to send me as soon as possible—first—*one hundred* parterre tickets for the friends whom I have discreetly sent to this rehearsal. And in addition, I beg you, Monsieur, to satisfy the demands of foreign artists for boxes and stalls at this same rehearsal of tomorrow evening.

Accept my compliments.

RICHARD WAGNER.[1]

The composer received immediate satisfaction, and it is probably the receipt for the enclosure which was brought that very evening to his house which appears in the dossier, with his signature. Here is the text:

THEÂTRE IMPÉRIAL DE L'OPÉRA
Le 1er mars 1861.

Envoyé une lettre à M. *R. Wagner*
Rue d' Aumale 3

Partie à *10 heures* du *soir*
Reçue à *10 heures 35* du *soir.*

Richard Wagner.

IMPERIAL THEATRE OF THE OPÉRA
March 1st, 1861.

A letter sent to M. *R. Wagner*
Rue d'Aumale 3.

Sent at *10 o'clock* in the *evening.*
Received at *10.35 o'clock* in the *evening.*

Richard Wagner.

These hundred seats, however, were not sufficient for Wagner, who wrote on the following day the two letters that follow, addressed, the first probably to Royer, the second to the general secretary M. Martin, who had the task of distributing the precious tickets, the right to which was so disputed, not only by the artists, but by all Paris, which thought it had the right to assist.

Mon cher Monsieur,

comme j'ai tout le monde renvoyé pour la dernière répétition générale, je me trouve dans l'embarras de ne pas avoir

My dear Monsieur,

having sent all the world to the last general rehearsal, I find myself in the embarrassing position of not having

[1]This letter was reproduced in facsimile by M. Ad. Jullien, in his great work on Wagner.

assez même avec les cent billets, que vous étiez assez bon de m'envoyer hier soir. Il m'arrivent toujours encore des demandes, de la part de nos artistes, des ambassades; des amis oubliés—etc—de la sorte à n'y pouvoir suffir, si vous ne me donnez pas encore *Cinquante cartes.*

Je me dis cette fois, que, si même je voulais me restreindre à un nombre aussi grand, je trouverais toujours la salle pleine, et j'aurais alors seulement des reproches de tous ceux, que j'aurais eu renvoyés.—

Permettez moi ainsi de persister dans ma prière, et agréez les compliments empressés de

Votre
très dévoué serviteur
RICH. WAGNER.

Paris
2 mars 1861.

enough even with the one hundred tickets which you were good enough to send me yesterday evening. Further requests come to me constantly, from our artists, from the embassies; from friends who have been forgotten—etc.—in such number that I shall not have enough unless you give me *Fifty cards* more.

I say to myself this time, that, even if I should restrict myself to that number, I should still find the room full, and would then have only the reproaches of all those whom I would otherwise have sent.—

Permit me then to persist in my request, and accept the compliments of

Your
devoted servant
RICH. WAGNER.

Paris,
March 2d, 1861.

Monsieur Martin est prié d'agréer mes remercîments les plus empressés pour la bonté avec laquelle il a voulu repondre à ma demande.

Voudrait il bien me remettre quatre loges pour que les puisse (*sic*) mettre à la disposition des membres de plusieurs ambassades, qui s'interessent specialement à mon ouvrage.

Avec la considération la plus distinguée son

trés dévoué serviteur
RICH. WAGNER.

2 mars 1861.

I beg that Monsieur Martin will accept my most sincere thanks for the kindness with which he responded to my request.

Will he send me four boxes to put at the disposal of the members of several of the embassies, who are especially interested in my work.

With most distinguished regard his

devoted servant
RICH. WAGNER.

March 2d, 1861.

This little note, without date, is very probably of the same day:

Mon cher Monsieur

voudriez-vous avoir la bonté de m'envoyer encore *une douzaine* de cartes d'entrée pour ce soir. Je crois bien que j'ai oublié quelques amis tout intimes.

Recevez mes remerciements les plus empressés

Votre
très dévoué
RICHARD WAGNER.

My dear Monsieur

will you have the kindness to send me *a dozen* tickets more for this evening. I believe that I have forgotten several very intimate friends.

Accept my most sincere thanks,

Your
devoted
RICHARD WAGNER.

Another letter, which follows, dated the 4th of February—perhaps by inadvertence—should apparently be put a month later and thus brought nearer to the preceding. For, at the beginning of February, although *Tannhäuser* had been talked of for months, the date of first performance does not seem to have been settled, since the general rehearsal, announced at first for Sunday, the 24th of February, had been constantly put off. It is very probable that Wagner by distraction antedated, as one often does at the beginning of a month, this letter, whose contents, however, are equally interesting whatever the date. It relates to Giacomelli, then editor of the *Gazette des Théâtres*, and one of the earliest partisans of Wagnerism in France.

Paris 4 Février 61.

Mon cher Monsieur

on s'adresse de toutes parts a moi pour avoir des places pour les premières représentations du *Tannhäuser*. Comme ces demandes m'arrivent par des amis de toutes (*sic*) pays, et dont la pluspart (*sic*) fait pour cela des grands voyages de l'Allemagne, de la Suisse, etc, je me sens fortement obligé de leurs assurer des places; au lieu de laisser toutes celles-ci dans les mains de speculateurs, qui les vendent peut-être à mes pires ennemis. Mais, avec mes autres occupations de cette période si accablante pour moi, il m'est impossible, de m'occuper spécialement avec les arrangements dans le placement de mes amis.

Je prends donc le parti de confier a Mr. Giacomelli, qui m'a déjà assister (*sic*) autre fois à mon entier contentement, et qui vous remettra cette lettre la direction absolue de toutes ces affaires. Vous voudrez donc bien le reconnaître comme mon fondé de pouvoir, soit pour retirer du bureau en mon nom mes billets d'auteur, des six premières représentations, soit pour user de mon privilège pour prendre à l'avance à la location toutes les places, loges ou stalles, dont je pourrais avoir besoin.—

Je profite de cette occasion pour vous remercier de grand coeur pour tout l'interet que vous prenez à l'avene-

Paris, February 4th 61.

My dear Monsieur,

I am addressed from all sides by persons desiring places for the first performances of *Tannhäuser*. As these requests come to me from friends in all countries, the majority of whom make for this purpose long journeys from Germany, Switzerland, etc., I feel myself obliged to assure them of places; instead of leaving all these in the hands of speculators who will sell them perhaps to my worst enemies. But, with the other occupations of this period, so overwhelming for me, it is impossible to occupy myself especially with the arrangements for the placing of my friends.

Thus I take the course of confiding to M. Giacomelli, who has assisted me in former times to my entire satisfaction and who will deliver to you this letter, the absolute direction of all these matters. You will kindly recognize him as my agent, empowered to receive from the bureau in my name the complimentary author's tickets for the first six performances and to make use of my privilege of taking in advance of the general sale all the seats, boxes or stalls of which I might have need.

I avail myself of this occasion to thank you with all my heart for the interest which you have taken in the

ment de mon ouvrage, et vous assurer la plus grande reconnaisance pour tous vos soins amicaux par lesquels vous allez si fortement m'obliger.

Avec la plus grande considération je suis

Votre
très-dévoué
RICHARD WAGNER.

3 rue d' Aumale.

advancement of my work, and to assure you of my great appreciation of all the friendly services by which you have put me under such great obligation.

With greatest esteem, I am

Your
very-devoted
RICHARD WAGNER.

3 rue d'Aumale.

In the meantime, with the tenacity which characterized him, Wagner, being determined to obtain what he had asked in vain of Royer, resolved to address himself to the minister, Count Walewski, himself. He requested a number of his friends to meet at his house, probably on Monday the 4th of March; among them was Royer, who received the following note:

Mon cher ami,

Vous êtes chaudement prié d'assister demain, *lundi*, à *Midi* et *demie* (*sic*) précise, à une petite conférence des amis que j'ai convoqué (*sic*) pour discuter froidement des mesures nécessaires à prendre de ma part.

Je compte sur vous et votre conseil amical.

Tout à vous
RICHARD WAGNER.

Dimanche soir.

My dear friend,

You are cordially invited to assist tomorrow, *Monday* at *half past twelve* precisely, at a little conference of friends whom I have summoned in order to discuss in cold blood the measures that it will be necessary for me to take.

I count upon your friendly counsel.

Yours
RICHARD WAGNER.

Sunday evening.

The conference, of which Wagner speaks in "My Life," took place on the day appointed: one notes among those present, Count Hatzfeld, the ambassador, Emile Erlanger, Otto Wesendonck, who was *de passage* in Paris, the Englishman Praeger, Royer (perhaps?), Kietz, the painter-designer, friend of the years of misery in Paris. "The result of this conference," says Wagner, "was that I was to address myself to the Emperor Napoleon, who responded with his usual kindness, that I might have further rehearsals." Nuitter, the faithful collaborator of Wagner, presumably served as secretary at this conference, at the close of which he wrote out for his friend the letter to Count Walewski of which the rough draught is preserved in the Archives of the Opéra. Nothing could better depict Wagner's state of mind at this time.

We know by Count Walewski's reply that this request should be dated the 7th of March.

[7 mars 1861.]

M. le Comte

Un ordre de Sa Majesté a (ouvert)[1] fait admettre le Tannhäuser sur la scène de l'Opera. (Je n'ai pas besoin d'insister auprès de V. E. J'en conserve au fond du coeur la plus vive gratitude que puisse). Je n'ai pas besoin d'insister auprès de Votre Ex. sur la profonde gratitude que j'en conserverai eternellement. Mais je dois dire combien j'ai été touché du zèle et du talent avec lequel l'administration les chefs de service, les artistes m'ont sans cesse secondé. J'ai été persuadé jusqu'au dernier moment que la represéntation serait completement digne de la haute faveur (que) dont j'avais été honoré par sa M. [Majesté]. Maintenant il reste un seul point sur lequel je crois devoir appeler l'attention de V. E. C'est la direction de l'orchestre.

Quand M. Royer me (parla) demanda la première fois (de la possi) si je consentirais a conduire (pendant) quelques representations je refusai cet honneur. Il (Je ne pouvais) semblait plus naturel, dans l'interet même de mon ouvrage, (de donner un) d'initier un chef d'orchestre a toutes mes intentions et d'assurer par la une bonne execution, sans et dehors de ma presence.

Dans ce but je n'ai rien negligé, je n'ai omis aucune explication et malgré cela je suis arrivé à me convaincre et j'offre de prouver devant une commission d'artistes, que le chef d'orchestre qui doit conduire mon ouvrage n'a pas encore l'expérience nécessaire pour cette tache difficile (qu'on ne saurait apprendre en quelques mois). Depuis que (j'ai cessé) je lui ai retiré mon assistance immediate et

[March 7th, 1861.]

M. le Comte

An order of His Majesty has (opened)[1] admitted Tannhäuser to the stage of the Opéra. (I need not be insistent with y[our] E[xcellency] I cherish in the depths of my heart the most lively gratitude possible) I need not with Your Excellency dwell upon the profound gratitude which I shall cherish eternally. But I feel that I ought to say how much I have been touched by the zeal and the ability with which the administration, the chiefs of the service, the artists, have seconded me, without ceasing. I was persuaded until the last moment that the performance would be entirely worthy of the distinguished favor (which) with which I had been honored by his M. [Majesty]. But there remains a single point to which I believe that I ought to call the attention of y[our] E[xcellency] This is the direction of the orchestra.

When M. Royer (spoke to) asked me the first time (as to the possi) if I would consent to conduct (during) some of the performances I refused the honor. It (I could not) seemed more natural, to the interest indeed of my work, (to give a) to initiate an orchestral conductor into all my plans and thus to insure a good rendering, without or aside from my presence.

To this end I have neglected nothing, I have omitted no explanation, and in spite of that I have become convinced and I offer to prove before a commission of artists that the orchestral director who is to conduct my work has not as yet the experience necessary for this difficult task (which one could not acquire in a few months). Since (I

[1]The words in parentheses have been struck out entirely by Nuitter and replaced by the definitive text that follows them. The words which are illegible are indicated by (?).

que j'ai quitté la scène pour me placer dans la salle j'ai pu constater a chaque instant l'incapacité, le manque de mémoire, l'impuissance à maintenir les mouvements indiqués. Mes chanteurs sont abandonnés, ils ne se sentent pas soutenus. Dans ces conditions leffet de la représentation sera mediocre et tres loin de repondre aux moyens employés. C'est là un danger immens pour un ouvrage qui ne fait aucune concession au gout ordinaire et qui ne peut être imposé que par une execution parfaite et telle que je puisse l'obtenir si jetais à la tête (de l') d'un orchestre aussi justement renommé.

(Cette faveur que j'avais refusée) Cette faveur est considérée partout comme un droit du compositeur. (Loin de croire) je l'avais refusée quand on me l'offrait jetais donc bien loin de croire qu'elle put m'être contestée au dernier moment quand les (leurent rendue) faits la rendaient necessaire. Aussi je me (?) à l'idée d'en faire lobjet d'un (?) quelconque

Maintenant (cependant) pourtant je me trouve (dans l'impossibilité d') impuissant à obtenir cette (faveur) concession de M. Dietsch.

Je suis le premier à reconnaître la grande difficulté que presente pour votre excellence la solution de cette affaire. Si (jetais dans) je me trouvais dans la situation ordinaire dun auteur vis à vis d'un Théâtre je retirerais mon ouvrage. Mais (?) senti (?) (il ne m'est pas) m'est tout à fait impossible de repondre par un tel procédé à la haute faveur dont j'ai été l'objet.

(Cette) Et cependant je me trouve amené ainsi a la veille d'une représentation dont lissue me parait douteuse. Je crois donc que le seul parti qui me reste (a prendre desormais) est de m'abstenir desormais de prendre aucune part à une affaire dont la conduite n'est plus dans mes mains. (En me retirant j'ai cru devoir protester devant votre Exc. contre l'execution qui va) Et puisqu'il s'agit en somme d'un

have ceased) I have withdrawn from him my immediate assistance and have left the stage to place myself in the hall I have been able at every moment to establish the fact of his incapacity, his lack of memory, his lack of power to maintain the tempos indicated. My singers are abandoned, they do not feel themselves supported. Under these conditions the effect of the performance will be mediocre and very far from corresponding to the means employed. There is in all this great danger for a work which makes no concessions to the ordinary taste, and which cannot be forced upon the public except by a perfect rendering such as I could obtain if I were at the head (of the) of an orchestra so justly renowned.

(This favor which I had refused). This favor is everywhere considered as a right of the composer. (Far from thinking) I refused it when it was offered to me, little thinking that it could be denied me at the last moment when the facts should render it necessary. Thus I (?) the idea of making it the object of a (?) whatever

Now (nevertheless) however I find myself (in the impossibility of) powerless to obtain this (favor) concession from M. Dietsch.

I am the first to recognize the great difficulty which the solution of this matter presents for your excellency. If (I were in) I found myself in the ordinary relation of an author to a Theatre I would withdraw my work. But (?) felt (?) (it is not) it is quite impossible for me to respond by such a proceeding to the distinguished favor of which I have been the object.

(This) And meanwhile I find myself on the eve of a performance whose issue seems to me doubtful. I believe that the only course that remains for me (to take henceforth) is to abstain henceforth from taking any part in an affair the conduct of which is no longer in my hands. (In withdrawing I have thought that I should protest to your

ouvrage qui est le mien en me retirant j'ai cru devoir protester devant vot. Exc. (contre son execution qu'il va recevoir) et me reserver le droit de protester du moins vis-a-vis du public.

Exc[ellency] against the performance which is going) And since, after all, it is a question of a work which is my own, in withdrawing I have thought that I ought to protest to your Exc[ellency] (against the rendering which it is about to receive) and reserve to myself the right to protest, at least before the public.

Count Walewski responded the following day, March 8th, that he was "happy to have to confirm the eulogies" which Wagner had written of the singers and the orchestra, but at the same time refused the favor asked, as Royer had done. "Never in France, whether in the case of the works of our own composers or of those of foreign masters, such as Rossini and Meyerbeer," adds the minister with perhaps some irony, "has the director of the orchestra been deprived of his right to remain at the head of his phalanx of performers. Moreover: according to our ideas and our French customs, the director who should yield to another his place during these important and decisive days would be considered as deserting his duty and would lose for the future all the prestige of his authority."[1]

Wagner considered the matter at an end and ceased from that time to interest himself in the fate of his work, which was produced, as we know, on Wednesday, the 13th of March.

It was probably at this time that he addressed to Royer, director of the Opéra, the letter (undated, unsigned and incomplete) of which we give the hitherto unpublished text:

Monsieur le Directeur,

Vous me demandez de nouvelles coupures dans mon Tannhäuser pour reduire la durée de mon ouvrage au temps necessaire qui puisse vous permettre de faire suivre la représentation de mon opéra par un divertissement de danse, et c'est au moyen de ce sacrifice que vous croyez arriver à contenter une partie puissante de vos abonnés,

Monsieur the Director,

You ask me to make further cuts in my Tannhäuser in order to reduce the duration of the work sufficiently to enable you to follow the performance of my opera with a ballet, and it is by means of this sacrifice that you hope to satisfy an influential part of your subscribers, who (now oppose the success of my work)[2] regarding themselves

[1]The question of *Composers as conductors* set forth and defended vigorously by Gounod after his return from England (in the Ménestrel of the 9th of June, 1873) provoked at the time a lively polemic. Two years later, the 30th of May, 1875, at a gala concert given at the new Opéra, Gounod found himself refused the direction, which caused some difficulty. But he did not consider himself beaten, being quite determined to conquer the "routine" and the "prejudices." The Opéra-Comique offered him, on the 3d of May, 1877, the direction of his *Cinq-Mars*, and the Opéra did the same finally, the first of April, 1881, on the occasion of the production of his *Tribut de Zamora*, twenty years after the Wagner incident.

[2]The words in parenthesis are canceled in the original.

qui s (oppose maintenant au succès de mon ouvrage) se trouvant trompés par l'absence d'un ballet régulier au milieu de la représentation s'oppose au succès de mon ouvrage.

S'il s'agissait pour moi du début d'un tout nouvel ouvrage, je crois avoir préféré de retirer une partition toute entière pour la préserver d'une mutilation principielle, en me rappelant les mots de Schiller: "Si l'art a été abaissé, (c'était touj) ce n'était que par les artistes eux-mêmes!" Mais il me semble cette fois de n'être dans le cas de m'identifier moi-même, mes idées et mes tendances, avec cet (te) ouvrage du Tannhäuser, qui, depuis qu'il est connu par toute l'Europe musicienne, appartient plus au monde qu'à moi-même, et pour l'appréciation (de la) duquel le sort qui lui est réservé, (par lobservance) en conformation aux usages du grand Opéra de Paris, ne peut (rien plu) plus changé en rien d'essentiel. Ainsi, depuis bien (des) d'années j'étais comme mort pour cet ouvrage, qui a été donné partout sans mon assistance, de la sorte à me faire perdre presque tout sentiment d'une cohérence vivante entre moi et mon oeuvre. C'était donc une sorte de hazard qui m'a (fait rencontrer) mis encore une fois dans un (rapp) contact (rapport) immédiat(e) et acti(ve)f avec cet ouvrage par (son) sa transplantation sur le premier théâtre de Paris cette honneur qu'il devait à sa renommée (gagn) acquise d'ailleurs.

J'ai profité des excellentes dispositions que j'ai trouvées à cet égard, pour contribuer de ma part si bien que possible à la réussité de l'opération, et j'ai joui de la grande satisfaction de voir mon oeuvre parfaitement bien rendu par les artistes, et chaudement accueilli par le public, qui, malgré des efforts d'une opposition (bien articulé) acharnée, a couvert bien de fois ma musique de (applaudissements) unanimes. Complétement satisfait par ses expériances (*sic*) incontestables, je crois

as defrauded by the absence of a regular ballet in the middle of the performance, oppose themselves to the success of my work.

If it had been for me a question of the début of an entirely new work, I believe that I should have preferred to withdraw the whole score to preserve it from serious mutilation, recalling to myself the words of Schiller: "If art has been degraded, (it was alw) it was but by the artists themselves." But it seems to me this time not to be an occasion for identifying myself, my ideas and my tendencies with this work Tannhäusr, which, since it has beome known to all of musical Europe, belongs more to the world than to myself, and the appreciation (of it) which fate has reserved for it, can (nothing more) no longer be influenced materially (by the observance) by altering the work so that it shall conform to the usages of the grand Opéra of Paris. Indeed, for several years I have been as if dead to this opera, which has been given everywhere without my assistance, in such a manner as to make me lose all feeling of a living connection between me and my work. It was then, in a way, chance which brought me once more into immediate and active (relat) contact (relation) with this work by its transplantation to the first theatre of Paris, an honor which it owes to the renown (gain) acquired elsewhere.

I have profited by the excellent arrangements that I have found in regard to this matter, to contribute on my part as much as possible to the success of the undertaking, and I have enjoyed great satisfaction in seeing my work perfectly rendered by artists, and warmly received by the public, which, despite the efforts of a bitter opposition (clearly expressed), has many times covered my music with unanimous (applause). Completely satisfied by these incontestable experiences, I believe that I may now

(me) pouvoir me retirer maintenant, de la surveillance du sort futur de mon ouvrage, et laisser le soin de (conf) le conformer aux usages dominantes de votre théâtre, à ceux, qui jusque-là sont si bien entrés dans mes vues personnelles quant à l'esprit de l'exécution. Comme il s'agit de conserver un ouvrage pour satisfaire (tous ceux) les desirs de ceux, (qui ont si chaudement accuei auxquels il a pu faire du plaisir) qui en ont pris un interêt bien ouvertement prononcé, je vous autorise de faire tout ce qui vous semblera utile pour contenter ceux qui n'ont pu trouver tout ce qui leur fait plaisir d'ordinaire. Pour cela vous me regarderez comme si j'étais mort et hors d'état de m'occuper moi-même des (mon oeuvre) exécution de mon oeuvre, ainsi comme je suis (mort), dans le même sens, mort pour ce Tannhäuser en tout ce qui concerne ces représentations sur d'autres théâtres.

withdraw from the superintendence of the future fate of my work, and leave the care of (conf) making it conform to the prevailing usages of your theatre, to those who up to this time have entered so thoroughly into my personal views as to the spirit of the rendition. As it is a question of preserving a work to satisfy (all those) the desire of those (who have so warmly receiv to whom it has been able to give pleasure) who have taken a quite openly pronounced interest in it, I authorize you to do all that seems to you of use in contenting those who have not been able to find in it all that gives them pleasure ordinarily. For this you may regard me as if I were dead and so unable to occupy myself with (my work) the production of my work, as I am (dead), in the same sense, dead to this Tannhäuser in all that relates to these performances in other theatres.

The two pages of this letter, or rather of this incomplete draught, stop, unfortunately, with these words. It is probable that Royer had knowledge of it so far as it goes. A little note, already known in substance, dating without doubt from the 25th of March, and not signed, confirms the contents of it in these terms:

Puisque des membres du Jockey Clubb (*sic*) ne veulent pas permettre que le public de Paris puisse entendre mon opéra exécuté sur la scène de l'Académie Impériale de musique faute de ne voir dansé (*sic*) un ballet à l'heure ordinaire de leur entrée au théâtre, je retire ma partition et je vous prie de vouloir bien comuniquer à Son Excellence le Ministre d'Etat ma résolution par laquelle je crois le tirer d'un anbarras (*sic*) important.

Since the members of the Jockey Clubb (*sic*) do not wish to permit the public of Paris to hear my work performed on the stage of the Imperial Academy of music because of not seeing a ballet at the usual hour of their entrance into the theatre, I withdraw my score and I beg you to consent to communicate to His Excellency the Minister of State my resolution, by which I believe that I relieve him of a serious embarrassment.

A letter more official in style, with the same address, confirms this note, and the 9th of April following, Wagner reconsidering his intention of being regarded "as if he were dead," protested once more against the announced fourth performance of *Tann-*

häuser, which had been demanded by the Friday subscribers. His letter and the reply given by Count Walewski, on the 14th, are well known.[1] The minister having examined "very seriously the question raised by MM. the subscribers for Friday," it appears to him finally "that this fourth performance presents more inconveniences than advantages" and he definitely abandons the thought of it.

*
* *

The incidents that attended the three unique performances of *Tannhäuser* in the theatre of the rue Lepeletier are well known and have been narrated with the greatest luxury of detail by the erudite Georges Servières. But that which the administrative dossier of the Archives of the Opéra reveals to us is the curiosity of the public and of the artists, which expressed itself in a multitude of letters or of notes of solicitants desirous of assisting at this great *première* or even at the rehearsals, of which all Paris was talking.

One of the most curious of these is the following, signed by Emile Ollivier, Liszt's son-in-law, whose wife Blandine was the sister of Cosima who in 1870 became Mme. Richard Wagner. The future minister of the "Liberal empire," Emile Ollivier, who died last year, was then only a lawyer, although a very renowned one, at the bar of Paris. In this capacity he had occasion to defend Wagner in the different lawsuits caused by *Tannhäuser*, and above all in the disputes between the different translators and librettists.

A recent work and a most curious, *Richard Wagner und die Frauen*, by Julius Kapp, shows us that, through the recommendation of his friend Liszt, Wagner had already formed close relations with Blandine and her husband during his sojourn in Paris, in January, 1858: "... The friendship of Wagner with the young couple had become very close when Wagner was installed in Paris; and the attachment of the master for Blandine in particular had taken such a form as to arouse the jealousy of Minna Wagner. With the exception of a passing disagreement, resulting from the discontent of Blandine, to whom her good friend had been able to give only orchestra seats in place of the desired box for the first performance of *Tannhäuser*, the relations of

[1]See more especially G. Servières, *Tannhäuser à l'Opéra en 1861*, p. 108.

Wagner with all of Liszt's family preserved to the end their character of intimacy; and it was to Blandine that Wagner, upon quitting Paris definitely, gave, as a dear and precious relic, his work-table, in response to the desire that she had shown for it.[1]

The letter given below, written by Ollivier to Nuitter and preserved in the dossier of the Opéra, alludes in terms sufficiently lively to this little incident:

Mon cher ami,

Vous m'avez fait perdre une illusion: j'aurais joué ma tête sur votre exactitude. Il y (a) eu une répétition Dimanche[2] et vous ne m'en avez rien écrit; malgré notre accord. Il paraît que Wagner ne tenait pas à ce que j'y fusse, puisqu'il a repondu à mon commissionnaire que je lui ai envoyé, qu'il n'y en avait pas; et il y en a eu une puisque Ferry y a assisté.

En résumé, je ne vous trouve aimables ni l'un ni l'autre. Pour moi, cela m'est égal, et je me resigne parfaitement à ne pas entendre ni les répétitions ni la représentation de T. Mais je suis étonné qu'on ait si peu d'égards pour ma femme, qui se ferait un plaisir très grand de conduire qulqu'un avec elle.

Si à sa considération, Wagner ou vous, pouvez trouver le temps de l'avertir de la prochaine répétition, vous l'obligerez.

A vous

EMILE OLLIVIER.

Lundi (?) [27 février ?]

My dear friend,

You have made me lose an illusion: I would have staked my head upon your punctuality. There was a rehearsal Sunday[2] and you wrote me nothing of it, despite our agreement. It appears that Wagner was not anxious to have me present, since he replied to the messenger I sent him that there was none; but there was one, for Ferry assisted at it.

In fine, I do not find you amiable, neither the one nor the other of you. For me it is a matter of indifference, and I resign myself perfectly to hearing neither the rehearsals nor the performance of T. But I am surprised that so little regard is shown my wife, to whom it would be a great pleasure to take some one with her.

If, out of consideration for her, you or Wagner can find time to notify her of the next rehearsal, you will oblige

Yours

EMILE OLLIVIER.

Monday (?) [February 27th ?]

*

* *

The events which follow are known to all and it is not necessary to recall them. But among the papers included in the dossier of *Tannhäuser* in the Archives of the Opéra, there are

[1]This table is now a part of the estate of Emile Ollivier, at Saint-Tropez.

[2]February 26th, probably.

still some items of interest to be gleaned. There is first, in Nuitter's beautiful hand, the title as it was composed originally:

TANNHÄUSER	TANNHÄUSER
et	and
le Combat des (Maîtres)[1] Chevaliers Chanteurs sur le Wartbourg	the Combat of the (Master)[1] Knight Singers upon the Wartburg
Opéra romantique en 3 actes	Romantic opera in 3 acts
de	by
RICHARD WAGNER (etc.)	RICHARD WAGNER (etc.)

There is also a proof-sheet with the title of the libretto, printed in all probability toward the end of February or the beginning of March, 1861, when the date of the performance had not been fixed (this sheet bears indeed the words: "represented at Paris the 00 March, 1861"). By the side of Nuitter's name figures that of E. Roche, who is known to have been from the outset one of the collaborators of the composer.

Finally—and this proves that the curiosity awakened by the performances of Wagner's work in Paris had not yet died out at the end of the year—there is a letter from the publisher Flaxland to Nuitter, of which here is an interesting fragment:

Mon cher Monsieur	My dear Monsieur
Vous avez eu l'obligeance de me promettre les paroles françaises de la scène et de la Romance de Wolfram[2] et de la prière d'Elisabeth. S'il y avait moyen de les avoir je vous serais vraiment reconnaissant. Il y a un excellent baryton qui voudrait chanter les deux morceaux de Wolfram et il vient tous les jours me rappeler la promesse que je lui ai faite de les lui donner en français.	You were so obliging as to promise me French words for the scene and Romance of Wolfram[2] and the prayer of Elisabeth. If there are any means by which I can have them I shall be truly grateful to you. There is an excellent baritone who wishes to sing the two pieces for Wolfram, and he comes every day to remind me of the promise I made to give him them in French.
Avez-vous pu vous entendre avec Mr. Wagner pour un second couplet de la Romance de l'Etoile du Soir...?	Have you been able to arrange with Mr. Wagner for a second couplet to the Romance of the Evening Star...?
G. FLAXLAND.	G. FLAXLAND.
20 x^{bre} (décembre 1861).	20 x^{ber} (December, 1861)

During the last part of the year 1861 and the January following Wagner lived in Paris, almost unknown, seeing only a

[1]The word Master has been canceled.

[2]"O, du mein holder Abenstern..."

few friends, among whom were Ollivier and Nuitter. The latter, whose fertile pen has written, in whole or in part, not less than *five hundred* dramatic works, granted Flaxland's desire immediately. It remains to be seen whether this was by arrangement with Wagner. The twelfth volume of the *Collected Works* does not acquaint us with a second couplet to the *Romance of the Star*, although it gives us a second strophe to the Grail recital in Lohengrin. It would be interesting to recover this little musical manuscript, if indeed it ever existed.

However that may be, here is the text, according to the French manuscript written in Nuitter's hand, of the two "couplets" of the celebrated *Romance:*

L'ÉTOILE DU SOIR

I.

O douce étoile, feu du soir,
Toi que j'aimai toujours revoir,
Dis-lui de grâce
Adieu pour moi
Quand elle passe
Auprès de toi.
Quand vers les sphères éternelles.
Un ange saint étend ses ailes:

II.

Astre si pur, rayon d'espoir,
Viens nous guider dans le devoir;
Bannis le doute
Et montre aux yeux
La sainte route
Qui mène aux cieux
Quand vers les sphères éternelles
Notre âme heureuse étend ses ailes.

This little poetical supplement, was it really utilized by the artist for whom the publisher Flaxland intended it? We cannot say: nor whether it was issued by this same publisher.

In any case, it is a slight proof that the failure of *Tannhäuser* had not been absolute, since there had been preserved, together with the celebrated march, this *Romance of the Star*, which formed the delight of the drawing-rooms, with the same right as the numerous platitudes in vogue in the last years of the Second Empire.

(Translated by Julia Gregory)

SOME THOUGHTS CONCERNING FOLK-SONG AND NATIONALITY

By SIR CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD

IN the course of a short visit which I paid some eight years ago to the town of my student days, Leipzig, I came upon many features of the change that had come over it and its ways, customs, and aspirations in three decades. In the early seventies it still preserved in some measure what I may call the Sebastian Bach flavour. The same striving and working for artistic and scientific progress of which he was the great prototype; the same enthusiasts, and also the same stodgy Philistines as those on the Town Council of his day, who so worried and underestimated him. Bach, the child of the Thuringian country-side, was no doubt a thorn in the side of Saxon officialdom, and did not mind how much the thorn pricked; but he set the ball of the highest music rolling, and in the last century it was rolling still. Smaller men had at intervals given it a new impetus, which after the war of 1870-1 began gradually but visibly to slacken. Prussian influence began to do its insidious work of centralizing and laying hands upon every interest; turning a valuable number of smaller capitals into quasi-provincial towns, and checking initiative everywhere. The poison was slow but worked with a deadly certainty. The spirit of the "nouveau riche," which entered the newly constituted German Empire with the French milliards, began to affect even the aspect of the towns themselves. Quiet little philosophical and poetical nooks like Weimar became literally cities of the dead: the houses of great men of the past mummified into show-museums, and no great men of the present to provide them with new life. Nürnberg in 1876 was still redolent of the middle ages, their religious and sectarian battles, their simplicity and artistic ideals. In less than ten years afterwards some of its most interesting relics had gone; if subsequent years have seen the destruction which was wrought in a decade continued at the same pace, it will soon have no history written on its walls.

A similar fate had befallen Leipzig when I revisited it in 1906. The authorities had spared none of the old and venerated haunts. The Thomas-Schule was razed to the ground; there was nothing to

show the young citizen that the home of Bach ever stood there. It was not beautiful, save for its old-world flavour, but it had as much picturesqueness as the old many-storied houses in Edinburgh. The church next door, a ramshackle edifice, full of old ghostly galleries, and many-shaped pews, was unrecognizable; restored, as vandals misterm it, in the most spick and span style of bad Gothic. The Johannis-Kirche, where Bach lies buried, was similarly hacked and hewed into up-to-date smug propriety. The Pleissenburg, a most interesting specimen of a triangular fortress, with glacis, moat, and citadel intact and even habitable, was swept away to make room for ugly barracks and mock-Parisian flats. The Gewandhaus, with its concert-room full of associations with the names and works of great players and composers of the past, and its annex in which was the Conservatoire which had trained so many of the present, had shared its fate. The Brühl, a street redolent of Limburg cheeses, and as full of gabardined Hebrews as the Ghetto of olden times, still stood, but with the exception of the one house which it contained of historical interest. That was picked out for destruction and the birth-place of Richard Wagner is no more. For long the central feature of the town, the old Rathhaus in the market-place, was spared, but I hear just lately that the axes and hammers are doing their fell work upon its picturesque fabric. To ask for Auerbach's Keller, one of the first questions of any stranger who knows his Goethe, is to court a blank denial of its existence. The quaint old underground room, with its rough frescoes of Faust and its villainous food, is a thing of the past. Very soon the only venerable relics of the town will be the booths of the merchants at the fair.

The first day of my visit was one of sad bewilderment; of disappointment when the search for some old friendly haunt was fruitless, of astonishment at the ruthless treatment of a venerable town. In the evening I chanced upon an inhabitant, a man of striking personality, a poet, an architect and a music-lover with an interest for the art which had sound knowledge and judgment to back it: of a type not unlike W. E. Henley, forceful to the point of roughness, but full of an ebullient humour which took the edge off any tendency to brutality. I had not talked with him for five minutes before he took fire at my strictures upon the vandalisms wrought by the town authorities, and embarked on a most interesting discussion of the tendency and methods of modern Germany, and the phase through which it was passing. He took toll of long-past history, and traced its effects upon the art of his country. He explained how Martin Luther had affected the whole

trend of culture, and had directed all the forces of artistic aspiration into one channel, music; thereby ensuring the ascendancy of the art in Germany for a doubly long period of time. The only art mentioned in the great Reformer's rhyming tag was music:

> Wer liebt nicht Wein, Weib und Gesang,
> Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang.

On painting he turned his back, discouraging it so effectively that the German school so nobly pioneered by Dürer and Cranach speedily lost all hold, and lapsed into bad mediocrity. With architecture he had as little sympathy, and any continuity of development became impossible. My friend instanced the grotesque barbarism of the Zwinger at Dresden as a result of this stagnation in design in a town otherwise remarkable for artistic aspiration: and later in his disquisitions he drew an interesting parallel between this building and some later musical developments, which I will refer to in its proper place.

He laid stress on the historical position of music in the various countries of Europe from the 15th century on, pointing out the fact that each nation had in turn enjoyed a period of commanding superiority, the Netherlands, the Italians, the English, and after them the Germans; the periods of the first three named being about equal, but the Germans, thanks to Luther, having reigned for double the time allotted to the others. The English period was, in his opinion, cut short by the influence of the Puritans, who discouraged music as much as Luther encouraged it, but who, by abstaining from interference with painting, enabled the art to go on its way developing up to this day. That the music-spirit was not wholly crushed was evident by the rise of Purcell after the Restoration, but its efforts for national revival were cut short by the invasion of the great personality of George Frederic Handel, one of the first great figures of the German supremacy. Unlike the Netherland and Italian schools, the English school did not die of senile decay. It was left only in a state of suspended animation, just after its most brilliant figure, Henry Purcell, had completed his short career. That it would come again into its kingdom, my friend looked upon as certain.

The German period, and he frankly volunteered the admission, ended its prosperity and usefulness with its highest development of opera in Wagner and the climax of symphonic and absolute music in Brahms. It then exhausted itself and had nothing more to say. The nation must be content, he said, to go to sleep and to wait for its next resurrection of energy, which would come when it

had once more absorbed a good and persistent diet of the folk-song which was its backbone. He then applied the architectural vagaries of the Zwinger to show how the signs of tiredness affected both arts in a similar way. The proof of approaching decay was the gradual exaltation of detail over design. The carving of the capitals might be all that could be desired, but if it distracted the eye from the general grouping, the artistic value was *nil*. The next step would be the use of detail, and of all the embellishments and meretriciousness of which it is capable, to conceal the inherent poverty in a design: the obliteration of big lines, of simple grandeur, and of perfect proportions. The Parthenon did not need other than plain Doric columns. As the decadence of Greek architecture showed itself as soon as ornate decoration began to get the upper hand, so was the art of Bach and of Beethoven showing in its latest German forms, as exemplified now particularly by Richard Strauss, a similar down-hill tendency. The big line, melody, most important of all, was becoming a consideration quite secondary to the setting in which it was placed: as a natural consequence, its continuity and swing were gone; little snaps of theme taking the place of extended phrase, and even these lost in the welter of orchestral colour and the sonority, not to say noise, produced by modern musical machinery. In other modern German composers, who in style and expression are totally different from Strauss, such as Max Reger, there is precisely the same overinsistence upon elaboration of details at the expense of invention. He traced, and I think with a truth which must be becoming apparent to all who hear, mark and study, how the successive works of Strauss showed more and more the subordination of invention to craftsmanship. The power of writing a theme of value, such as was shown in 'Don Juan,' and so promisingly as to lead one to hope that it was a beginning of great things, disappeared more and more as his later works came to the birth: and one of the most heralded of them, 'Heldenleben', exists admittedly on themes which he wrote in earlier days. When an animal takes to the habit of devouring its own progeny, there is but little chance of the survival of the race. The hope for Germany, he said, was that she should be content to go to rest and to wake up with a simple mind. She ought not to complain, having had a double portion of the usual period of supremacy allotted to any nation.

From Germany he turned to the question of the nations which were most likely to get their turn. His anticipation was that there were two, Russia and Great Britain: or to put it more broadly, the Slavonic and the Anglo-Saxon-Keltic races. His

opinion on this point, curiously enough, coincided with that of Brahms expressed some ten years before, but of which, until I told him of it, he was ignorant. Speaking to an intimate friend of his and mine, not long before his death, Brahms was lamenting the musical prospects of his own country. He looked round and saw nothing. The schools of composition were so hidebound that they were turning out two classes of as widely different characteristics as Conservatives and Anarchists; both coming from the same primary cause, red-tape teaching. Those who succumbed becoming Philistines, those who kicked against the pricks becoming Revolutionaries. Between them both healthy progress was being hopelessly manacled. "Over there," he said, pointing towards England, "things are different. Something will come out of that country. And over there," pointing towards Russia, "there is great movement." Brahms fixed his judgment upon the results of a broad-minded system of education. Therein he was partially right, but the basic condition was to my mind more convincingly brought out by my Leipzig friend. Brahms could scarcely, as a worker immersed in his own creation, imagine that after him German music would be tired out. He was all his life occupied in keeping it alive and in prime condition. Only the intelligent onlooker could see that he was the last rose of a long summer. The rose-tree is not dead, far from it, but it is hibernating and must be patient in the process. Plenty of winter and spring weeds will spring up in the meantime: but it need not hurry, and a premature effort to put forth leaves or buds might be nipped by a cold blast.

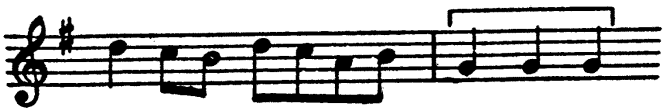
The case of France is a very peculiar one. She possesses no commanding peaks, and no deep valleys. From the days of Rameau and Couperin she has consistently preserved an even tenour of uniform refinement and delicate touch. She has never produced giants of the calibre of Palestrina, Bach or Beethoven: neither has she ever indulged in or permitted lapses into unredeemed vulgarity. Such examples of coarseness as are to be found are not labelled with French names: they are the work of imported aliens. Her influence upon them was so strong as to put a veneer of finesse over their banalities. It is not in her sunny nature to be musically deep; but she is brilliant and inventive to the last degree. When a Frenchman tries to be big, as Berlioz undoubtedly did, the very brilliancy and inventiveness of his nature is apt to blind him to the power of simple beauty. Berlioz' dramatic gifts militated against his spontaneity of utterance, and he aimed so much at effectiveness in performance as to lose sight of the deeper

results of natural and uncalculated expression. In the Frenchman, as in the modern Italian, the footlights are the influence which overrides all other considerations: and *au fond* the theatre plays a large part in the output: in Italy an overwhelming part. Modern France is showing signs of shaking herself free of the stage, but it may take some generations to build up a school of absolute music such as was soundly laid in Germany by Emmanuel Bach and Haydn. It is of the highest significance however that this later French development has its beginnings in French folk-song.

The kernel of my friend's discourse was as sound in principle as it was invaluable and stimulating in practise, the vital necessity of folk-song to a nation and of founding its creative output upon a basis of full knowledge of the characteristics and atmosphere of their style. It was in effect a modern German application of Verdi's immortal dictum "Torniamo all' antico." There is no diet so life-giving and so life-preserving as the natural out-pouring of the songs of the soil. They have the sanctity of age coupled with the buoyancy of youth. As far as any art-work can be, they are in their nature immortal. Their claim to immortality is founded on their spontaneity of utterance and their inherent sincerity. There is no flummery or sophistication about them. They do not scruple to be coarse, and are not ashamed to be refined, when the sentiment or the environment demands. How well and truly they represent the spirit and tendencies of a nation is obvious even to the least tutored ear. To study and follow out fully from the matrix their multifarious qualities is fascinating, but needs volumes rather than pages. It is hardly within the scope of an article to do more than indicate some of the more striking features which crop up in the course of studying them: and the writer's own country as a natural result be the one upon which he can most intimately speak.

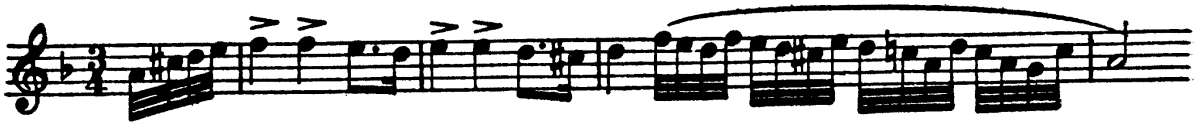
The main streams of folk-music are three in number, the Keltic, the Slavonic and the Germanic. The lesser rivers, many of which have characteristics as striking as the greater and broader streams, are the Hungarian, the Tyrolean, the Spanish, the Scandinavian, the Italian, and the French (as distinct from the Breton which belongs to the Keltic branch.) The essentially English folk-song has a certain affinity with the Germanic, although much of it, for geographical and political reasons, has become permeated with Keltic influence. The literature of Keltic folk-song is by far the largest of all: and it is also the most varied, covering every conceivable kind of interest, agricultural, military, saltatory, amative, narrative, humorous and so forth. Its branches are many: Highland Scotch, Lowland Scotch, Irish (the largest literature

which exists), Welsh, Cornish, Manx and Breton. Its origin is lost in antiquity, and by some learned ethnographical pundits a connection has been traced between it and the music of India. Dr. George Petrie, who personally collected an enormous mass of Irish folk-music, some 2,000 specimens of which, happily, are now published and within the public reach, found a striking resemblance between Indian and Irish lullabies. The present writer has often been surprised by the similarity between Hungarian and Irish folk-song: a similarity which may be due to a joint Oriental origin. This comes out very markedly in the relationship of the commonest form of Irish cadence, a three-fold reiteration of the keynote,—



and the commonest of the Hungarian, which is only a variation of the simpler form. In a tune, which I arranged under the name of 'a Battle Hymn' in "Songs of Old Ireland," the relationship to Magyarland is still more marked, e. g. at the close

where even the Hungarian ornaments are observable. In the third strain of a tune called 'The lament of Owen Roe O'Neill' there occurs a still more strikingly Hungarian passage:



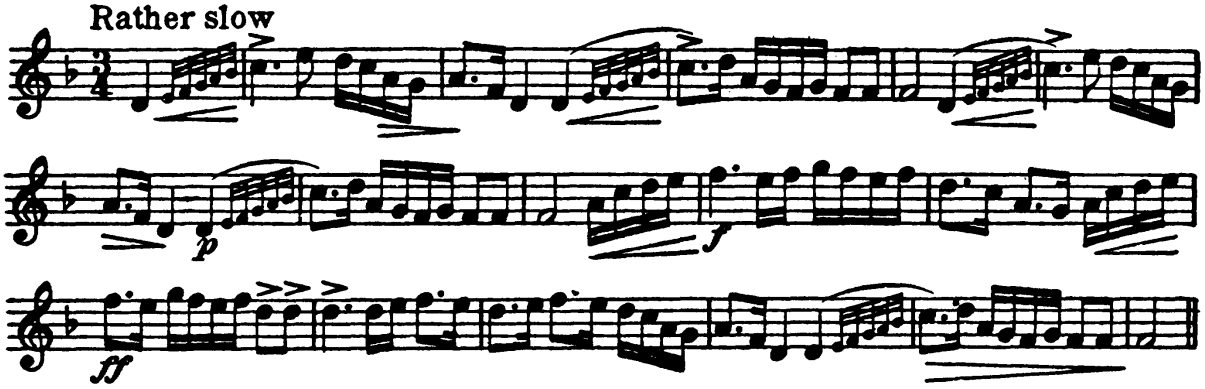
(The accidentals are Petrie's, and he was very accurate and musicianlike in transcription.)

It is well known that the ornaments in Hungarian music are mostly the work of the Gipsy element (i. e., the Oriental), and in all probability the original simple cadence, before the Gipsies incrusted it with figurations, was the same as the Keltic. Is it not possible that the Phoenicians were the importers of Keltic music? Orientals themselves, their visits to Ireland in the dim past may have left their musical mark behind, as to a lesser extent, the survivors from wrecks of the Spanish Armada did in other directions in more recent times. The Gipsies, who are very ancient inhabitants of India, may presumably have also had their influence upon the Phoenicians before they fared westwards. Petrie's surmise, then, may not be without ethnographical value.

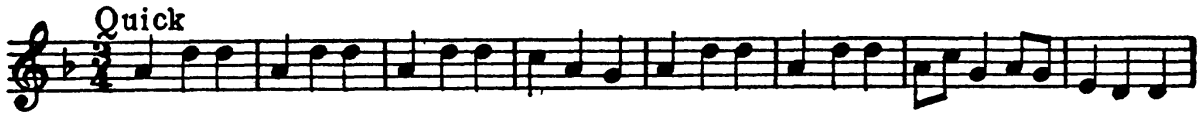
I have often wondered why students of early ornamental work have not turned their attention to the origin of typical Keltic design, such as the interlacing letters of the Book of Kells,

the Irish manuscripts in the monastery of St. Gall, and the numerous sculptured crosses, and endeavoured to investigate whether it shows any relationship with Eastern work, especially Indian. The curves and intertwinings, unmistakably characteristic of the style, have a certain resemblance to the lines of Keltic melody. If the plastic work also had its origin in the East, the analogy, hinted at by Petrie, would become tenfold more convincing. It is significant that the most striking Keltic tunes come from the coast, such as Antrim, or from islands off the mainland, such as Arranmore, where Petrie found a perfect mine of musical wealth.

The following air, 'Loved bride of O'Beirne,' is a specimen of the finest type of wild Keltic imagination, and is only one of many of the same calibre, all well-ordered in structure, with their rhythmical balance accurately preserved, and with an entirely astonishing sense of powerful climax:



This is of the sort known as Caoines (Keens) or Laments. One of the best of its sisters is a tune arranged by me in "Irish songs and Ballads" under the name of 'Chieftain of Tyrconnell,' which in Petrie's collection is called by a more homely name, 'The old woman's lament for her hen.' Martial tunes are usually to be found in 3/4 or in 6/8 rhythm. One called 'Leatherbags Donnell' will illustrate the style:



The first few bars of a marching tune from Ulster will show the effect of a 6/8 rhythm:

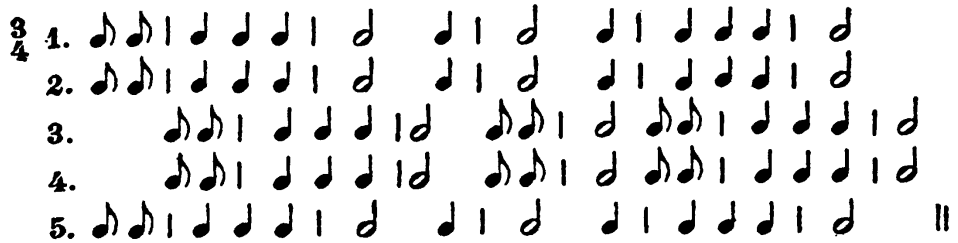
It is not always easy to differentiate between Irish jigs and marches. The character of the music itself is the only safe guide. The jig rhythm is always 6/8, but rapid in tempo, and often infinite,

i. e., devoid of any ending, and perpetually repeating itself (like a recurring decimal). The hop-jig is similar to it but in 9/8 time. The only other dance measure is the reel, which is a rapid dance in 2/4 time, and, as often as not, infinite like the jig. An excellent specimen is that known as 'The Blackberry Blossom,' which is printed in the Petrie Collection.

The peculiar rhythm with which it is played by Irish fiddlers, an equal insistence upon every quaver in the bar, gives the lilt an extraordinary vitality and *go*.

Scotch music is also rich in dances, but the forms, like the Irish, are limited to jigs and reels. In marches Scotland affects the four-square type, of which the well-known 'Scots wha hae with Willace bled' is a fine specimen. The Welsh follow in the same steps, as witness 'The March of the Men of Harlech.' The jig-march of Ireland may well have been, in practise, of the nature of a war-dance; they were quite capable of producing the four-time march if they chose, as is proved by the very ancient 'Return from Fingal,' a tune of mingled savagery and force which Petrie states to have traditions as far back as the Battle of Clontarf at which King Brian Boroimhe was slain. The tunes of the West Highlands of Scotland show the nearest relationship to the Irish style, as is but natural from the close early intercourse between these two islands: but there is a singular absence of the ornamental figures in which Ireland is so rich. Irish Agricultural tunes are most original and characteristic. They are usually termed "Ploughmen's whistles." A magnificent specimen has been trotted out by Thomas Moore in his Irish Melodies to the words of a solemn dirge 'O ye dead,' which he, after his light-hearted manner, so twisted and changed that its original character is almost obliterated. He could not hurt the tune, for so great was it that it wore its unaccustomed clothes as if they were made for it; but the musician who plays the tune through somewhat quickly, and without looking at the poem, will speedily find out the true flavour of its origin. To the same class belong what I may call occupation songs, sung while grinding corn (Quern-tunes), spinning, fishing and so forth. Lastly, as is but natural to humanity, come the largest batch of all, the love-songs and the narrative songs; as varied in their style as the songs of Schubert; even as experimental in rhythmical device as the most modern musician would wish, five-bar and six-bar rhythms being treated with a freedom and a certainty of touch which would be a credit to a master-hand. Their most persistent characteristic is a grouping of phrases which exactly correspond to the four-line stanzas of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' where the first line

rhymes with the fourth, and the second with the third. In a great amount of Irish music of the narrative or amative type, the four phrases are similarly balanced; the first and last being the same, and the second and third either the same or a variant of it. The 'Harp that once in Tara's Halls' is a good instance of this. The scheme is sometimes varied by a repetition of the first line, as in 'At the mid hour of night.' It may be set out, prosodically, as follows:



Lines 1, 2 and 5 balance each other, and lines 3 and 4 balance each other and provide the contrast to 1, 2 and 5. I know of no other folk-music which possesses this rhythm, and which has so extraordinary an amount of variety of rhythms at its command.

The English branch, which is (as I have suggested) more akin to the Germanic type as a whole, has nevertheless been affected by the Keltic. Many English tunes show markedly Irish influence, which is not surprising, seeing that so many Irish harvest-labourers have visited England annually and brought their songs with them; probably picking up English tunes in their turn and interlacing them with the Irish characteristics which comes naturally to them. A similar interweaving of national types may be traced in many negro melodies in America. Dvořák's explorations into negro melodies, when he was in New York, give an example of this: for many of the tunes which he used in his compositions of that period are really Irish tunes coloured with a negro brush. The essentially English flavour of the Anglo-Saxon music is a reflex of the nation, four-square, unsophisticated, not prone to sentimentalism or romanticism, go-ahead both in its rhythm and its progressions A typical instance of concentrated English feeling is 'The British Grenadiers,' one of the best quick march tunes in literature. Another is the old English tune, which is now American property under the name of 'Yankee Doodle.' How the spirit affected the English composer of more recent times may be seen in such typically English songs as Purcell's 'Come if you dare,' and Dr. Arne's 'Rule Britannia,' the first phrase of which was said by Wagner to represent the character of the English nation, and which so captivated him in his early days that he wrote an overture (and a very poor one) upon its theme. The narrative tunes of England are also very numerous, many of these possessing a

quiet charm of their own, such as 'Barbara Ellen,' but they are tame in comparison to their Keltic sisters.

The English take a kind of pride in concealing their feelings and emotions, and this is reflected in their folk-song. The Thames has no rapids and no falls; it winds along under its woods in a gentle stream, never dry and never halting; it is the type of the spirit of English folk-music. There are on the one hand no surprises, on the other no lack of picturesqueness of a quiet and calm sort: but England is as remote from Keltic fire and agony, as the Thames is from the Spey. Its most typical modern representative before the present day was Sterndale Bennett, a composer rightly valued at his true worth by Schumann and by Mendelssohn, and whose compositions have been too much passed by in recent and more rapid blood-and-thunder days. He on the secular side of music and S. S. Wesley on the sacred are curiously enough the only essentially English composers of real mark in the early part of the last century. Henry Purcell must have been of Irish extraction, as his name and innumerable characteristics in his style go far to prove.

In the English school (as in the Germanic) much influence must be credited to the Church. The fine old hymn-tunes dating from Elizabethan and even earlier times may be ranked as folk-songs of a kind: and as such had a marked influence in keeping alive (through the cathedrals) an important section of musical art when external circumstances, such as the Puritan movement, were working so hard to strangle it. These tunes were so engrafted in the English people that it was not possible to extirpate them. Scotland bore its share in keeping the ecclesiastical head above water. Secular music was saved mainly by the exertions of Roger North, who in the Cromwellian times, took care to preserve it in a corner of East Anglia, and aided by the composer John Jenkins (one of the earliest composers of string chamber-music) kept the flag flying. The tortoise retired into its shell in time, put its head out when the danger was past, and the situation was saved.

The power of Slavonic folk-song has only begun to manifest itself outside Russia in the last quarter of a century. We saw flashes of it in Beethoven's quartets, but for Europe it was an unopened and practically unprocurable book. Of its Czech tributary we had more experience, and in Smetana and Dvořák irrefragable evidence of its vitalizing power. The first Russian sign of it was to be found in Glinka, a sign which was for a time obliterated by the second-hand Germanizing influence of Rubinstein, a Hebrew of genius who, like his race, had illimitable cleverness in picking up the characteristics of many nations with which he came

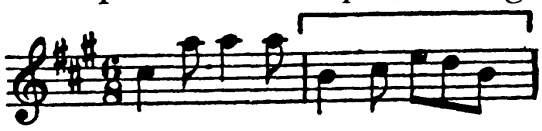
into contact during his international career. Tschaikowsky moved many steps nearer to his own nation, but it was not until Moussorgsky blazed upon the world with 'Boris Godounow' that the immense power and nobility of Russian folk-song made its presence universally felt and extorted a world-wide admiration, even outside the bounds of its own immense country. Moussorgsky's work is an epitome of the national music of his country, and limited as was his output owing to the short duration of his earthly life, he has done more to vivify the interest of the musical ethnographer than any other composer of his country. The day when the world is enriched by as complete and undiluted a collection of Russian folk-songs as has been published of Keltic, will be one deeply rich in interest and fertile in influence. The more modern Russian school is permeated with national music: Borodin, Glazounow, Rachmaninoff, Balakirew (to name only four of the great army) owe their inspiration to their own soil. Even those Russian composers who have been bitten by the tarantula of ugliness never quite lose touch with their base, and their extravagances have a far more genuine and spontaneous touch than those of their Teutonic neighbours. They are experimenting no doubt, and, as enthusiasts will, they may be exceeding the limits of true art in doing so; but they possess a plethora of ideas to work upon, not a poverty of them to conceal, as is the case with the modern Germans.

The Germanic stream is a mighty one. It is not, it is true, in the true sense of the word, romantic, but it is noble, direct, and stimulating. The student songs are the best of their kind anywhere; the church tunes, which are the backbone of their folk-literature, are the embodiment of the best points of the Teutonic race. Upon these were such men as Schütz and Sebastian Bach suckled and brought up, and they stand out clearly in all the finest work of the country down to Wagner and Brahms. Since then the influence of German folk-song has been on the decline, as my Leipzig friend truly said. In its nature entirely unsophisticated, it is being tortured into chemical combinations which are eliminating all its best and most inherent characteristics. Richard Strauss has given in 'Till Eugenspiegel' a typical specimen of this process. Beginning with a more or less undiluted specimen of folk-song, he launches out into permutations and combinations which entirely obliterate its memory from the mind of the listener, and at the close perforce repeats it again to save his skin. The mass of the composition is ignorant of it, and refuses to consider any connection with it save in a distorted and unnatural guise. A comparison of this method with such noble specimens as the figurated chorales of Bach, or even

with the treatment of student songs by Brahms in his Akademische Fest overture, will show the wide gulf fixed between the loyal and disloyal treatment of folk-song. It may of course be alleged that 'Till Eugenspiegel' is a joke, and that the initial tune is but a quasi-folk-song, meant to be maltreated like the hero. This argument holds if the hearer is prepared to sacrifice good taste to a laugh; but it is on a par with Berlioz' 'Amen' in the Damnation of Faust. The laugh is shamefaced when it emerges from the sleeve. Very few outside the Fatherland have seen the same composer's arrangments of songs for the German army. Those that have will wonder whether the performance of them on the march has to be enforced by the revolvers of the officers in the rear. Abt could do and did better. He was not a high-class composer but he was canny enough in his métier to treat simple tunes with simplicity. The best collections of German folk-song, such as those by Reimann and Max Friedländer, are in all respects worthy of the material: the best of all the literature of the nation came under the purview of Johannes Brahms, whose handling of them needs no eulogy from me.

It is a matter of no little interest to a student of Irish music, to notice how contact with it affected the great Netherlander, Beethoven himself[1]; it is of course a matter of history that he arranged many Irish, Scotch and English airs for Thomson of Edinburgh. It is true that he Beethovenized them far more than they Kelticized him. But shortly after he made the arrangements, or indeed perhaps concurrently with his work upon them, he wrote his Seventh Symphony in A. Not many critics have noticed the strongly Irish characteristics in it. The theme of the first movement is essentially Irish even to its final three notes:

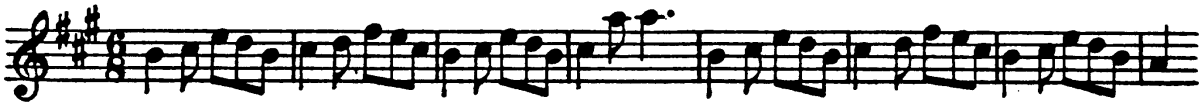
Note *a* and *b*: *a* being a typical Irish phrase, and *b* (eliminating the ornamental surroundings) the three heavy repetitions of the Irish Cadence. The whole movement is in jig rhythm. The last movement is still closer to the Irish and contains a quotation from a well-known tune. It is a reel pure and simple, though gigantic in structure. The first theme is a 2/4 version of the final phrase of 'Kitty of Coleraine.'



This tune was arranged by Beethoven, who in the last "symphony"

[1]The Beethovens were a Louvain family: the last representative of the name died at Antwerp.

of the song took this part of the theme and treated it thus:



Compare the 7th Symphony:

At all events Beethoven could not be charged with another injustice to Ireland. Kitty of Coleraine little dreamed that she would be numbered among the immortal Nine.

Of the Hungarian folk-song there is not much to say which has not already been said well and often. It suffers from a certain monotony of rhythm, the insistence upon—◡ ◡—, which makes its songs far from easy to interpret out of the national language. The labours of Francis Korbay did most to bring the songs within outside ken. Liszt did a certain amount and that with patriotic piety. Brahms popularized the dances, and throughout his life was greatly influenced by the Magyar idiom, using it in chamber-music, and in the Finale of his Pianoforte Concerto in B flat. Oddly enough it has not produced a great composer of its own nation, unless some may consider Liszt to be of the category, a belief which is usually confined to his own pupils and to those who came into close contact with his magnetic personality, but which was most certainly not shared in by his friend Wagner. Wagner was politic enough to praise his work on paper, but men who have spoken with him have told me that he was very far indeed from doing so when his real opinions were expressed in the sanctity of private conversation.

Of the other nations the most fruitful have been the Tyrolean, the Scandinavian and the Italian. The Tyrol produced one of the greatest of all, Mozart; its close neighbour Croatia another giant, Haydn: both permeated with folk-song characteristics. Scandinavia has begun more recently, Grieg and Svendsen being the most striking figures. Modern Italy is teeming with the flavour of its people's song. There is not a page of Verdi that does not bubble over with their influence: and the lesser lights of today in spite of efforts after realistic expression have all drunk copiously at the national spring. Where the love for a nation's songs is nurtured, there are the great possibilities of a nation's artistic welfare. "Honour thy father and thy mother" is a commandment which applies to the children of Music as well as to the home. The days of a nation in the world of music which obeys it will always be long on the earth.

VINCENT D'INDY : AN ESTIMATE

By EDWARD BURLINGAME HILL

THE position of the conserver of tradition, however much he may justify the claim to be considered as a specifically modern artist, is always an anomalous one. By reason of his reactionary tendencies he becomes an object of suspicion, if not of ill-concealed derision to young iconoclasts and would-be forgers of new paths, even if he himself had suffered in his youth for his ardent partisanship in behalf of advanced movements. This is the more strikingly true during the last decades of the nineteenth and the first of the twentieth centuries, not only because musical evolution during that time has been incredibly swift, but since the drift of the present shows signs of departure toward fields whose ultimate scope is at once an object of acrid disparagement on the one hand, and equally optimistic conviction on the other.

In attempting, therefore, the valuation of so considerable a figure as Vincent d'Indy, one must strive at the outset to discern clearly the complex and even contradictory elements in a personality whose creative activity extends over more than forty years, to establish the genuine unity of these traits while at the same time maintaining an impartial recognition of shortcomings which are unsympathetic and even inimical to many praiseworthy features of revolutionary present pay art. To this end, a few biographical facts are essential in fixing the human as well as the esthetic aspects of the artist.

Vincent d'Indy was born in Paris, March 27, 1851, of a family of ancient nobility coming from Ardèche in the Cevennes region. His father, of whom Mr. Philip Hale has quoted a somewhat equivocal description, "played the violin not too disagreeably." In consequence of the early death of his mother, d'Indy was brought up by his grandmother, Madame Theodore d'Indy, "who had known Grétry and Monsigny, and who had shown a keen appreciation of Beethoven in 1825."[1] His earliest formative influence was the music of Bach and Beethoven, thus establishing a taste for the classics which has persisted ever since. After his early lessons with Dièmer, he continued the study of the piano with Marmontel and harmony with Lavignac at the Paris *Conservatoire*. From his social and intellectual environment, d'Indy was permitted to regard music as a diversion rather than as

[1]Autobiographical Notes. The Musicians' Calendar, Boston, 1905.

a possible vocation. But he cherished a secret ambition to compose, and by 1870 had finished some piano pieces, a choral work and even meditated an opera on Victor Hugo's drama *Les Burgraves*. After the Franco-Prussian war, in which d'Indy served throughout, he turned to the study of law. But he soon joined the *Société nationale de musique française* which has played so important a rôle in the development of French music. After being secretary for nearly ten years, d'Indy became president of the Society after the death of Franck in 1890, and by his faculty for organization has signally promoted the scope of its activity.

Perhaps the most significant event of d'Indy's career came in 1872, when introduced by Henri Duparc, he showed César Franck a quartet for piano and strings. If Franck's criticism was mainly destructive, he was quick to discern the germ of future possibilities in the young composer. Finding no opportunity to study composition with Franck at the *Conservatoire*, d'Indy renounced the law definitely and became Franck's private pupil. By arduous and persistent work he laid the foundations of his remarkable technique and insight into the principles of composition. Visits to Weimar to see Liszt, and to Bayreuth to hear the first performance of *The Ring of the Nibelungs* in 1876, broadened his artistic horizon. Of equally practical importance was d'Indy's service as kettle-drummer and chorus master at the Colonne concerts (up to 1878) and as chorus master for Lamoureux in 1887. In 1885, d'Indy obtained a notable distinction, which placed him in the front ranks of French musicians, by the award of the prize of the City of Paris for his choral work *Le Chant de la Cloche*. With the foundation in 1896, as the outcome of two previous organizations, of the *Schola Cantorum*, as an *école supérieure de musique*, in which he was joined by Alexander Guilmant and Charles Bordes, d'Indy was able to realize concretely the perpetuation of the spirit and technical essence of Franck's teaching, combined with a fundamental study of plain chant, the music of the Palestrina and pre-Palestrinian epochs as well as the masterpieces throughout musical literature. With the death of Bordes in 1909, and of Guilmant in 1911, d'Indy became the sole director of the Schola. If, by its conservative attitude, the Schola is still subject to bitter attacks, its work is completely identified with d'Indy's esthetic and pedagogic standpoint, and in turn has had a tangible reaction upon him. Not only has he given lavishly of his time and inexhaustible energy in organising the curriculum and in reading, but this has served to clarify and solidify his esthetic views. For soon after beginning his courses in composition (1897), d'Indy turned more and more to

counterpoint of the sixteenth century as a basic technical discipline, and as a point of departure even for music in a modern idiom. As a result of the continued study of plain chant, he has adopted liturgic melodies from the Graduale as a thematic source in more than one instance. Furthermore the systematic study of music in its historical sequence has broadened his already keen perceptions as to style.

Before enlarging upon the intrinsic characteristics of d'Indy's representative works, it may be well to trace the succession of influences which have moulded his personality. If d'Indy's early musical environment was that of the German classics, his literary tastes were strongly in the direction of the German romanticists, Goethe, Schiller, Uhland and Lessing. Several of his works were founded on dramas or poems by these authors. If in turn his musical affiliations with Mendelssohn, Schumann and Weber were palpable, they were more transitory in character. Despite his allegiance to César Franck, Wagner, with the glamor of his orchestra and the plausibility of his dramatic reforms, threatened almost to eclipse the several ideals of his master. In reality, d'Indy never abandoned the fundamentals of Franck's teaching; he has gradually drawn away from the seductions of Wagnerianism (except for some inevitable orchestral assimilations) and since the founding of the Schola his own genuine individuality has taken the ascendant. If no evolutionary composer can ever escape wholly from the thrall of influences, their quantitative and qualitative determination must form the basis of a finaljudgment.

Despite the obvious evidences of technical skill and expressive gifts to be found in various early works, among them the *Piano quartet* Op. 7, (1878-88) and *La Fôret enchantée* Op. 8, (1878) a symphony-ballad after Uhland, it was not until the *Wallenstein-trilogy* Op. 12 (1873-81), three symphonic poems based on Schiller's drama, that d'Indy gave conclusive affirmation of the scope and force of his individuality. The first part, *Wallenstein's Camp*, presents a varied picturesqueness in the successive episodes of the active camp, the rude waltz of the soldiers dancing with peasant girls, the grotesque sermon of the Capucin monk, the sudden apparition of Wallenstein, and the recapitulation of earlier sections. The form though elastic is unified, and the characterization is unusually able. The second poem, *Max and Thecla*, a revision of an earlier overture *Les Piccolomini* (performed 1874), is relatively immature in style, with suggestions of Mendelssohn and Schumann which no revision could entirely overcome. There are, however, romantic and expressive passages depicting the tragic love of Max

and Thecla which show emotional sensibility. The third part, *The Death of Wallenstein*, is the strongest musically. If the opening chords depicting Wallenstein's astrological leanings are dangerously close to the Tarnhelm motive from the Ring, they have a fateful dramatic quality. If the chief theme has a Franckian turn, increased by its suitability for canonic development, the various sections are ably welded together and the tragic dénouement is poignant. As a whole, clarity of form, ability in dramatic or poetic delineation, genuine inventiveness, and a marked distinction in orchestral treatment are the salient qualities of this prophetic work.

Le Chant de la Cloche Op. 18 (1879-83), a dramatic legend for solos, chorus and orchestra, the text by the composer following Schiller's poem, awarded the prize of the City of Paris in 1885 and performed at a Lamoureux concert in the following year, exhibited d'Indy in a new and bewildering aspect. Here was a work of astounding breadth of conception for so young a composer, carried out with firmness of outline and sense of proportion despite its complex detail, applying Wagner's dramatic procedures without a stultification of his personal expression. The prologue is an admirable epitome of the work. If the scene of Baptism suggests the atmosphere of Franck, and that of Love derives plainly from the harmonic idiom of Tristan, both these and those entitled Vision, Fire (Incendie) and Death manifest an undeniable creative power. In the final number Death, the use of portions of the Catholic liturgy for the dead in rigorous modal harmonization is intensely dramatic and intensively tragic. D'Indy's brilliant and varied manipulation of an exceptionally large orchestra stamped him as already a master in this branch of art.

D'Indy's next significant work, without signal injustice to the poetic orchestral legend *Saugefleurie* Op. 21 (1884) or the piquant *Suite in D* Op. 24 (1886) in the old style for trumpet, flutes and strings, was the *Symphony on a Mountain Air*, for piano and orchestra Op. 25 (1886). This is the first of a series of works employing Franck's cyclical treatment from a "generative" theme. In this case the "Mountain Air," a genuine folk-song, supplies the basis for the principal themes, whose transformations are ingenious and effective, particularly the final Kirmesse. The piano part is adroitly contrived now as solo, now as orchestral instrument. If the theme of the first allegro has a curious resemblance to that of the first movement of Lalo's "Namouna" suite (No. 1), and if his treatment of form in the movement lacks somewhat the inevitable logic of later works, the symphony as a whole is nevertheless a striking product of the new nationalistic school, and a work which

still maintains its interest. Similar characteristics are to be found in the *Trio* for clarinet, violoncello and piano Op. 29 (1887).

Throughout his career, d'Indy has been subject to alternate predispositions for dramatic and instrumental music. After the early unpublished works and those published up to the Wallenstein Trilogy came *Le Chant de la Cloche*. Then followed *Saugefleurie*, the Suite in D, the symphony with piano and the clarinet trio. Again d'Indy's predilection for the drama asserted itself, and in 1897 the *Théâtre de la Monnaie* in Brussels gave the first performance of a "dramatic action" (compare the Wagnerian "handlung") *Fervaal* Op. 40 (1889-95), for which he wrote the text.

Fervaal, descendant of the gods, and Arfagard, a high priest, are attacked by brigands in the south country of France. They are rescued by the Saracen enchantress Guilhen, who removes the wounded Fervaal to her palace. Fervaal recovers, and although he had been brought up to renounce love, to fulfil the conditions required of the future savior of his country Cravann (the Cevennes), he loves his benefactress. Guilhen likewise gives her heart to Fervaal. Arfagard, observing the acquiescent indolence of Fervaal after he is cured, succeeds in arousing him to a sense of his mission, and persuades him to leave Guilhen. The latter, enraged by his perfidy, sends hungry hordes of Saracens to ravage Cravann. The inhabitants of Cravann gather to repel the foe. Fervaal is chosen their leader. In the hour of peril, he confesses his love for Guilhen and his consequent ineligibility as leader. But it is too late to retract his vows to serve his country. The battle goes against Fervaal and his followers. Perishing from the sword and the cold, only Fervaal and Arfagard are living. At the climax of despair, when Arfagard is about to slay him as a sacrifice, Fervaal hears the voice of Guilhen. He has plunged his country into ruin, but love still remains. He cuts down Arfagard, and hastens to Guilhen. But she too is dying in the bitter cold, and after a last exchange of vows of fidelity between them she dies. A mysterious chorus is heard; Fervaal understands that the pagan religion of Cravann has perished, and that a new faith, that of brotherly love, has come to take its place. Carrying the body of Guilhen he ascends a mountain *vers la Lumière*, upborne by the swelling chorus of the new religion.

Here is a drama of intense human feeling, combined with a singularly elevated symbolic import. If its intrinsic grandeur is indubitable, its obligations to Wagner are manifold. There is a legendary source; a hero who resembles Siegfried and Parsifal; a heroine who betakes of Brunnhilde and Kundry; an incantation to the primeval goddess Kaito, a serpent, similar in dramatic

function to Erda, and many other close if relatively unimportant analogies. It differs strikingly from Wagner (excepting Parsifal in some degree) by the central idea of the coming of Christianity, presented with a mystical fervor that could be realized in tone only by a devout Catholic. But the detailed dramatic treatment is consistently Wagnerian, and the psychologic interplay of motives is not only more complex, but at the same time more lucid and unerring than in Wagner, if considerably simpler than the incredible elaboration of thematic treatment to be found in *Salomé*, *Elektra* or *Der Rosenkavalier*. The orchestral system is based upon Wagner, although applied with a delicate sense of proportion not always found in Wagner scores. D'Indy even goes Wagner one better in the employment of a band of saxhorns on the stage in the second act (the Wagnerian tubas are modified saxhorns). With all this piling up of indebtedness, however, d'Indy has produced a work of strongly individual flavor and definitely Gallic fundamentals. In the final scene, d'Indy's use of the hymn *Pange lingua*, first in mysterious modal harmonization, and then with a climacteric sense of triumph, attains a dramatic fervor and a humanitarian eloquence which is unique in French dramatic literature. In this respect *Fervaal* is itself unconsciously symbolistic of a new order. It must be acknowledged that the opera is unequal—there are scenes of emotional insight side by side with those that are almost inept. There is harshness in the treatment of dissonance, with some dramatic justification, and also much that is valuably innovative, even to a foreshadowing of the whole-tone scale. As a whole *Fervaal* is far less experimental than Chabrier's *Gwendoline*, for instance, and represents a telling fusion of Wagnerian and individual elements which possess remarkable historic as well as intrinsic value. When *Fervaal* was revived at the Paris Opéra in 1912, not having been heard since the performances at the Opéra-Comique in 1898, so much of moment musically had occurred in the interval, that when Pierre de Bréville and Henry Gautier-Villars published a second edition of their Étude Thématique et Analytique, we find these words in a new preface: "*On accuse les compositeurs de debussysme, on ne leur reproche plus d'être Wagnériens.*" Wagnerianism had ceased to be an issue; the native qualities of *Fervaal* could be appreciated according to their deserts.

Turning again to instrumental music, d'Indy produced one of his best known works, the *Symphonic Variations Istar* Op. 42 (1896). If the exigencies of the "program" (from the Epic of Izdubar) the descent of Istar into the Assyrian abode of the dead, leaving her garments and ornaments behind at each gate, offered

an ingenious pretext for a reversed series of variations, proceeding from the complex to the simple, to the ultimate nudity of the theme and the heroine, it cannot be denied that *Istar* engages us less in its descriptive than in its technical sense. Without the succinct musical analysis by the composer in his *Cours de Composition*[1] the listener would hardly be aware of all the vicissitudes of the gradually despoiled heroine. Heard as a piece of absolute music, *Istar* delights by its ingenuity, its scintillant orchestration, by the picturesque fascination of the various episodes culminating in the sonorous utterance of the theme and a superbly imaginative conclusion. If *Istar* is less satisfactory as program music, its intrinsic qualities, especially the absence of any influence, bespeak the mature idiom of the composer.

The second *String Quartet* Op. 45 (1897) is constructed with a maximum of ingenuity on a series of notes, from which variety is obtained by notating the motto in different clefs. Not only are the principal themes derived, but even accompaniment figures have the same source. If the thematic development is Franckian in method, the type of contrapuntal treatment is of an origin far anterior although merged into modernized expression. This quartet is perhaps the first obvious instance of the influence of ecclesiastical counterpoint on d'Indy brought about by his researches and teaching at the Schola. If this fact seems inconsiderable, the contrary is true because of the far-reaching results shown in determining d'Indy's mature and ultimate individuality. If at times, particularly in the slow movement and scherzo, the limitations of thematic material verge on the artificial with the consequent dryness of certain episodes, the first movement and finale are strongly conceived, and are executed with mastery and beauty of expression. If space cannot be given to the incidental music to *Médée*, Op. 47 (1898), the drama by Catulle Mendès, or the *Chanson et Danses* Op. 50, (1898) for wind instruments, both works deserve more than a passing mention. The first, signalizing a return to the dramatic field, contains music of elevated beauty and poignancy, the second is exquisite in the simplicity of its style and the remarkable effects attained with a small group of instruments.

D'Indy returned once more to the stage with the opera *L'Étranger* Op. 53 (1898-1901), also first performed at the hospitable *Théâtre de la Monnaie*. The result was disappointing, despite the great advance in dramatic individuality and the moral elevation of the subject. The plot turns about a lonely stranger of advancing years, whose one aim is to benefit mankind by unselfish service.

[1]Livre 2, Vol. I, pp. 484-86.

He has come to a little fishing village whose inhabitants are miserably poor and unlucky at their occupation. His offices of kindness are misunderstood and spurned. He is drawn toward a young girl, Vita, who at first is alternately repelled and attracted by him. Although on the brink of public announcement of her betrothal to a young customs officer, André, Vita is cold to him, then evades the ceremony, is branded a heartless coquette, and at the climax of the opera, when a vessel wrecked on the coast sends up signals of distress, she joins the stranger, with an overpowering impulse of self-sacrifice mingled with love, in launching a boat to its aid in the face of certain death.

The drama, text again by d'Indy, suffers from excess and obscurity of symbolism, and a dramatic development which is interior and psychological rather than expressed in tangible action. Furthermore, there is musical symbolism whose full meaning is patent only to the initiated. The opening prelude, illustrating the restlessness of the sea in its violin arpeggii, is built up on a plain chant theme. Its purpose is lost unless one knows that the liturgic melody is from the office of Holy Thursday, and that its text is *Ubi Caritas et Amor, ibi Deus est.* Then it is apparent that d'Indy wishes to indicate the dramatic and spiritual basis of the entire work, the devoted humanity of the selfless stranger. Many of the scenes in the first act are lacking both in adequate dramatic characterization and in striking inventiveness. In depicting the relations of the stranger and Vita, however, d'Indy is far more felicitous and the close of the first act attains genuine poignancy. But not until the climax of the opera with the lurid scene of the wrecked vessel imploring succor, the growing impulse towards renunciation, the final tragic sacrifice of the stranger and Vita followed by the *De profundis* intoned by an old sailor, does d'Indy arrive at a culminative and comprehensive dramatic intensity. The last scenes of *L'Étranger* are as fine as anything dramatic that d'Indy has written, but unfortunately the opera seems to have been built around the final catastrophe. As it is, the defects of both drama and music (Gabriel Fauré has written of the conflict between symbolism and realism in the drama as disillusionizing) rob a masterly episode of its just dues. These shortcomings are the more regrettable since from the standpoint of dramatic style, an economical yet forceful use of the orchestra, and a completely matured individuality, d'Indy has advanced far since *Fervaal.* Moreover the sublimity of the drama is indisputably heightened by the expressive use of the plain chant theme, and only accentuates the spiritual element in d'Indy's personality.

Since *L'Étranger*, d'Indy has returned to instrumental works whose technical and expressive mastery denotes the summit of his achievements. In the *Second Symphony* Op. 57 (1902-3) he continues with the Franckian principle of expansion of a generative theme—in this case there are two—but otherwise the work is completely representative of his mature and poised individuality. The formal treatment, though requiring a concentrated attention, is at once clear, logical and elastic, if eminently classical and even reactionary in fundamental device. The music itself has more beauty, less dryness, more living emotion than in any previous instrumental works by d'Indy. In the chorale at the end of the symphony d'Indy rises to a spontaneous exaltation which marks one of the highest altitudes in modern music. But if the elements are classic (counterpoint, clarity of form, regular development, use of fugue, etc.) the outward expression is specifically modern in the bold melodical intervals (one of the generative themes forms the tritone, the ancient *diabolus in musica*), the bold counterpoint, the innovative harmony, and the individual flavor of the moods expressed. On the one hand the symphony defies criticism on the ground of its thorough conservation of the traditional style and treatment, on the other its vigor and almost defiant individuality are so modern as to silence those who object to the symphony as an outmoded relic of the past. Both elements are sincere, and equally characteristic of the man, respect for and reliance on the past, conviction and faith in the present. It is hardly possible to conceive of a work which could unite more compatibly two such apparently irreconcilable standpoints. To the scoffers who proclaim the futility of the symphony in the twentieth century, the B flat symphony remains as unanswerable argument.

The *Sonata* Op. 59 (1903-4) for violin and piano may fall somewhat short of the profundity of the *Second Symphony*, but it too holds its place after an interval of ten years as a reaffirmation of d'Indy's technical and expressive mastery. If the method and plan of the work are obviously those of a devoted pupil of Franck, the themes (there are three generative phrases) the style and sentiment are overwhelmingly personal. If in comparison with the Franck sonata for a similar combination, this work of d'Indy's makes too great intellectual demands upon the listener to attain a similar popularity, it none the less deserves to be considered one of the significant specimens of its class since that of his master.

In the orchestral movements *Jour d'Été à la Montagne* Op. 61 (1905) after prose poems by Roger de Pampelonne, d'Indy wished to depict nature in the aspects of dawn, day and evening, inspired

by the noble mountain scenery of his native Cevennes. D'Indy has always been receptive to the reaction of nature, and not a little of his music bears imprint of landscape. The *Poëme des Montagnes* Op. 15, the *Helvetia waltzes* Op. 17, the *Tableaux de Voyage* Op. 33 (all piano music), many pages in *Fervaal*, the expressive *Lied Maritime*, the menace of the sea in *L'Étranger*, all exemplify this. The descriptive piano pieces, save for the *Poëme des Montagnes*, have little distinction. Considering therefore d'Indy's virtual preoccupation with clarified structure above the emotional or pictographic demands of a program, he has given an atmosphere of astonishing verity to these sketches, while maintaining an interaction of cohesiveness. Without attempting to particularize in detail, one must remark the quality of mood found in *Jour*, *Après-midi sous les Pins*, one of reverie, broken in upon by distant sounds of peasants merry-making, which possesses a humanity found more and more in d'Indy's later music. Toward the end of *Soir*, there is an intensely personal touch in the reversion after the day's experience to the things of the spirit, aptly suggested by the use of a liturgic melody proper to the Feast of the Assumption, that indicates how deep are the sources of d'Indy's art.

There is a similar human undercurrent in the poem *Souvenirs* Op. 62 (1906) written after the death of his wife, introducing with telling effect the "theme of the Beloved" from the *Poëme des Montagnes*. This music, of unmistakably elegiac feeling, is totally freed from that intellectual self-detachment which mars some of d'Indy's music, and affords a palpable ground for disparagement of it. Such qualities, on the contrary, are easily discoverable in the *Piano Sonata* Op. 63 (1907). Like its companion work for violin and piano it is constructed on an admirably lucid plan from three generative phrases, but both themes and the moods expressed are on the whole disappointing. There is an angularity and a gratuitous use of dissonance in the piano style which is irritating, and contrary to the fundamental euphony of the instrument. The variations, constituting the first movement, are ingenious rather than affecting, the scherzo is brilliant, but some of the thematic material is undistinguished; the finale comes nearer to causing satisfaction, expecially with its magnificent climax, in which the themes of the finale and of the variations are brought together in an ending of intense poetry.

It is announced that d'Indy has finished a dramatic choral work, *La Légende de Saint Christophe*, upon which he has been at work since 1907. While report is somewhat ambiguous as to whether it is the composition or the score that is finished, one is justified in

awaiting this work with eager curiosity. In returning once more to music of a dramatic nature, d'Indy has again illustrated his oscillation, perhaps all unconsciously, between the two poles of musical activity.

With a mere review of d'Indy's representative works, one is far from arriving at a conception of the sum total of his accomplishment. Beside his constant assiduity in behalf of the Schola and its branches, he frequently conducts concerts of French music in various cities, or journeys to superintend productions of his works. Within the past year he has accepted the position of director of the orchestral class at the Paris Conservatoire, although he refused the chair of composition there in 1892. As an editor and author his achievements are formidable. In the former capacity he has published reconstitutions of Monteverdi's *Orfeo* and *L'Incoronazione di Poppaea*. He has joined Saint-Saëns, Dukas and Debussy in the editing of Rameau's works, revising *Dardanus*, *Hippolyte et Aricie* and *Zaïs*. He has made piano arrangements or piano and vocal scores of works by Benoît, de Castillon, Chausson, Catel, Destouches, Duparc and others. He has frequently contributed to French and occasionally to American periodicals, and delivered lectures on esthetic topics too numerous to mention. Aside from the authorship of the texts to *Le Chant de la Cloche*, *Fervaal*, *L'Étranger* and probably *La Légende de Saint Christophe*, his most notable contributions as an author are: *Cours de Composition*, two volumes (1903 and 1909) prepared with the collaboration of Auguste Sérieyx, from notes taken at d'Indy's lectures in the Schola, treated with exhaustive thoroughness and illuminating detail; biographies of César Franck and Beethoven, both authoritative and trenchant in their esthetic discussions, "Analyses of Beethoven's Seventeen String Quartets," and various prefaces, among them that to the French edition of Amy Fay's "Music Study in Germany."

If the positive qualities in d'Indy's more representative works claim an involuntary recognition by the fair-minded critic, it is none the less important to record some of their shortcomings in the interests of justice. D'Indy's most conspicuous fault is without doubt that of overbalance in the intellectual aspects of his art. His preoccupation in behalf of the architectural and stylistic elements often leads to a neglect of the emotional, and a consequent reproach that his music is *cérébrale*. That d'Indy, in common with Brahms, sometimes writes dry music on account of his absorption in technical attributes, is also true. Music is primarily a sensuous art whose constructive outlines must be sufficiently covered by deco-

rative and emotional integument to give vital proportion to the whole. The question then remains, are d'Indy's works unemotional? The average listener, and sometimes even the musician of ordinary endowments, recognizes few types of emotion, and those of a superficial nature. Because the facile sentiments of the *Habañera* in *Carmen*, the *Meditation* from *Thaïs*, or even *Depuis le jour* from *Louise*, demand little or no effort on the part of the hearer, does that imply that Bach's G minor organ Fantasy, César Franck's Prelude, Chorale and Fugue, or even Brahms's F minor Quintet are without emotion? Yet the intellectual element in these last named works constitutes so large a proportion as to repel many an inexpert listener. As in the case of Brahms the passage of time has led to a more accurate adjustment of the relations between the intellectual and emotional elements in his best works, so already in the representative works of d'Indy do we discern a similar blending of the two.

Another external but palpable detraction lies in the confluence of interests in d'Indy's own style. We can appreciate his fervent upholding of the principles and practices of his master Franck, but to superadd to these the counterpoint of the sixteenth century, the eighteenth century predilections for the canon, the fugue, the passacaglia, and the nineteenth century sonata and "grand variation" forms, complicates the problem inextricably. If he wrote fugues and sonatas in the innocuous echoes of the classics that we find in Saint-Saëns, comprehension would be easy. But in spite of his purist contrapuntal leanings, he is modernistic in sentiment, and his melodic intervals and dissonant harmonies obscure the classic sources of his style. Since in the main his music is defensible both from the standpoint of style and sentiment, their fusion must be admitted to satisfy the most searching critical examination. Furthermore, whoever hears the conclusion of *Fervaal* with its triumphant affirmation of the hymn *Pange lingua*, the sweeping unison of the theme in the *Istar* variations, the magnificent chorale at the end of the B flat Symphony, the final scene of *L'Étranger* or the last movement of the violin sonata, must own the folly of a declaration that d'Indy is not emotional in the fullest sense of the term. It is not a crude, popular emotion, but one penetrated and ennobled by a comprehensive appeal to the mind as well as the heart.

It is with regret that one realizes that d'Indy is not sympathetic toward Debussy, and that he is in all probability inimical to "atmospheric" art that does not concern itself sufficiently with architectural ideals. Nevertheless d'Indy conducts pieces

by Debussy at concerts of French music, even if the programs are not presumably of his own choosing. It is disappointing to read d'Indy's comments on the present Parisian enthusiasm over the Russian ballet as *Russomanie*, to learn that he sees in Stravinsky chiefly an ingenious experimenter in rhythms, while apparently blind to his fantastic dramatic imagination and his alluring futuristic idiom. It is painful also to become acquainted with his strictures on Strauss' *Ein Heldenleben*, and it is almost beyond conjecture to imagine his verdict on the *Five Orchestral Pieces* Op. 16 by Schönberg.

But is this a serious flaw in a man whose musical appreciation extends almost unbrokenly from the fifteenth to the twentieth century? How many composers can include in their repertory such an exhaustive list of works as that examined, analyzed in detail, to write the *Cours de Composition*? How many practical musicians possess the erudition or the stylistic perception to make so unerringly his reconstitutions, revisions and arrangements? In America, although this has a favorable aspect, we are too receptive to every school, too prone to assimilate, too ready to anticipate the experimenters without even knowing why. We have not absorbed the fact that strong convictions beget equally positive revulsions, even to the pitch of esthetic insensibility. D'Indy is not an innovator, and cannot be expected to unfurl the ready standard of the pioneer. But as the conserver of ecclesiastical traditions, the reviver of Monteverdi, the venerator of Bach, the upholder of Beethoven, the whole-souled disciple of Franck, the keen discerner of Wagner, to mention only a few, he has shown qualities of broad receptivity seldom united in one musician. He has carried out Franck's formalistic theories in works that maintain an advance over his master in some technical features, such as finely knit coherence of form, variety of harmonic style and rhythmical finesse. If d'Indy cannot approach Franck's peculiarly seraphic emotion, he has entered a field of noble sensibility entirely his own. If his sublimity is of a more austere kind, suggesting glittering intellectual heights, on another side it will be found that they are radiant with humanity, glowing with the same religious spirit that presides so untiringly over the Schola.

In conclusion, as regards the development of French music, d'Indy has, in a later generation, performed a service analagous if far from similar to that achieved by Brahms. He has reaffirmed and reasserted the value and practicability of using the classic forms, treated with basic fidelity to their stylistic essence. In dramatic music, he has in his own career epitomized an important

phase experienced by musicians of his own race in succumbing to and then virtually outgrowing the influence of Wagner. If he differs obviously and markedly from Brahms in being far more modernistic both in technical and expressive aspects of his art, he must none the less receive just credit as a staunch upholder of traditions against younger iconoclasts in an age of unrest not far from seeming anarchy. But aside from an historical position as a beneficent reactionary, the intrinsic force and beauty of his music, together with the sum total of his efforts as educator, editor and propagandist, make him an irreplaceable figure among contemporary musicians.

GERMAN OPERA SINCE RICHARD WAGNER

By EDGAR ISTEL

If some one lays the score of a newly composed opera before me for criticism, that means nothing to me. We are now far enough advanced in the arts of harmonisation, augmented triads, instrumentation and the general pattern of modern composition to know beforehand that one is not likely to stumble over special crudities or stupid blunders. But I ask for the text-book. That tells me whether or no the man has the sense of drama in poetry and it fairly indicates to me his talent for dramatic music if he succeeded in finding the proper musical expression for his text, which happens very rarely indeed.

—Wagner to Hans v. Wolzogen.

IT was in June of last year, shortly after the opening of the International Congress of Music at the Sorbonne in Paris, that the editor of this mazagine informed some of his European friends of his plans. Sitting in the Luxembourg Gardens, then so ideally peaceful, we spoke of subjects possibly to be dealt with. While he was chatting with Mr. Calvocoressi about Moussorgsky, I was pondering the question which he had asked me: "Has German opera a future?" At that moment I should have given an answer essentially different from the one I am now inclined to give. The absolute change in our circumstances and cultural conditions which the war brought with it over night, will also make itself keenly felt in the regions of Art. Only he can possibly give an unbiased answer to such a question who is as free from chauvinism as the writer of this article believes himself to be, with his leaning—for reasons of descent, birth and manner of living —toward Latin culture in the manner of Mozart and Gluck, who manifested a fondness for it without ceasing to be Germans.

I was until lately a supporter of Nietzsche's doctrine: "Il faut méditerraniser la musique"; and even now I hope for deliverance from the "spirit of heaviness" which burdens the "perspiring" modern German music, by means of the genius of the Latin race. The reader will understand what I mean if I again refer to Mozart and Gluck, with a glance at the last works of Verdi who, though coming from another direction, from across the Alps, strove toward the same goal. Until recently, I was inclined to look upon Wagner from Nietzsche's standpoint and I thought

with him that, if there was anything more to be expected of music, there must come a musician, "daring, fine, mischievous, southern and super-healthy enough to take revenge in an immortal way on such music." Today, after the gigantic manifestation of German spirit, which to our astonishment has shown itself not only in the tremendous, impulsive military force, but even more so in the wonderful social organization of this nation—today I believe in an entirely different artistic future for Germany. My "belief in the German Spirit," as Wagner calls it in the dedication of his Trilogy, has grown enormously; let us hope that this spirit will not become so presumptuous as to underestimate all good foreign things, whereas it formerly overestimated inferior foreign products. However, no forecast of the future of German opera is possible unless we be prepared by a survey of its immediate past, from the death of Richard Wagner to the present day.

At the time of Richard Wagner's death in Venice (Feb. 13, 1883) the German stage was in a curious condition. Though his works had not prevailed everywhere, there could be no doubt as to their ultimate triumph, and the last opponents of the living master bowed willingly before the dead genius, whose gigantic spirit even after death defeated all resistance, entered the enemy's land, and finally stormed the fortress of his antagonist Meyerbeer. On the other hand, certain negative forces soon asserted themselves. Wagner's works had swept everything that was not in conformity with them from the German stage, and many popular old operas, the delight of our fathers and grandfathers, disappeared, never to rise again, in the bottomless depths of the theatre archives. For a long time it seemed as though the Wagner-flood would entirely destroy the old operatic "Kultur", but when the first storm was past it became evident that all good and genuine works, above all the masterpieces of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and Marschner had held their ground. Gluck also, whose opera reform was in many telling points a forerunner of the Wagnerian revolution, continued to hold his own with his best operas, and the works of the theatre expert Lortzing, harmless, simple "musical comedies"[1] even enjoyed a growing popularity for the very reason that they in no way competed with the mighty dramas of the Master of Bayreuth. In fact, if one did not wish to entirely abandon a useful, everyday activity in favor of Wagner festivals, it became necessary to make provision for an increase of "reper-

[1] I have used for the untranslatable German terms "Singspiel," "Spieloper," "musikalisches Lustspiel" and "Komische Oper," the English words "musical comedy" and "comic opera" in their *original* sense, i. e. comic musical works of *higher* quality.

toire-opera." Owing to the eliminating powers of Wagner's dramas, the repertoire threatened to lapse into monotony. For that very reason the best foreign operas, such as the light operas of Auber and Boieldieu, reasserted themselves. Nor was it possible for even a Wagner to completely dislodge his greatest rival, Meyerbeer. Lortzing, that shrewd old stage-hand, had once said in a talk with Lobe: "How long do you think a theatre could exist, were it only to perform creations of the highest genius? You could not construct a perfectly flawless half-year's repertoire."

Perceiving this state of affairs, many composers tried at the time of and after Wagner to produce useful repertoire-operas, without attempting to invade the sphere of genius. They merely endeavored to combine the "good new" which Wagner had brought with what was fit to live of the "good old," thus bringing about what we may call "compromise-operas." It lies in the nature of every compromise that it should cause a certain amount of dissatisfaction to both parties concerned. So it was in this case. These operas were too "old-fashioned" for the Wagnerians and altogether too "Wagnerian" for the partisans of the older operas. What this impossible style-mixture would lead to was clear: in due time these works sank into oblivion.

Let us select from the host of compromise-composers the two most talented, Edmund Kretzschmer (1830-1908) and Karl Goldmark (1830-1915), who both owe their great success to their clever librettist Salomon Mosenthal (1821-77). It was he who had helped Otto Nicolai to his only lasting opera-success, and Mosenthal must certainly be considered the only talented German imitator of Meyerbeer's librettist Scribe. His text-book for Kretzschmer's most successful opera "Die Folkunger" (1874,[1] therefore during Wagner's lifetime) was originally intended for Meyerbeer and many scenes therein remind one of his "Prophet." The reason that the opera is no longer given, after having been for a few years a drawing card for most German theatres, does not lie with the uncommonly effective libretto (dealing with an old Swedish legend), but with Kretzschmer's lack of a sufficient musical personality. Though he had once accidentally scored a success, his art was not capable of further development. Much superior to him is Goldmark, of Hungarian-Jewish descent, who won a triumph in 1875 with his "Königin von Saba" (libretto also by Mosenthal). This seemed in every way well deserved, since the subject suited Goldmark's personality, and gave him such opportunity to depict the Orient in glowing

[1] The dates of works refer to the first performance.

colors that this work can be looked upon without doubt as the best typically Jewish production. Even today, if elaborately mounted, it is a brilliant "number" in most large opera-houses. Nevertheless the tones of this music fade before the much older, but fresher "Huguenots." Which simply goes to show that a sympathetic talent such as Goldmark's should not compete with the genius of a Meyerbeer. The subsequent works of Goldmark, with the exception of "Das Heimchen am Herd" (1896) taken from Dickens (libretto by Willner), which appeared when the fairy-opera craze was at its height, and achieved a great one-season success, proved that though Goldmark was a clever musician, he was by no means a born dramatist.

Kretzschmer and Goldmark stood and fell with the theatre-technic of their librettist Mosenthal. He also helped Anton Rubinstein (1829-1894), the renowned pianist, to win laurels for a short time with his operas "Maccabäer" (1875) and "Moses" (1887), which handled Jewish subjects, like the "Königin von Saba." The passing vogue of these German operas and others, which were at first produced in Russian, was largely due to the reputation of Rubinstein as a piano-virtuoso. His best work is and remains "Der Dämon" (Petersburg, 1875, libretto by Wiskotoff). Ignaz Brüll (1846-1907), like Goldmark and Rubinstein, a Jewish composer, also owes his only great operatic success to Mosenthal. "Das Goldene Kreuz" (1875), a very charming two-act musical comedy, in text and music slightly influenced by French models, belongs to a type of art of harmless gaiety which has unfortunately found no successor. This work, which is a useful repertoire-opera, will continue to be produced, as it offers thankful rôles, and many of its pretty, singable melodies are very popular. Other operas of his did not fare well. The "Goldene Kreuz" is not a compromise-opera, inasmuch as it entirely ignores Wagner's existence, and leans decidedly toward Auber and Boieldieu. However, Brüll's other works were of a typically compromise character. This character—largely due to obvious Wagnerian influence—made itself unpleasantly felt in the operas of Heinrich Zöllner (born 1854), who pleased the public greatly with his somewhat shortened, but otherwise literal setting to music of Hauptmann's drama "Die Versunkene Glocke" (1899). His patriotic operas "Der Ueberfall" (taken from Wildenbruch), and "Bei Sedan" (taken from Zola, 1895) have gained actuality through the war, but will probably soon be forgotten.

In the domain of the sentimental "popular opera" (Volksoper) —whose best type is represented by Lortzing's "Undine"—Victor

Nessler (1841-90) a compromise-composer of the first water, attained a great success which, however, spoke very badly for the taste of the average German public. He did this by exploiting Scheffel's epic "Der Trompeter von Säkkingen" (1884, a year after Wagner's death!). He owed this huge success partly to the clever libretto by Rudolf Bunge, who understood how to flatter the public's lower instincts, and partly to the indestructible cornet solo "Behüt dich Gott," which continues to be played in every beer-hall. Nessler's music is about the most worthless which the German stage had been obliged to endure for years, and is even today not entirely rooted out in the provincial towns. Wagner once said jokingly: "It is incredible what the German public will swallow as beautiful, if it has subscribed for it." Further attempts of Nessler to produce German "popular opera" revealed his absolute inability to do so, especially as compared with Lortzing.

While all these composers remained conscious of their insignificance in comparison with the gigantic genius of Wagner, August Bungert (born 1846), who reminds one of the inflated frog in the fable, tried to surpass Wagner's festival idea with a six-day cycle "Homerische Welt" (1898-1903). This work, though magnificently mounted and produced at the Dresden court opera, turned out to be nothing but a Wagner parody, with a very noticeable admixture of Meyerbeer. Despite tremendous press agitation the projected Bungert festival-house on the Rhine was not built, and he is today almost entirely forgotten.

Whereas cautious natures with the help of compromise and eclecticism tried to avoid Wagner, and by composing effective libretti secured at least a fleeting success, the greater part of the rising German generation surrendered unconditionally to Wagner. This attitude was certainly more sympathetic than the other, but artistically it led the composer at first into a blind-alley, where he was obliged to retrace his steps. However, the best and most talented without exception took this route. They lost many valuable years in this way, but at any rate extended their view by boldly climbing the mountain instead of walking around it. At first one saw in Wagner only the dramatist of "pathos," of the "Ring," "Tristan" and "Parsifal." The works up to and including "Lohengrin" were left as "used up" for the "eclectics" to imitate, and one can rest assured that Kretzschmer and Goldmark had diligently studied their Wagner up to "Lohengrin." Also the older Weimar circle which had surrounded Liszt till the failure of the "Barbier von Bagdad" (1858) and were not so infected with the "Tristan" chromatics as the later Wagnerians, stayed in a

moderate zone. Cornelius himself, the most important dramatist of this circle, equally talented both as poet and musician, did not go beyond "Lohengrin" and was at least as strongly influenced by Berlioz as he was by Wagner. I shall later speak of his best work, the "Barbier von Bagdad," the only original opera produced by one of the Wagner-Liszt circle, and the ancestor of the modern German musical comedy.

Here let it be remarked that Cornelius' serious operas, "Der Cid" (1865) and "Gunlöd" (a fragment, arranged and completed several times by others since 1891), poetically and musically but slightly influenced by "Tristan," indicate his efforts to develop an original style along the lines of "Lohengrin." He realized fully the unfavorable workings of Wagner's influence, when he said in 1861, after a deep study of "Tristan":

> It was a question of *entirely* or *not at all* . . . I am happily through with my study of it; it finally became a kind of sickness; it seemed a nightmare. But as I cannot help being an optimist, I do not regret having passed through it. I believe that our time lends itself least of all to one-sided absorption in our own creations without looking to the left or right. Wagner's "Tristan" is without doubt the most important dramatic work since Gluck; I maintain one must know it thoroughly in order to gauge the height of the age. To take a sip is dangerous and leads to eclecticism. I made the work my own. I now understand fully my attitude in regard to it, and return with rejuvenated powers to my own work after this mental ducking.

His work, however, did not lead into the "Tristan" sphere, where terrible dangers lay concealed for the imitator; dangers which Cornelius plainly saw, but into which the next generation rushed blindly. Thus Cornelius could follow in the footsteps of Wagner without losing his own individuality. He rightly called his "Cid" the

> only opera since Lohengrin which, though influenced by it, presents itself both in verse and music as a capable, healthy piece of work and yet remains within the limits of the possible (as Wagner put it, still disclosing the old opera pattern)—in short it is the estimable work of a talent on a soil prepared for cultivation by a genius.

However, none of the other Liszt pupils possessed this noble knowledge of self, which plainly felt the distance between genius and talent. Had any one of them dared to enter the lists against Wagner, it would have been Cornelius, but this modest composer well knew his limitations. As a poet he was more distinguished than Wagner, but unfortunately he did not appreciate the much superior dramatic genius of the master, and thus he failed to realize that his "Cid", though poetically and musically very beautiful,

was not very effective theatrically. He disdained to follow the well-meant advice of Wagner, who pointed out the weak parts of the work in a most able manner. Cornelius, despite his friendship with the master, often expressed the opinion that Wagner would prove very dangerous for his followers, and he saw as in a vision the future German ideal beyond Wagner. He wrote shortly after the first performance of "Tristan":

> Wagner's hot, stifling spirit was to me only in the nature of a delusive light. *My* art shall be cheerful and simple; it shall make people happy; it shall be rooted in the soil of the Folk and of standard morals; it shall not set up the vanity of sickly, erotic love and of self in God's place.

And a little later:

> The ideal ripens in me to turn from storming the heavens to the discovery of a suitable art-work for our era within the judiciously selected and fortified border-lines of territory conquered by Wagner in his best period.

But this was not to be. Cornelius died, and with him died the hope of further development of an individual German musical comedy and of refined popular opera ("Volksoper").

In the first place Wagner's delusive spirit continued to lure the coming generation onward to ruin. He himself was not in the least to blame for this disastrous development. He often warned but was not heeded. His art was like the legendary magnetic mountain which destroyed the stability of everything that approached it. Seeing his earnest warning disregarded, Wagner treated the matter with good-natured satire in his paper, "About Opera writing and composing":

> It would almost seem that the study of opera-composing is progressing secretly outside of the conservatories; whoever then happens to drift into my "course" should be on his guard! Yet, less the study of my works than their success appears to have piloted into my "course" many who remained uninformed at the conservatories. Nobody has hazier ideas of the nature of this course than I, perhaps because for a while partiality was shown to medieval subjects for text-books; the Edda, too, and the bleak North in general were utilized as mines for good texts. However, not merely the choice and character of the opera libretto seemed to be of importance for the, after all, "new" course, but also sundry other things, particularly the composition of the entire text ("durchcomponiren") and still more the uninterrupted meddling of the orchestra in the affairs of the singers. Therein one proceeded with all the more liberality, since in recent times very much "course" had made its appearance in instrumentation, harmonization and modulation of orchestral compositions. . . Pretty melodies are done for

and without "new ideas," probably very little of originality will be accomplished in that direction. Therefore I advise the followers of the New-Course[1] to look sharply for good ideas in subject, plot and characters of the text-books."

But Wagner's words were thrown to the winds, and he himself, in closing his article, says with resignation that his advice will "be of no use." Instead of acquiring stage knowledge, and looking upon a human, soul moving libretto shaped for the stage as a principal necessity, composers pursued the phantom of un-heard of instrumental effects, hid deficient ability under a national veneer, raved in "leitmotives," and thus at last drove the German public into the arms of the Italian "verismo," where, despite dagger and poison, it found more enjoyment than in the dreary society of German "Kapellmeister" operas.

Others belonging to Liszt's circle tried to compose operas; good musicians, but poor dramatists, like Bronsart, Lassen, Dräseke, Raff and Alexander Ritter, none of whom prospered. Their works were produced by friendly conductors, and were generally buried with honors by a well-disposed public without having been able to gain a footing on the stage. The most interesting man of this coterie was Alexander Ritter (1833-96), who represented to a certain degree the type of Wagnerian poet-composer without original inspiration and whose historical position is important only for the reason that it was he who turned Richard Strauss from Mendelssohnian conservatism to Wagner-Liszt "progressiveness." Ritter, an amiable character, rose above the average neither as a poet nor as a musician, and his two one-act works "Der faule Hans" (1895) and "Wem die Krone" are interesting solely as forerunners of Humperdinck. Ritter was the first Wagnerian who tried to set "fairy-tale poetry" in Wagner's style to music.

While those forming the older circle around Liszt, men like Cornelius and Ritter, possessed beyond their knowledge of music a good measure of general culture, which enabled them to grasp the entire greatness of Wagner, the musical generation following became more and more shallow. Wagner's peculiarities were slavishly copied and his scores were studied with an eye for technical niceties only. Out of these scraps of Wagnerian musical language a musical broth was concocted with the help of alliterating poets which became more and more distasteful to the public.

[1] Wagner's expression "die Neu-gerichteten" is a play on words and means at the same time "the just-executed."

Gradually Wagnerianism, which was linked with Pangermanism, Antisemitism and Vegetarianism by the only true and faithful of the "Bayreuther Blätter", fell into disrepute. They copied Wagner's manners and habits, and believed to have discovered at last the ardently desired secret of his creative genius. These good people did not realize that in Wagner merits and demerits grew organically and inseparably out of his whole powerful personality, and that every great genius conceals in himself the greatest contradictions. Here are a few examples: Wagner was in theory a vegetarian, in practice a meat-eater; he was antisemitic, but despite this fact let none other than Hermann Levi, the son of a rabbi, conduct the first performance of "Parsifal"; he was a Pangermanist, yet drew the most effective part of his technic from Latin models; he was a democrat, yet the friend of a king; he pretended to be a new herald of Christianity, but was, until shortly before he began work on "Parsifal," what Goethe called a "decided non-Christian"; he was in his art a radical innovator, a revolutionist, but nevertheless preached fervently the gospel of Bach, Beethoven and Mozart; indeed, as Hans v. Wolzogen certifies, he pointed out none other than Mendelssohn as a model of a discreet, fine and artistic spirit, in contrast to the modern strivers after effect. Wagner was thus a man of great contradictions, but comprehensible enough if one considered his entire personality. His musical disciples did not grasp this fact; they saw but the trees, not the forest, and in busying themselves with Nibelungen-tuba and alliteration they overlooked the real great aim of the master.

So it happened that none of these composing conductors, conservatory professors and critics arrived at more than an exceedingly external copy of Wagner's peculiarities. Those also among the young Wagnerians, who later pursued an independent course, began in this way. It suffices to cast a glance at d'Albert's opera "Gernot" (libretto by Kastropp, 1897), Weingartner's "Sakuntala" (1884) and "Malawika" (1886), both after poems by himself, Kienzl's "Urvasi" (1886, poem by himself) and Richard Strauss's first opera, "Guntram" (1894), in order to appreciate the degree of delusion arrived at even by composers who later showed originality—in the first years of their development by way of Wagnerian "redemption-opera," with northern or Indian subjects. Typical of this sort of inferior talent that never deviates from the wrong track of Wagnerian imitation is Max Schillings (born 1868). Very much overestimated by a limited circle, his stage-works "Ingwelde" (1894) and "Der Pfeifertag" (1899) were still-born,

owing to their impossible libretti by Sporck. Schilling's last opera, "Der Moloch" (1906), libretto by Gerhäuser, proves his total inability as a dramatic composer.

By far the most talented Wagnerian musician is Hans Pfitzner (born 1869), who was proclaimed (by a loud rather than a convincing propaganda) the only true successor of Wagner. Indeed, he has been hailed as the only genius among present-day composers. Such awe-inspiring proclamations have never yet been confirmed by future generations. Moreover, there lurk in them two great dangers for those whom they most concern. It generally happens that auto-suggestion creates in the *musicus laureatus* who sees himself through the incense of his friends, a mystical notion of his divine rights. On the other hand his contemporaries, who are expected to fall on their knees and worship, will challenge above all else his right to the title of "high priest." It then often comes to light that the new prophet claims much more than he is entitled to. So also as regards Pfitzner. This dramatist, whose works are spoken of more often than they are performed, has up to his forty-sixth year completed only two operas, "Der arme Heinrich" (1896) and "Die Rose vom Liebesgarten" (1901), both libretti by James Grun. (Wagner had in the same space of time finished nine works, including "Tristan"!) Of these two works the first (a redemption-opera like "Parsifal" and "Tristan"), is a most minute Wagner imitation. To be sure, from the purely musical point of view it shows an interesting development of Wagner's tone-language. The second work, musically more original, and often of a captivating charm, is however not much more than a brilliant promise of what the future will bring forth. This promise has not yet been fulfilled; for his opera "Palestrina," though announced some years ago, has not yet put in an appearance. Both the afore-mentioned works are unable to hold the stage on account of their libretti. The story of the "Arme Heinrich" is one of the most distressing and sombre which the German stage has produced, and this impression is deepened by Pfitzner's gloomy composition. "Die Rose vom Liebesgarten," on the other hand, suffers from bloodless symbolism and downright helpless dramatic construction. It is too bad that such an eminent musician as Pfitzner should waste his powers in the vain effort to gain a lasting success on the stage. Perhaps his love for the stage is altogether unfortunate: his songs and chamber-music stamp him a refined neo-romantic, and they indicate that his success lies in the same sphere as that of Schumann. Indeed, many of Pfitzner's peculiarities remind one of Schumann, whose only stage-work, too, was a woe-begotten child.

The great, lasting opera success which all the above mentioned composers so warmly desired but never attained, was achieved suddenly in 1893 (ten years after Wagner's death), by a sympathetic Wagnerian master of almost forty summers, Engelbert Humperdinck (born 1854), who had up to that time lived in retirement and whom poor health unfortunately has ever since prevented from revealing his full powers.

He became world-famous with his fairy-opera "Hänsel und Gretel" (libretto by his sister Adelheid Wette), after having with great difficulty at last succeeded in getting his work produced. The cause of this great success lay in the combination of a series of fortunate circumstances, but that does not in the least lessen the merits of the work. The opera was unlike most of the tone-dramas in Wagner's style in this, that it was not the result of puzzled-out theories, but a mere product of chance. Humperdinck's sister had dramatized the well-known fairy-tale for her children, and requested him to write music for it. The work, for which he wrote popular airs, pleased the obliging brother to such an extent that he turned it into a full-fledged opera. Thus this charming score, which has delighted young and old for many years, especially at Christmas time, grew out of half-improvised children's music. The success of the unassuming work would no doubt have been confined within narrower limits had it not appeared at a moment when it could create a sensation. The one-act, blood-curdling Italian dagger-opera of the "Verismo" was done for, also the helpless scores of the Wagnerians, who bored the public with warmed-over "Tristan" and "Parsifal" phrases. Germany awaited a new German master; one who would, somewhat in the manner of Cornelius, further cultivate, with originality, the best that Wagner had accomplished. The law of contrast demanded that something very simple should follow the overladen scores of the Wagnerians and the brutalities of the modern Italians and their German imitators. Humperdinck brought this about, and the thankful nation hailed him as a messenger from heaven.

If we of the present day, with our entirely different esthetic aims, survey this opera, we perceive without belittling its great merits, such as freshness, and sympathetic warmth of feeling, that Humperdinck, a child of his time, did not make use of an appropriate technic for such a work. The polyphony of his score—it reminds one of Wagner's "Siegfried," the first German fairy-opera—is much too complicated for the simple subject, which could have been more suitably handled after the fashion of

Lortzing. This undeveloped sense of style, in "Hänsel und Gretel" somewhat concealed by the many merits of the work, was thrown sharply and unpleasantly into relief in the following operas, none of which in any degree repeated the success of the first. The two fairy-operas "Die sieben Geislein" (1897) and "Dornröschen" (1902), in unpretentious form adopted the same principle as "Hänsel und Gretel," but disappointed entirely. The music to Ernst Rosmer's sham fairy-tale "Die Königskinder" (1898), with its unbearable melodramatic recitation—the pitch of the spoken dialogue is fixed in musical notes—appeared to be at its best a rather curious experiment. Still, the music on the whole, as for example in the really delightful entre-acts, is a great improvement on that of "Hänsel und Gretel."

Humperdinck himself came to see the impossibility of this mongrel product, and rewrote the "Königskinder" as an opera (1910), thereby rescuing it for the stage. Nevertheless the success did not come up to expectations, probably because the pseudo-poetry of Frau Bernstein-Porges (pseudonym: Ernst Rosmer) even when arousing the musical sympathy of the composer, could not be raised to the height of genuine poetry. (I shall speak later of his only comic opera, "Die Heirat wider Willen"). His most recent work, the musical comedy "Die Marketenderin" (1914, libretto by Robert Misch) was written for a special occasion. Of little importance in itself, this patriotic piece has suddenly acquired a certain actuality on account of the European war.

Humperdinck has always devoted himself to an extensive pedagogic activity, and though he has not really founded a "school" in the dramatic field he counts many distinguished young composers among his pupils. The most important of these, Leo Blech (born 1871), developed under Humperdinck's direction from an amateur, as his first "verismo" operas show him to have been, into a technically finished master. His fairy-operas "Alpenkönig und Menschenfeind" (1904) and "Aschenbrödel" (1905, libretti by Batka), conceived very much after the fashion of Humperdinck, were less successful than his one-act operas, of which I shall speak later.

Humperdinck was also the teacher of Richard Wagner's son Siegfried (born 1869), whom his father had wished to become an architect, but who suddenly turned to composing, and has ever since devoted himself entirely to "popular" fairy-opera. Siegfried Wagner, like his father, writes his own libretti; but, needless to say, has not his father's musical or poetical gifts. He began with an opera "Der Bärenhäuter" (1899), which was carefully worked out, and showed some talent. Largely on account of its clever

second act, this work was very successful. It was frequently performed, not only because the composer bore a renowned name, but because it really was the promising effort of a dramatic talent. The combination of two Grimm fairy-tales (which originated with Richard Wagner) made a good subject. The clever handling of the absorbing plot, together with the fresh, though often banal and unoriginal music, awakened hopes for the future. These his later works failed to fulfill. His next opera "Herzog Wildfang" (1901) was a decided failure, as were the many other works which followed one another at regular intervals of two years. They were not able to convince one of Siegfried's possession of higher creative powers. Musically they held themselves on an estimable level. The libretti, in awful German, generally were a compound of legend, sprinkled with the diabolical. With the help of far-fetched humor they tried to be popular, yet bored the public, and their unclear symbolical plots are only now and then enlivened by a good scenic idea. Their titles are: "Der Kobold" (1904), "Bruder Lustig" (1905), "Sternengebot" (1908), "Banadietrich" (1910), "Schwarzschwanenreich (1911) and Sonnenflammen" (1913). Not one of these works could hold the stage.

Siegfried Wagner's ambition is to create a species of merry, "popular opera" of light character, which would fill the breach in the repertoire caused by the appearance of Richard Wagner. This goal is most decidedly worth the labor of the noblest. That Siegfried sights, but is not able to reach the "promised land" is undoubtedly the tragedy of his life. Others, more gifted, preceded or followed him with better results. The Austrian, Wilhelm Kienzl (born 1857), after unsuccessful attempts in the domain of the music drama, hit the mark with his musical play "Der Evangelimann" (1895, libretto by himself). A happily chosen Viennese subject, taken from an emotional criminal novel, thrillingly and effectively put on the stage, determined its success. The music, especially in the admirable "bowling" scene, showed decided talent for comic opera. This, however, Kienzl unfortunately did not further develop. In its sentimental parts the "Evangelimann" threatened to follow Nessler's example. In his "Don Quixote" (1898, libretto by himself) he aimed higher, but did not make good. His following work "Der Kuhreigen" (1911, libretto by Batka) met with public favor on account of its very effective subject taken from the French Revolution; but, probably because the subject had not been well handled dramatically, the success of the opera could in no way be compared with that of his "Evangelimann." This work will long continue to be loved as

a real "popular" opera, and points plainly to the fact that the effectiveness of the libretto does more than the quality of the music to keep an opera alive.

Very similar to those of Kienzl are the operas of the poet-composer Julius Bittner (born 1874), also an Austrian. Though his works show greater originality he has not yet attained the success of his more fortunate countryman. Bittner, by profession an Imperial judge, is an amateur in the best sense of the word. Not that he is not a musical expert or a complete master of technic, but that his self-criticism is not pronounced enough for him to separate his good from his inferior ideas and thus keep his work on a uniform level. Bittner now and then has eminently good ideas; a scene like his peasant revolt in the "Bergsee" (1901) belongs to the best that has been seen on the German stage since Wagner, but this is offset by so many weak scenes that the good vanishes without telling effect. This is true also of his best work, "Der Musikant" (1910), with a splendid subject and with charming "popular" scenes. This would have been one of our finest comic operas had the plot been allowed to remain in that sphere. Bittner, however, forcibly twisted it into a serious opera, thus immediately falling into the trap of unfruitful Wagnerianism. That he who could have been for Austria in music what Schönherr is in drama, is now unfortunately following the wrong course is shown by his last work, the singularly disjointed "Abenteurer" (1913).

The better type of popular opera comes almost exclusively from Austria. Such works as Heuberger's (1850-1914) "Barfüssele" (1905, libretto by Leon, taken from Auerbach) and Karl Weis's (born 1862) "Der polnische Jude" (libretto by Batka, taken from Erckmann-Chatrian) owed their great but temporary success mainly to the effectiveness of their subjects. In Heuberger's work it was the leaning toward sentimental operetta, in Weis's the gruesome element, that held the public. No earlier or later operas written by these composers were successful. Of the German writers of well-known popular operas there remain to be mentioned Karl v. Kaskel (born 1866) and Alfred Kaiser (born 1872). Kaskel's melodic inspiration was not effective enough to win great popularity; hence his operas "Die Bettlerin vom Pont des Arts" (1899, taken from Hauff) and "Der Gefangene der Zarin (1911, libretto by Rudolf Lothar) soon disappeared from the repertoire. Rougher and more banal is Alfred Kaiser, a German-Belgian, who began with French operas and attained a huge but not lasting success with his "Stella Maris" (1911), after having translated his French libretto into German. With his "hundred-year opera"

"Theodor Körner" (1913) he has just now, like Humperdinck with his "Marketenderin," struck a most propitious juncture in theatrical affairs in consequence of the patriotic boom. Other composers of popular opera like Cyrill Kistler (1848-1907) and Hans Sommer (born 1837) despite painstaking work remained essentially dilettanti; and it is hardly worth while to mention the countless other aspirants to fame in this line.

A few years after the first performance of "Hänsel und Gretel" there appeared Ludwig Thuille (1861-1907). Though resembling Humperdinck in many ways he did not in the least degree attain the success of this composer with his fairy-opera "Lobetanz," (libretto by Bierbaum, 1898) which in the grotesque and gruesome dungeon scene struck a new musical note. Thuille, a Tyrolean by birth, but of Latin descent, happily combined German humor and fairy-romance with Gallic esprit. With the help of this combination he could have composed masterly comic operas, had he only been more fortunate in the choice of his libretti. His destiny, however, coupled him with "poets" who had neither an idea of what the stage required, nor an understanding of Thuille's particular gifts; and the composer, who died young, wasted his charming music on ineffective texts. His first opera, the prize-winner "Theuerdank" (1897, libretto by Alexander Ritter under the pseudonym of W. Ehm) was soon forgotten. It was followed by "Lobetanz," whose sickeningly sweet poetry was for a time made palatable by Thuille's music, strongly resembling that of "Rheingold" and "Siegfried," but fresh, warm, and sympathetic. While "Lobetanz" was produced in many theatres, his "Gugeline" (1901, libretto by Bierbaum), a poor copy of the "Lobetanz" subject, did not command the same attention, although the peculiarly characteristic (and in the third act really wonderful) music belongs to the finest which has been written since Wagner.

Thuille, during the last ten years of his life, understood much better than Humperdinck how to found a "school". Not that his pupils are united in their artistic aims, but all of them have rigidly followed a course which leads to painstaking musical technic. The often used expression "Munich school" may practically be identified with the private pupils of Thuille, among whom a few have made good names for themselves as symphonic composers. Of all pupils of Thuille the most successful up to this time in the dramatic line has been the poet-composer W. von Waltershausen (born 1880). After his first work, a comic opera "Else Klapperzehen," he achieved a huge success with his musical tragedy "Oberst

Chabert" (after Balzac, 1912). This was due above all to an excellent libretto of the most clever structure, which rolled itself off with the speed of a cinematograph, and fortunately compelled the composer to sketch instead of painting minute details. Though Waltershausen has not as yet shown himself to be a musician of great importance, one must watch his development as a dramatist with interest. This is quite the reverse in the case of another Thuille pupil, Walter Braunfels (born 1882), clearly influenced by Berlioz and Pfitzner. He aroused great interest as a musician with his two operas, the merry "Prinzess Brambilla" (from E. T. A. Hoffmann, 1909) and the serious "Ulenspiegel" (from de Coster, 1913) but the libretti, written by himself, could not interest the public. Braunfels has an excessive fondness for making music for music's sake without due consideration for the requirements of the stage, and he therefore cannot be looked upon as a born dramatist. Alongside of Waltershausen and Braunfels, as third South-German composer of the Thuille school, the writer of this article, Edgar Istel (born 1880), takes the liberty of mentioning himself. He has followed the course of Cornelius with his two operas "Der fahrende Schüler" (1906, from Cervantes) and "Des Tribunals Gebot" (1914, from Halm), both with libretti by himself.

Spiritually akin to Thuille is Friedrich Klose (born 1862), a South-German of Austrian descent. His only opera, the 'dramatic symphony' "Ilsebill" (libretto by Hugo Hoffmann, 1903) belongs to the fairy-opera breed. The characterization is as unfortunate as the form chosen. His one act, lengthened by superfluous episodes, lasts almost three entire hours, and contains many lightning changes of scene! Were it possible to shorten the work at least by an hour, so that the public could retain its interest, it would be a wonderful and really effective fairy-opera, modeled without doubt after Wagner's "Rheingold." The dramatic construction of this work, except for its length, is admirable; the unoriginal alliterative language of the book does not too greatly bother one, and the music belongs to the best and most beautiful which has been written up to the present day. The harmless Grimm fairy-tale is here used as symbol of the insatiable greed of power, which hurls back to nonentity those who sacrilegiously desire to rival God. The powerful dramatic climax synchronizes with the musical; the orchestra, beginning with the simplest string-quartet, gradually draws in the wind-instruments and finally, massed together, summons its entire strength to depict Ilsebill's luck and final end.

Curiously enough the followers of Wagner attached themselves almost entirely to the pathos ("Pathetik") in Wagner; the eclectics held on to the works up to "Lohengrin," the hyper-Wagnerians devoted themselves to the "Ring," "Tristan" and "Parsifal," while the fairy-loving musicians preferred to move in the sphere of "Rheingold" and the first two acts of "Siegfried." The fact that Wagner had also written a musical comedy, "Die Meistersinger," which he himself called his "masterpiece," was hardly taken notice of by these all too fervent apostles. In their eyes it was of much greater importance to redeem the world than to free it through gaiety. Incidentally let it be remarked that it is decidedly more difficult to write a comic opera than a tragic opera, since the tragical element can be simulated much more easily than the comical, which demands an uninterrupted flow of inspiration.

It is significant that the first musician of the Wagner circle to hit upon the idea of applying Wagner's principles to a comic opera was Peter Cornelius. And what is still more significant, he did so fully ten years before the first performance of the "Meistersinger," with whose first rough sketch (still ten years earlier) he could not possibly have been acquainted. The "Barbier von Bagdad" (poem from the "Arabian Nights"), conceived in the year 1855, and produced under Liszt in Weimar in 1858, is therefore the first modern German comic opera, hailing as a drama from Wagner, but musically from Berlioz' "Benvenuto Cellini." Cornelius' "Barbier" fell victim to an intrigue directed against Liszt and disappeared for almost 30 years from the repertoire, until young Felix Mottl took pity on the work, which he most enthusiastically admired. He produced it in 1884. Mottl did not give it in its original form (first published in 1904) but in an adaptation made at the instigation of Liszt, consisting largely in an entirely new instrumentation. The propriety of this procedure has been very much questioned; here let it be said that Mottl, despite the best intentions, went decidedly too far. Instead of being satisfied with discreetly retouching Cornelius' orchestration where that was necessary, he created a score which placed the work esthetically and historically in a position to which it laid no claim. Mottl forcibly emphasized (with an instrumentation entirely founded on Wagner's principles) the harmonic and dramatic relationship to Wagner which undoubtedly existed but was after all rather slight. In reality, the original score resembled in style much more the German musical comedy and the French opéra comique. It is a fine, delicate musical comedy and, when given in a small house, delights as does a charming genre-picture.

It is *not* a brilliant painting on a large canvas, as the adaptation would have it appear. Whether or not this fine "Cabinet-Stück" will lose in effect if given in large opera-houses which demand stronger accents, and whether or not the triumphant instrumentation of Mottl will there sound more appropriate, is not for me to predict. On the other hand, the case of Cornelius' "Barbier" shows that one of the principal problems of comic opera is the problem of the *locale*. As long as we have only huge houses calculated for grand opera, it is impossible to hope for a further development of the *intime* art of comic opera. Without question there is an urgent need of smaller opera-houses in order to cultivate the masterpieces, for instance, of Mozart. Only a few cities have such theatres, the most beautiful being the old rococo Residenz-Theater in Munich.

The historical importance of Cornelius' "Barbier" rests above all on the fact that he, with the clairvoyance of genius, anticipated forms used later on by Wagner in his "Meistersinger." Cornelius fully recognized that wit and fun in a comic opera will be ineffective unless the music runs along smoothly. He therefore laid stress, and agreeably so, on a blending of demands musical and dramatic and thus with his unaffected lyrics could remain true to the natural bent of his talent. The wonderful final canon of the second act, whose peer in counterpoint is to be found only in the powerful street-fight fugato in the second act of the "Meistersinger," shows what complicated counterpoint forms Cornelius dared to call into service for the dramatic idea. Thus Cornelius' "Barbier" and the "Meistersinger," each in its own way, are the culminating points of comic opera in Germany. The "Meistersinger" holds a unique position as comedy of the highest type, but the vital line of development went forth from Cornelius rather than from Wagner.

Hermann Götz (1840-76), who was not at all influenced by Cornelius and very little by Wagner—the "Meistersinger" he maintained "almost not to have known"—created in 1874 his comic opera "Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung" (taken from Shakespeare by J. V. Widmann, 1874). The fate of this work offers a pendant to that of Cornelius' "Barbier"; it, too, was always praised by the connoisseurs, but was even less frequently performed than the "Barbier." Cornelius once complained that in his work the "slap-bang humor" and the farcical roughness which catch the masses were lacking. Götz and his eminent librettist were given to such things even less than Cornelius, whose finely polished humor will always remain, as the Germans put it, "Caviar

für's Volk." Götz's work, written during physical and psychical suffering, appeal more as the lovable smile of a delicately strung personality than like the "Barbier," as the whimsical fancy of an artist bubbling over with cheerfulness. And nevertheless it is a real comedy. The plot unfolds itself without detriment to the rights of music; and the music proceeds without delaying the plot. In place of Shakespeare's somewhat rough early farce, Widmann's libretto offers a comedy refined by the radiant power of music. Katharina acknowledges herself vanquished by her love, not conquered by Petruchio's physical power. For its proper appreciation this work, almost more than the "Barbier," demands to be approached with searching love from the musical point of view. It never dazzles, not even the orchestration, which is very discreetly handled, always remaining within reasonable limits and never overcharged, yet worked out in finest detail. It will perhaps become a model for the furtherance of a proper style for musical comedy.

How this style, so warmly desired both by the public and the younger musical generation, must be attained, none other than the highly gifted song composer Hugo Wolf (1860-1903) explained in a letter to a friend who wished to compose a libretto entitled "Buddha":

> The world has as yet hardly the faintest notion of the philosophical profundity which speaks, in the most unusual manner, out of the last works of Richard Wagner. And already something new must spring into existence, something which will give the people a fresh headache, *nota bene* by previously tested and hackneyed feats, when they are on all sides manifesting a need for comfortable pleasure, for friendly pictures, when every one is yearning to espy in the morose and brooding countenance of our time a hidden smile, an arch expression! Are we then no longer able to laugh heartily and to be merry; must we strew ashes on our head, put on sackcloth, and with melancholy, wrinkled foreheads go about preaching self-laceration? Let him who feels he must redeem the world do so; it will not trouble me. I for one will be merry, and when a hundred people laugh with me I shall be contented. I do not strive for "world-redeeming" jollity. For nothing less than for that. That we may safely deed over to the great geniuses. Wagner has in and through his art, already completed such a powerful work of redemption that we ought at last to delight in it; and not wish uselessly to storm a heaven which is already conquered. Instead, we should realize that it is much more sensible to hunt for a very comfortable place for ourselves therein. I should like to find such a comfortable place for myself, on no account in the desert with water, grasshoppers, and wild honey, but in the midst of a gay, "original" company, with strumming of guitars, sighs of love, moonlight nights, banquets, champagne and so forth; in short a comic opera, and what is more, a real ordinary comic

opera, without the gloomy world-redemption phantom of a philosopher like Schopenhauer in the background. To this and only to this end would I need a poet; and really, he would have to be a poet, a deucedly good one, too. Supply me with him and you will see that a dozen "Buddhas" will not be able to counterbalance such a real ordinary, but original little comic opera.

It is most unfortunate that Hugo Wolf could not reach this clearly perceived goal: the master of the Italian and Spanish song-books was so imbued with Wagner's music that he could not free himself from this dangerous influence. Even such a delicious subject as Alarçon's charming story "El sombrero de los tres picos," offered to him for a comic opera, did not put him on the track of the Latin style, which alone was suitable. Quite aside from the helplessly constructed libretto, his opera "Der Corregidor" (1896, book by Rosa Mayreder) suffers above all musically from a superabundance of polyphony. The voices are weighted down by the orchestra as if with lead. This opera was once called a "sort of Spanish Meistersinger," a comparison appropriate only inasmuch as the filigree counterpoint of the "Meistersinger" orchestra is here employed, quite contrary to the style which the opera required. A few years before Wolf's "Corregidor" Verdi's "Falstaff" had shown how such a subject would be handled musically by a born dramatist. Wolf, however, was no opera-genius, and even details of genius, above all the great jealousy scene in the third act, cannot hide the fact that the work is a failure.

One year after that by Wolf there appeared another comic opera with a Spanish subject, this time taken from Lope de Vega. I mean Anton Urspruch's (1850-1907) "Das unmöglichste von allem." The somewhat strange title explains itself by the moral of the piece: "The most impossible thing in the world is to keep watch over a woman who is in love." In this opera Urspruch attempted to combine the achievements of Wagner, Verdi, and Cornelius with Mozart's style, but consciously attached himself more to "Le nozze di Figaro" than to the "Meistersinger." Urspruch constructed with great cleverness an eminently dramatic, though not poetical, libretto in which he took the requirements of music into consideration with exquisite taste. Unfortunately the music, despite its fine points, is merely the product of a shrewd art-sense, and not of a musical nature bubbling over with originality. A subtle eclecticism predominates. Urspruch uses the Italian parlando style as the basis of his work. In contrast to Cornelius and Götz, who aimed more at the lyrical element, he emphasizes the

dramatic principle and he placed the musical dialogue in a position which it had never before occupied in modern opera. Mozart had, in the marvellous finales of "Figaro," put the dramatic scene as unit in place of the aria, and Urspruch applied this principle to his entire work. He created a number of great scenes, symphonically constructed according to the principle of contrast as in a symphony with first and second themes. Only in a few cases does one find Urspruch developing a special theme which would correspond to Wagner's "Leitmotiv." But, whereas the latter, in symbolizing the characters, possesses unlimited possibilities of psychological variation, Urspruch's device imposes this task on the *entire* theme, the vocal melody, to which the orchestra can serve only as a foil as otherwise the lively progress of the pointed dialogue would suffer or even vanish entirely. This method of procedure naturally demands that preference be given to strings and woodwind instruments for the accompaniment. Also in the handling of ensembles Urspruch used the "Figaro" finales as models. Indeed, he "went them one better" by using the most difficult contrapuntal forms without losing sight of the difference in character of his *dramatis personae*, not even where he employed a fugue with five themes!

Curiously different from Urspruch's opera, which has disappeared from the stage, is E. N. v. Reznicek's (born 1861) "Donna Diana" (1894), libretto by the composer after a Spanish comedy by Moreto. In the temperamental and spirited overture, Reznicek, who is of Bohemian descent, gave promise of becoming the long-sighed-for master of comic opera, but he did not keep the promise. The opera itself is a mixture of styles by a composer who surpassed Urspruch as a full-blooded musician but was very inferior to him in taste. If "Donna Diana" was moderately successful, his next opera "Till Eulenspiegel" (1902) failed completely.

Urspruch's work (1898) was followed one year later by a comic opera which to a certain extent pointed toward the realization of Cornelius' artistic aims. Eugen d'Albert (born 1864), the great pianist, after having vainly tried to carry off the honors in the realm of serious opera with several works ("Der Rubin, 1893; "Ghismonda," 1895, and "Gernot," 1897) attained finally a great if not lasting success with a one-act opera in the so-called "Biedermaier" style. I mean his "Die Abreise," with which he found the right style of modern conversation-opera. In this, even more than in Urspruch's opera, a light, playful dialogue prevails. Fine dialectics are never easy to render musically, especially not

if such a poem is used as that taken from the comedy of the now almost forgotten August v. Steigentesch (1774-1826). This was only slightly revised by Count Sporck, and originally was not intended for music at all, but d'Albert was a musician who, barring many reminiscences of Cornelius, understood how to stamp his work with the seal of originality. The music adapts itself with admirable finish to the subject, which is simple, merry and often borders on the piquant. The principal motives are comprehensible and melodious, with sharp, clear rhythms, and they excel in lightness and agility. They leave an impression of spontaneity, are never banal and are very interestingly devised notwithstanding their apparent simplicity. D'Albert's counterpoint is always light and graceful, exactly as the dialogue demands. His instrumentation is most admirable in its refined simplicity. It allows all the instruments of the orchestra to have their say, avoids massiveness and always remains lucid. Nevertheless the opera did not enjoy a lasting success. It is easy to see the reason: the plot is too flimsy, and has no "slap-bang" humor. D'Albert himself seems to have been of this opinion, since he used in his next comic one-act opera "Flauto solo" (1905, libretto by Hans v. Wolzogen) much coarser means. He thereby seemed to have hit the taste of the masses, but "Flauto solo" has long since disappeared from the repertoire. A musical anecdote, taken from the time when Frederick the Great was crown prince, could have been made a "Cabinet-Stück" of rococo humor, but it was cheaply and roughly cut up by the librettist and lowered almost to the level of operetta, where such a figure as the "Salon-Tiroler" Pepy most certainly belongs. D'Albert's music is on a par with the libretto, and of such inferior quality that one hardly recognizes the composer of the "Abreise." His next comic opera "Tragaldabas" (1907, libretto by Rudolf Lothar) did not meet with public approval and was a failure in every respect.

A few years earlier d'Albert's "Tiefland" (1903, libretto taken from Guimera by Rudolf Lothar) had attained a sensational success, comparable only with that won by the Italian "verismo" of the Puccini brand. "Tiefland" was at first hardly noticed and became a box-office opera only after a very clever theatrical revision. Its success still lasts and is attributable as much to the brutal but stirring plot as to the music. Though really unoriginal, it is very craftily made, and shows a deep knowledge of the means for effect which the Italian "verismo" employed. I cannot admire this work, which a well-known critic called "a noble mixture of Wagner's spirit with a 'verismo' subject" (!) and can see in it

only the result of speculation and exploitation of theatre-effects, but I must confess that d'Albert's mastery over the means employed compels my respect. It is no small task thus to grip and rivet the attention of the public, and certainly the style of this opera surpasses that of many imported foreign works which are advertised with trumpet blasts. Other serious operas of d'Albert —"Kain" (1900, by Bulthaupt), "Der Improvisator" (1900, by Kastropp), "Izeyl" (1909), "Die verschenkte Frau" (1912) and "Liebesketten" (1912; the libretto of the last three by Lothar)—attracted the attention neither of the public nor of the musicians, with perhaps the exception of "Kain," which possesses one stirring scene—where God's voice calls the murderer to account—and which is without doubt the noblest of these works.

For some time after the "Abreise" Leo Blech shared with d'Albert the distinction of being the most successful of comic opera composers. His Biedermaier-comedy "Versiegelt" (1908, text by Batka) followed a less successful little opera "Das war Ich" (1902, libretto by Batka). Both these works are based on the idea of reviving the old musical-comedy form. Unfortunately the contrast between the very simple plot and the heavy, "Meistersinger-like" music is such that the attempt must be considered a failure. Despite many witty ideas, Blech generally lacks lightness of touch and his restless orchestral polyphony smothers the points of the dialogue which it was here decidedly wrong to set entirely to music.

Humperdinck, unlike Blech, did not hesitate in his only comic opera "Die Heirat wider Willen" (1906, libretto taken from Dumas by Humperdinck's wife) to return to the spoken dialogue. The only explanation of this is that the style of the work represents a compromise between the French opéra-comique to which the subject belongs, the old German "Singspiel", and Wagner. Despite the masterful technic and the many single beauties contained in the opera, this compromise can hardly be considered fortunate. The only adequate manner of handling this quite frivolous comic subject (subsequently made serious) would have been possible, let us say, after the fashion of Auber. In such a case the spoken dialogue would have been less annoying. Though Humperdinck on the one hand shunned the consequences of Wagner's practices, he, on the other hand, followed them in using an overflow of orchestral polyphony which choked the words and melodies with all kinds of middle-voices in the orchestral accompaniment that are utterly without effect on the stage. Furthermore, episodes occur in the opera which are

calculated to be popular, but work frankly in the direction of operetta-hits, go beyond the limits of dignified opera and also interfere with the dramatic construction of the plot, which is very objectionable anyhow in this opera, especially in the third act. That Humperdinck's contemplative German style was not in keeping with such a frivolous Latin subject is shown in precisely the best musical parts, where his nature expands unhindered, and favors us with the fruits of most delicious tone-poetry. Needless to say, the opera has not remained in the current repertoire.

In contrast to the above mentioned composers of comic operas—with the exception of Urspruch, they all (more or less) hail from Wagner—the German-Italian Hermann Wolf, who (as the son of a German father and an Italian mother calls himself Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, born 1876), won a huge and sensational success with comic operas, which have their root in the Italian opera-buffa, somewhat in the line Pergolese-Mozart-Rossini-Verdi. Though Wolf-Ferrari composes his works in Italian, he must be counted among the German composers, for the reasons that all his operas (with the exception of his first one, "Cenerentola," 1900) have been performed first in German, and that the composer, though for a time director of the conservatory at Venice, has not yet been able to achieve success in Italy.

The young maestro won renown with his "Neugierige Frauen" (1903, "Le donne curiose," libretto taken from Goldoni by Sugana). After having greatly overestimated the composer, who was at first hailed as "Mozart redivivus," the critics at last realized that Wolf-Ferrari was not an original, inventive genius, but only an eclecticist of unusual talent. This does not reduce the value of the services he has rendered in the development of modern comic opera. Wolf-Ferrari brings with him nothing particularly new, but he renews the old so cleverly that it could almost pass for something entirely new. In addition, he possesses real stage temperament, has sound, pretty and charming ideas, and, above all, he is the lucky possessor of the very rare sense of the refined comic in music. So it came to pass that his "Neugierige Frauen" was hailed with delight by critics and the public—they willingly overlooked in the first frenzy of enthusiasm the many weak points of this charming but immature work, which entirely disappeared after having been given nightly for some time. The unskilful libretto is principally to blame for the undeserved fate of this opera. The old-fashioned dramaturgy of Goldoni is much too closely followed, and the joke of the piece—the astonishment of the curious women, who suspect that in the club of their husbands

the worst excesses take place—is spoiled beforehand, as the club in its complete harmlessness is presented before our eyes at the raising of the curtain. The capital joke in this charming plot should have been the suspense of the public in regard to the secrets of the club, with the result that the "curious women" would have been joined by the "curious spectators."

A further defect of Wolf-Ferrari's operas—there followed the much less successful "Vier Grobiane," (with text taken from Goldoni by Pizzolato, 1906, and music in style greatly resembling that of "Die neugierigen Frauen") and "Der Liebhaber als Arzt" (after Molière, by Golisciani, 1913)—is the lack of that kind of warm melody which flows from heart to heart. This fault does not lie so much with the composer, who struck these tones in his charming one-act "Susannens Geheimnis" (libretto after the French by Golisciani, 1909) as with the subjects. Their characters are like masquerade figures, do not rouse any human fellow-feeling and leave us cold as do marionettes. Wolf-Ferrari's operas taken from Goldoni and Molière, despite delightful musical details and their modern orchestral technic, appear essentially antiquated, and what Wagner said in his paper "About the writing and composing of Opera" holds good in this case: "It is now very difficult to create 'new' music for theatre 'figures.' It is probable that Mozart has exhausted the music for such dramatic masquerades. . . . Those who believed themselves to be his followers, bungled and bored." It cannot justly be said of Wolf-Ferrari that he bungles. On the contrary, his technic is masterly; but that a little tediousness is mixed in with his delicate ideas, and that his works can be looked upon as a passing craze, while Mozart's heart-warming tones will brave the storms of centuries, is certain.

It is not so with "Susannens Geheimnis": here a different spirit envelops us, here we feel that the composer is not only playing, but that he is giving life, as it were, to a personal experience. This little work, like d'Albert's "Abreise," with only three rôles (one, the man servant, a mute—a charming idea), absorbs our interest much more than the "Abreise" and should be counted among the lasting possessions of the German stage. The way in which "Susannens Geheimnis" (her cigarette, which the jealous husband imagines to be that of a lover) gradually discloses itself, is most charming and the music, very singable and well adapted to sprightly acting, is the most delightful in comic opera since Verdi's "Falstaff," which is saying a good deal. That Wolf-Ferrari once allowed himself to be caught in the nets of the worst kind of Puccini "verismo" ("Der Schmuck der Madonna,"

libretto by Zangarini and Golisciani, 1908) should not be held up against him. If he succeeds in securing other libretti of the rank of his one-act gem and in abandoning the masquerade-music which the plays of Molière and Goldoni called forth, he should prove to be the man who will develop the comic opera (to be sure, first-rate singers are a *sine qua non*) in the style of Mozart and Verdi. On the other hand "Peter Gast" (in reality Heinrich Köselitz, born 1854), highly estimated by Nietzsche and an amateur forerunner of Wolf-Ferrari, did not justify the high opinion of his friend, with the very weak text and music of his opera "Die heimliche Ehe oder Der Löwe von Venedig" (1891).

The above mentioned composers of comic opera heeded Goethe's wise counsel that "a mortal man should not compete with the gods," and abstained from aspiring to become direct successors of the "Meistersinger." They contented themselves with clothing harmless, merry, simple subjects in musical garments more or less after the fashion of Wagner. To copy the "Meistersinger" without possessing Wagner's genius, this Icarus flight was first ventured upon by Max Schillings, with his "Pfeifertag" (1899, libretto by Count Sporck). He tried the experiment of projecting personal experiences of a kind upon a subject supposedly comical; and though the background was well chosen, the plot was so unbearably spun out that it was turned into a clumsy joke of three acts' duration. In addition, the music is decidedly unoriginal, without a spark of either wit or humor, and is endurable only in a few symphonic lyric parts. This combination was so tiresome that the opera was soon banished from the theatres.

More fortunate was Richard Strauss (born 1864) with *his* "Meistersinger," the one-act "Feuersnot," (1901, libretto by Ernst v. Wolzogen). This affords rollicking entertainment since, though in decidedly bad taste, it does not lack wit and humor. Having failed with his "Guntram" Strauss attained his first stage success with this work, and this success was for some time increased beyond all measure by the cunning business trick of coupling the "Feuersnot" on the play-bill with the sensational "Salome" that followed as Strauss's third opera. The mixture of a pretty legend with Strauss's strictly personal affairs, his so-called "expulsion" from Munich, which is compared with the so-called expulsion of his forerunner Wagner, is inorganic, and the erotic episodes of the work are most shameless. Prudish hypocrisy may be repulsive, but the prostitution on the stage of the most delicate things merely to indulge curiosity certainly cannot be approved. For instance, that a vulgar mob in the street, while uttering most

suggestive expressions, waits for a certain sexual event to happen—to offer this spectacle to the German public was reserved for Strauss and Wolzogen; who, moreover, in offensive self-glorification push their own personalities in Kunrad's hopelessly boresome harangue befittingly to the foreground. Strauss's music, though temperamental and occasionally witty, is after all only a weak imitation of the "Meistersinger." Its "greasy" lyricism sinks to such depths that one hardly recognizes the (ethically and esthetically) genteel author of "Guntram." The note that Strauss so masterfully struck in the symphonic domain, especially in his genial "Till Eulenspiegel," he has never succeeded in putting into a stage-work. He has ever since the "Feuersnot" sold his soul to the devil of sensation, and the devil has not yet released him.

The comparatively healthy sensuality of his at times sympathetic "Feuersnot" was replaced by the absolutely repulsive lasciviousness of an Ochs von Lerchenau and the "last dangerous hours" of an amorous but aging lady in his next comic opera "Der Rosenkavalier" (libretto by Hugo v. Hofmannsthal, 1911). This opera was supposed to represent a kind of reborn "Nozze di Figaro." One needs but to glance at the relationship between Rofrano and the wife of the field-marshal, depicted with cynical distinctness, and to compare this with the relations between the Countess and Cherubino, to see how far removed the librettist of "Rosenkavalier" (who has lapsed into the most unfruitful estheticism) is from his great forerunners Beaumarchais and da Ponte. It is the vast distance between real genius and untalented imitation. Such is also the case with Strauss's music. One would commit a grievous wrong to compare it even in the slightest degree with the immortal music of Mozart. Certainly the score contains admirable details, which could be turned out only by one possessing the gifts of a Richard Strauss; but, as a whole, this work is entirely lacking in style, and with its interlarded, banal waltzes is an artistic failure.

In the purified atmosphere which will be found in Germany after the war is over there will be little place for such operas as "Salome," "Elektra," and a pantomime like his "Josephslegende," represented in the spring of 1914 by the Russian Ballet in Paris. These three works possess in the first place great technical value, and as decayed products of a period when taste was very low, wild and stifling, as was the case generally in the last years before the tremendous European storm, they have an undeniable historical value. That a healthier generation will find these works bearable is very doubtful.

"Salome" (text taken almost word for word from Oscar Wilde's drama, 1905) was Strauss's international success and made him the most famous musician of his time. This success explains itself primarily from the technical perfection of the libretto. Though not conceived with a view to music, it lent itself most readily to a musical setting. Wilde's drama, whose unhealthy erotics echoed the inclinations of our time, rolled itself off quickly and without delay when performed as a drama; but with Strauss's music, which proceeds symphonically quite without regard to the needs of the theatre, it became unbearably long and, especially toward the end, was rendered disgusting. In addition to this, Strauss indulged in a concoction of puzzled-out cacophonies and banal sentimentalities. This mixture produced its great effect because the public, after having been sufficiently tortured with incomprehensible monstrosities, came to look upon the Strauss trivialities as particularly "beautiful." As a model example of such beauty the hackneyed motive of Jochanaan may be mentioned.

Much has been written about the "perversity" of Strauss's music, and Strauss has been reproached for having composed such a subject at all. I cannot in the least indorse this opinion. It seems to me on the contrary that Strauss simply was not at all the right man for such a subject: a Russian like Glazounow (who, by the way, composed very racy music to Wilde's "Salome") or a Frenchman like Bizet, whose "Djamileh" strikes a very different note of Oriental voluptuousness, would have been the right composer for such a drama. Strauss on the other hand has no other inner connection with the subject than that of need of sensation, and thus he composed the libretto without regard to its dramatic style. He may be a great symphonic composer, but he assuredly is not a born dramatist. That is evident from his creative tendencies not less than from the circumstance that he never *sees* his scores scenically but only hears them. Hence these impossible orchestral interludes of his which cannot be filled out by motivated dramatic action. So it happens that Strauss, unlike all the great dramatists before him, on the one hand makes his orchestra paint the sung word in detail, on the other smothers it by exactly this detailed orchestral tone-painting. The net result is that the entire proceeding, whose sense no one understands, becomes nonsense.

This criticism applies to "Salome," and also to his later works, however much purer and nobler in style they may be. The recognition scene in "Elektra" (1909, libretto by Hofmannsthal) is touching and sublime, but the painting of hysterical

erotic conditions makes the work just as repulsive as "Salome." Strauss's ballet "Josephslegende" (1914, scenario by Count Kessler and Hugo v. Hofmannsthal) moves in the same sphere of overheated pathological sexuality. In this ballet Strauss is at least consistent, inasmuch as he here dispenses with the coöperation of the voice which in his other works was only in his way. Finally, the strange mongrel "Ariadne auf Naxos" (opera in one act, to be played after the "Bourgeois gentilhomme" of Molière) calls for a few remarks. On account of the unfortunate combination of a long-drawn-out opera act with Molière's comedy (cut beyond recognition) the work has not prospered anywhere. The best parts are the interludes. They are often witty and show Strauss from his most original side. The opera itself with its inorganic mixture of serious and comic elements is, despite many beauties, on the whole unbearable and cannot be given without the comedy of Molière. Performed independently it would be utterly void of sense. How little regard Strauss has for the singers is shown in the murderous coloratura passages of Zerbinetta. Strauss is reported to have said that the singers can "burst" if only his orchestral effects hit the mark. As long as Strauss does not turn from such suicidal principles, and until he frees himself from the disastrous influence of such a decadent poet as Hofmannsthal, it is hopeless to expect of him a stage-work of lasting value. The fact that he is the fashion just now is no proof to the contrary.

Before the operatic fame of Strauss, Humperdinck and Kienzl, the most successful German dramatic composers of the present day, the fame of all those must pale who as musicians are sure of our undivided interest, but have not fared well on the stage. To these belongs Felix Weingartner, the famous conductor (born 1863). His early operas "Sakuntala" (1884) and "Malawika" (1886), both after Indian subjects with texts by himself, were followed by his perhaps most original creation in the sphere of music-drama, the opera "Genesius" (libretto by himself), at first greatly misunderstood, but afterwards to a certain degree appreciated. What followed, works of lofty aim, like the trilogy "Orestes" (1902) and the biblical drama "Kain und Abel" (1914, both with libretti by himself), show Weingartner on paths foreign to his lovable nature, and mistaken in the choice of his subjects. Fascinating as a musician, but very naïve as regards the requirements of the drama, is the great pianist Feruccio Busoni (born in Empoli near Florence in 1866, since 1894 in Berlin), who became entirely identified with German culture, and indeed "poetizes" in this language.

Busoni shows in his phantastic opera "Die Brautwahl" (1913, after E. T. A. Hoffmann, libretto by himself) that he is extremely gifted for the buffo-romantic. Unfortunately a free display of this talent was impossible within the narrow frame of his opera. Another recent applicant for operatic honors, Paul Gräner (born 1873), may perhaps be mentioned as the representative of what one might term recent German opéra-pathétique. Gräner most certainly has the dramatic sense and his music does not lack the personal note, but his personality is not original enough as yet to excite deep interest or to justify in any way thoughts of Mozart in connection with his work. Still, his opera "Don Juan's letztes Abenteuer" (text by Otto Anthes), produced shortly before the outbreak of the war, holds out at least a fair promise for the future of this type of opera. On the other hand, I believe that the operas of the much discussed Vienna impressionist Franz Schreker (born 1875), "Der ferne Klang" (1912) and "Das Spielwerk und die Prinzessin" (1913), have text-books (by the composer) so strangely symbolistic and music so palpably Debussian that their artistic appeal will not go beyond a relatively limited circle.

We stand at present at the end of a period of development. It set in with the death of the greatest German music dramatist, reached its culminating point in the last works of the greatest Latin genius and has now apparently been brought to a close by the world's war which has so entirely transformed the European mode of life. In these months, which have brought so much "revaluation" of hitherto existing values, it is a bad thing to prophesy, and least of all should one indulge in predictions of any kind about such a genre as opera, which at this time has been thrown so entirely out of the beaten track. One thing, however, is certain: the result of this monstrous struggle of nations will determine the future of the "essence" of European opera.

Up to this time Germany, Italy, and France have been equally powerful in the world of opera. An analysis of the present situation leads me to believe that the future history of opera will rest with the heirs of Wagner and Verdi, except for Russian influences that are not yet to be foreseen. I have endeavored to show in this essay how the inheritance has been administered up to the present time. Italy, like Germany, finds herself since the death of these two colossal heroes in a state of transition. Let us hope that this transitory state will give way to a great new period. It will be a period, I think, in which good national art will flourish with the popular and merry as chief

qualities. The disposition already exists. To foretell the fate of opera in Italy is difficult, though we may take for granted that her art, nationally less confined, hailing from Verdi's last period and borne on the wings of song, will more easily conquer the world than German art. .The latter is very likely to be national rather than international in its appeal for some time to come. We must reckon with the possibility that the expansion of German opera in Europe will be largely confined to Teutonic nations. That a different fate awaits German opera across the ocean may be predicted with confidence. There the German opera composer of the future will be welcomed alike by Americans of German descent and by those whose mother-tongue is English. On that neutral soil a bloodless battle for supremacy will then be fought by German, French, Russian, Italian and probably American composers. In countries undamaged by the world's war the German opera of the future will perhaps grow from a national into a universal art in the sense of that of Mozart, Gluck, Wagner. We who hope to contribute to this new "art-work of the future" which will serve incidentally as a common cultural bulwark of the nations of the white race against Mongolian barbarism and sham culture, should not waste our time in theorizing but should push on to deeds. And in so doing we should always be guided by Wagner's advice: "Children, create something new, new, and again new!"

(Translated by Janet Wylie.)

TRANSLATING TO MUSIC

By SIGMUND SPAETH

ANY ONE who has ever devoted much time to translating songs, operas or cantatas into English must frequently be annoyed by such a remark as "How wonderful it is to be a linguist!" As a matter of fact, being a linguist is the least important qualification for the delicate task of translating to music. With the aid of cosmopolitan friends, dictionaries, or even hack-translators, a literal version of any prose or verse is not difficult to obtain. It is the poetical insight, the understanding of the intentions of both the composer and the author of the text, and the ability to imitate the salient features of the original combination that must determine the skill of the musical translator.

In the midst of the still raging controversy concerning "opera in English," the question has been asked again and again, "Why translate at all?" There can be only one answer. The translation of words set to music is permissible in so far as it has an educational value. If a song or an opera can broaden its sphere of influence through an English version, then by all means let it be translated. Better the half-knowledge that comes from even a weak imitation than complete ignorance.

American music-publishers, recognizing this need, have generally made it a rule to supply all foreign works with singable English equivalents, not with the intention of encouraging the use of translations, but that every composition may have a fair chance to deliver its message. The amateur who has not yet mastered the pronunciation of a foreign language may still acquire a certain appreciation of a masterpiece through an adequate translation, and thus be tempted to seek out the less accessible beauties of the original.

From the educational point of view, therefore, English versions of vocal music are desirable. Why cannot the hysterical propagandists of "opera in English" be satisfied with this verdict instead of insisting upon their artistic value as well?

A well-known lecturer, speaking from the stage of the Century Opera House in New York, recently compared grand opera with a beautiful picture, veiled, however, by the unfamiliar language in

which it was presented. "Why not remove this veil of language," said the ardent enthusiast, "so that all the beauties of line and color may become clearly visible?"

The utter absurdity of this analogy scarcely requires comment. If an opera is to be compared with a picture, then surely the language in which it is written represents not an external covering but the very lines and colors of which the picture is composed. Carrying out the analogy to its logical conclusion, the English version would have the same relation to the original opera that a photograph or a lithograph would have to an original painting. Nobody denies the educational value of the photograph or the lithograph, but who would argue that it was the same thing as the original, and who would look at it if the original itself could be seen? (It is assumed that the translation is at least a fair copy, not, as is unfortunately so often the case, a ridiculous caricature.)

To argue that the English version of any vocal work is equal to the original is a mere waste of time. Such a contention implies that the setting fits at least two sets of words equally well, which at once eliminates it as a true work of art. (This statement does not attempt to undervalue the melodic beauty of such tunes as those of the old folk-songs, which have been fitted with widely differing sets of words. It merely contends that no setting of this kind may truly be called a work of art, as it is entirely lacking in the quality of "inevitableness." A fine melody is not necessarily an artistic setting.)

There is a vast difference between setting music to English words and adapting an English translation to music already fitted to the words of another language. The discussion of English as a fit medium for song really has nothing to do with the question. Even supposing that English were a more singable language than Italian or French or German (which, especially in the case of the first two, would be extremely difficult to prove) the translation and consequent changing of a work of art would not on that account be excusable. For it may be taken for granted that the deliberate changing of a work of art is to be condoned only on extraordinary grounds. And the only valid ground for translating the text of any vocal music is increased intelligibility, implying greater educational possibilities.

It would be folly to argue that there is no real difference between an original Italian, French or German text and an English translation. No matter how careful and resourceful the translator, the gulf between the two is still impassable. And when the words of a Romanic language have to be reproduced in a Germanic, as in

translating from Italian or French into German or English, the gulf is all the greater.

In representing either the linguistic subtleties of the Romanic languages or the broad vowel sounds of the Teutonic, English suffers from peculiar limitations. Our vocabulary, to be sure, is very large, and seems to contain a word or phrase for every possible thought. But a great part of these resources cannot be utilized in a fixed musical setting because of the rigidity of the English accent. In French, where there is rarely any marked accentuation, and in Italian or German, where every letter and every syllable is regularly given its full phonetic value, it is a comparatively easy matter to achieve correct musical declamation, i. e. the exact correspondence of the musical accent with that of the spoken word. But in English a word rarely has more than one syllable which may safely receive a decided musical accent. And there are many words, particularly monosyllables, which are utterly incapable of sustaining any musical accent whatever.

Proceeding from the mere rhythm to the general sound and the mental effect of words, the limitations of the English language are still found to be great. It is significant that we make a very clear distinction between "commonplace" and "poetical" words. Many a word is barred from English poetry as being too "prosaic." In translating an operatic libretto, "poetical" words and phrases have to be substituted for the everyday language of the original.

"But," objects the propagandist of "opera in English," "if our literal translations of certain passages sound crude and banal, does not the original have exactly the same effect on those who are familiar with the language?"

The answer to this question is to be found in European poetry. There the distinction between the poetical and the commonplace is never clearly defined. The Latin imagination is able to supply what the spoken or written word merely suggests, and the crudest realism is easily invested with romance. The greatest poems are often expressed in the simplest words. So the foreigner, listening to operatic banalities which would make the literal Anglo-Saxon shudder, glorifies them by the power of his imagination. For him there is no sudden leap from the sublime to the ridiculous.

But the Anglo-Saxon imagination, if it exists at all, is self-conscious and analytical. It finds it difficult to build up an illusion, and even when it succeeds there is constant danger of a sudden collapse. That is why it insists upon "poetical" terms in its operatic translations, placing one more limitation upon the already harassed English language.

Finally must be considered the various effects of sound in the foreign languages whose exact imitation is practically impossible. Not only the many differences in the pronunciation of both vowels and consonants, but also the varieties of rhyme, alliteration, onomatopoeia, etc., must be taken into account. Wagner is especially fond of onomatopoeia, frequently using German words whose actual sound suggests their meaning. Alliteration is never easy to imitate. As for rhyme, the European fondness for combinations of two or more syllables has been the bugbear of many a translator, for, aside from the present participle and words with such suffixes as -tion, there is a poverty of double rhymes in the English language.

Admitting, then, that no English translation, however good, can possibly hope to equal the original, the whole problem becomes merely a question of how much artistic inferiority may be overlooked for the sake of increased intelligibility. And this question, in all fairness, must be applied to each vocal composition separately; its answer will depend largely on the skill of the translator. It may be interesting, therefore, to examine in detail the problems with which one is confronted in attempting to fit an English version of a foreign text to a preconceived musical setting.

Correct declamation is the first duty of the translator. There is no excuse for the slightest flaw in accents. That some great song-writers have erred in this respect, even in their original settings, has nothing to do with the case. The song-writer sets his text according to his own conception of its metre and accent. But the translator has before him a series of definite rhythmical combinations, to which the natural accents of his English words must be fitted exactly.

It is unnecessary to enter into the details of faulty accentuation that are to be found in published translations. Hundreds of examples could be pointed out, merely by running through a few collections of songs and half a dozen operatic scores. The mistakes include not only the emphasizing of non-accented syllables, but the placing of sustained and important notes upon such trifling words as the definite and indefinite articles, monosyllabic conjunctions, prepositions, etc. The writer has yet to see or hear an operatic English translation that is not full of false accents.

Almost as important as the purely mechanical problem of declamation is that of dramatic emphasis. Here the insight of the translator into the intentions of the composer is an important factor. He must constantly ask himself why certain words are peculiarly suited to the musical expression that has been given them, and

he must try to produce similar if not identical combinations in his translation.

An illustration will make this point clear. In Schumann's "Widmung," the second line of the poem is "Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz." The composer has beautifully expressed the meaning of the line by rising to a joyous note on the word "Wonn'," and then descending in regular progression to a contrasting low note on "Schmerz." The meaning of the two sustained tones in the musical phrase (coming on "Wonn'" and "Schmerz") is unmistakable. The same effect can be procured in translation only by giving the first note a word expressing joy and the second a sharply contrasting word indicating grief, pain, or sorrow. Yet at least two translators have rendered the line, "Thou all my joy and sorrow *art.*" The flat, meaningless verb "art," in other words, is expected to fit the poignant note which Schumann has given to the dramatic German word "Schmerz"!

Another example of lack of insight on the part of a translator is to be found in Schumann's "Die Beiden Grenadiere." The line "Sie liessen die Köpfe hangen," is dramatically expressed by a series of descending tones, clearly suggesting the drooping heads of the dispirited grenadiers. But this effect is entirely lost in the version "Their hearts were depressed and aching." That the line is in no sense a literal translation makes little difference. (Literalness is one of the last things to be considered in translating to music.) But to miss the entire dramatic effect of a line, to give no hint of the hanging of heads, when both the German text and the music definitely express this thought, is inexcusable.

In one of the first lines of Schubert's "Wanderer" are the words "Es braust das Meer," whose meaning is dramatically suggested by the music. One translator gives as his version of the phrase, "The ocean foam"! Here is no hint of the force of "brausen," a very expressive German verb.

In his famous setting of the "Erlkönig," Schubert makes use of a number of dramatic devices which the careful translator must imitate if possible. The terror-stricken cry of the child, for instance, is intensified in the phrase "Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?" by the position and sound of the word "nicht." But this phrase has been translated, "Seest, father, thou the Erlking, *alas!*" A pitiful subterfuge, even supposing that an actual child ever could have used such an exclamation as "alas!"

When the music, as is often the case, gives a direct imitation of the sense of the words, then the translator's version must be even more carefully chosen. Two examples will suffice. Debussy,

in the song "C'est l'extase langoureuse," gives a direct imitation of the rolling sound of pebbles under water, in setting the phrase "Le roulis sourd des cailloux." The translation, "Where waves on stormy shores die," scarcely makes the point clear.

For a second example we may turn again to Schumann's "Grenadiers." The line "Viel' Schwerter klirren und blitzen" contains two strongly onomatopoetic words ("klirren" and "blitzen") which the composer has set to music directly imitating the clashing and flashing of swords. One translator gives the line as "And swords clash and muskets rattle," a version which commits nearly every possible sin against musical translation. The declamation is bad, with the important word "clash" actually on an unaccented note, while the second syllable of "muskets" is awkwardly divided, and the unvocalic "le" of "rattle" comes on a fairly sustained tone. The translation is not only far from literal but introduces the entirely extraneous idea of "muskets." But worst of all, it absolutely misses the dramatic imitation of the music on those splendid words "klirren" and "blitzen," and therefore completely frustrates the genius of the composer. Another version, "While swords with clash are descending," offers little in the way of improvement, the final word, in particular, being utterly unworthy of the original.

Thus far there have been mentioned only the demands which may fairly be made of the translator by the composer. But the singer must also be considered, at least in so far as he was considered in the original setting. Translators should make it a rule to reproduce as far as possible the important vowel sounds of the original text. For the convenience of the singer is generally regarded by the conscientious composer who writes with the final effect of the song in mind. A soft high note, for example, may be set to an *ee* sound, making a smooth head-tone an easy matter. On the other hand, if a full chest-tone is desired the average singer would much prefer an *ah* or an *ay*. In general the rule for the translator may be summed up in the words "Imitate the sounds of the original text as far as possible, so that the translation may 'sing' like the original song."

But the poet also has his rights, and the most conscientious translators try as a rule to imitate also the original schemes of rhyme and metre. This is often so difficult that it can be accomplished only by the sacrifice of sense, accent, or dramatic emphasis. If the translator has to choose between these evils, it is far better for him to sacrifice the original verse-form than any of the features directly affecting the musical setting. Often a metrical scheme

cannot be exactly reproduced, owing to the liberties taken by the composer and the difference between English and foreign accents. When rhymes are emphasized by the music, the translator can hardly afford to omit them. But usually a modification is permissible, as, for instance, in the four-line stanzas with alternating rhymes (very common in French songs) where a rhyming of the second and fourth lines is quite sufficient in translation. The ideal translator, of course, would be expected to make his version not only "sing" like the original song but also "read" like the original poem.

Last of all comes the question of the actual meaning of the text. The average observer, to whom a translator is primarily a linguist, may argue that this question should stand first instead of last. To be sure, it is taken for granted that every translation will reproduce in some fashion the meaning of the original. But in respect to the accuracy of details, translating to music is a very different matter from translating in general. The distinction becomes clear when one reflects on the obvious difference between a "reading translation," for program purposes only, and a version that is intended to be sung. In the former, every detail of idiom, metaphor, poetical word-play, etc., should be reproduced, while in the latter the demands of the musical setting must be supreme in importance.

In general it is safe to say that a literal, word-for-word translation is never possible or even desirable. The real meaning of a French or German phrase may often be entirely obscured by a literal translation. The translator should read the original poem until he is thoroughly imbued with its spirit and general significance, after which he may rewrite the entire text in his own words, concentrating his mind upon the more important matters noted above.

This has generally been the most satisfactory method of procedure. Beginning with a clear conception of the general thought to be expressed, the careful workman first makes sure of the vital points of accent and dramatic emphasis, gradually introducing also the chief vowel-sounds and the leading features of the original rhyme-scheme. If he is able to include so much, he is extremely fortunate and may well be satisfied even if not a single word or phrase has been translated literally. The latter possibility depends entirely upon the nature of the original text and the language in which it is written. It is much easier to make an English translation from the closely related German, for example, than from the French or Italian languages.

The ideal musical translator is not merely a linguist, but a poet and a musician as well. If all these qualities are not to be found in one man, it would be better for several individuals to collaborate. This, in fact, is now very often done. The late Henry Grafton Chapman, whose translations are remarkable for their poetic touch and their thorough sympathy with the spirit of the author, never hesitated to consult with singers and composers in order to make his work acceptable in its musical as well as its literary quality.

If a poet could find the inspiration for a sonnet in reading Chapman's translation of Homer, why should not the modern Anglicizer of vocal music be ambitious for the future verdict "He was a great interpreter"? Perhaps if the thoughtless propagandists of "singing in English" and the careless critics of translations in general realized the stupendous difficulties faced by the translator of even the simplest song, they would be more inclined to treat with respect and consideration a work worthy of the most inspired poet-musician, instead of relegating it to the underworld of grubbing hacks and soulless versifiers.

THE OCCUPATION OF MUSICIAN IN THE UNITED STATES

By HENRY J. HARRIS

IN a volume recently issued, the United States Census Office has told us how many musicians and teachers of music (*i. e.* musicians who are principally teachers of music) there are in this country, where they are located, how many are men and how many are women, what are their ages, whether they were born in this country and whether their parents were born in this country. As the United States is practically the only country in the world for which such information is available, a brief review of the facts will be of interest, not only because they show the extent to which Americans earn their livelihood from the musical professions, but also because these facts show the intensity of the musical life of the country by indicating the number of persons the community supports in order to provide itself with music.

The manner in which the information was secured by the Census Office requires a word of explanation. In April 1910, the census enumerators visited every residence in the country, and among other questions, asked what was the principal occupation of each person over ten years of age in the household. From these schedules was compiled the information about musicians and teachers of music now under discusssion. The enumerators were instructed to secure the principal occupation of each person; this meant that occupation from which the person obtained his principal means of support. One complication however arose in regard to women's occupations; if a woman was a housewife but in addition regularly earned money as a teacher of music, then she was classed as a teacher of music. The result of this procedure is that the Census tables include many women as teachers of music who very probably devoted only a small portion of their time to the teaching of music.

In arranging the returns as to occupation in groups, the occupations of musician and teacher of music were placed in the general occupation division of "professional service." With the sole exception of the division of "domestic and personal service,"

no other of the general divisions[1] included so large a proportion of females. The high proportion of females engaged in professional service was due, the report states, to the large number of female musicians and teachers of music, school teachers and nurses.

The occupation returns of the census just described are the only source from which one can obtain authentic information as to the number and characteristics of persons engaged in the musical professions. Occasionally statements are published in the public press and elsewhere purporting to give information, for instance, as to the amount of money expended on music by a nation in one year, including the amounts paid to musicians and teachers of music; it is obvious, of course, that such statements are but crude guesses, based on estimates from directories, etc., and, even when made by persons of experience, are of such an unreliable character that they can only be classed among the things that are interesting, if true. This is not only the case as regards information concerning the United States, but it is even more true as regards other countries. In Germany, the occupation census groups the musical and theatrical professions into one class, so that it is impossible to separate the facts for each profession. In Great Britain,[2] a form of classification is used which makes comparisons difficult, while the French census includes musicians in the group "letters and art." It must be remembered that no country in the world spends as much money on statistics as does the United States and that in many fields we possess statistical information the collection, compilation and publication of which would be impossible in other countries because of the expense.

Number of Musicians and Teachers of Music in the United States

In the census statistics, the returns of musicians and of teachers of music have usually been combined because the two occupations are so closely related. We know from the various censuses what was the number of musicians and teachers of music

[1]The grouping of the 1910 Census contains the following general divisions of occupations;

(1) agriculture, (2) mining, (3) manufacturing, (4) transportation, (5) trade, (6) public service, (7) professional service, (8) domestic and personal service, and (9) clerical occupations.

[2]The 1911 census of England and Wales shows 47,116 persons included in the group "musicians, music-masters and singers"; in 1901 this group numbered 43,249 persons. Besides this group, in 1911 there were 2,420 persons employed as musicians in theaters and 1,376 in music halls (see Census of England and Wales, 1911, vol. X, part 1, page XXIV).

for the last half century at these ten year enumerations and to show the general growth of the United States in connection with these occupations, Table I on this page gives the data for 1850 to 1910.

The number of musicians and teachers of music in 1850 is stated to have been 3,550; by 1860 this number had increased to 10,354, and in 1870 it was 16,010. It should be clearly stated, however, that the figures of the earlier censuses are not entirely comparable with those of the later censuses. But since 1880 there is no question as to the similarity of methods used in compiling the census information and comparisons of the changes which have occurred in this period of thirty years may be made with entire accuracy.

TABLE I

NUMBER OF MUSICIANS AND TEACHERS OF MUSIC IN THE UNITED STATES, 1850-1910.

Year	Total Population	Musicians and teachers of music		
		Male	Female	Total
1850	23,191,876	.....	.....	3,550
1860	31,443,321	.....	.....	10,354
1870	38,558,371	10,257	5,753	16,010
1880	50,155,783	17,295	13,182	30,477
1890	62,622,250[1]	27,636	34,519	62,155
1900	75,994,575	39,815	52,359	92,174
1910	91,972,266	54,832	84,478	139,310

In the thirty year period from 1880 to 1910, the total population of continental United States increased from about fifty million to about ninety-two million, that is, it has almost doubled. In the same thirty year period, the number of musicians and teachers of music has increased from about thirty thousand to almost one hundred and forty thousand, an increase of nearly five fold. If the increase in the number of musicians and teachers of music be taken as a criterion of American musical development, then the most rapid growth in these thirty years took place in the period from 1880 to 1890, when the number jumped from thirty thousand to sixty-two thousand, an increase of over one hundred per cent. In the two decades since 1890, the number has increased by about fifty per cent. in each decade. As our population has increased by about twenty per cent. in each decade since 1880, these increases in the number of musicians and teachers of music indicate a rapid growth in the musical activity of the country.

[1]Figures for 1890 are exclusive of persons in Indian Territory or on Indian reservations, areas specially enumerated at that census but for which occupation statistics are not available.

The causes of this increase are of too varied a nature to permit of analysis at present, but while this rapid growth of numbers in the musical professions was going on, the United States was changing from an agricultural to an industrial country and the population in the cities was increasing much more rapidly than the population in the rural districts. Musical life can flourish of course only under city conditions and with the growth of our cities came the basis for the development of musical activities.

One conspicuous feature of the great increase in the number of musicians is the change in the proportion of the sexes during the thirty year period; in 1880 there were about 17,000 men and 13,000 women in these occupations, while in 1910 there were about 55,000 men and 84,000 women. The period from 1880 to 1890 showed the greatest increase in the number of women. However, too much emphasis should not be placed on this increase in the number of women in the musical professions because a similar change was also going on in many industrial and commercial occupations.

Sex, Age and Nativity of Musicians and Teachers of Music

In only one table does the 1910 census give us the figures separately for the musicians and for the teachers of music. Table II below presents the facts for the two groups.

TABLE II

Number of Musicians and Teachers of Music in the United States in 1910, Classified by Sex, Age and Nativity.

	Number of persons	Age Period			Color or race, nativity and parentage				
		20 and under	21 to 44 (including age unknown)	45 and over	Native white		Foreign-born white	Negro	Indian, Chinese, Japanese and all other
					Native parentage	Foreign or mixed parentage			
Musicians:									
Male	39,163	4,747	27,315	7,101	13,486	9,617	13,233	2,769	58
Female	15,695	4,417	10,280	998	9,487	4,301	1,293	605	9
Total	54,858	9,164	37,595	8,099	22,973	13,918	14,526	3,374	67
Teachers of Music:.									
Male	15,669	866	9,705	5,098	7,102	3,481	4,590	490	6
Female	68,783	12,149	48,085	8,549	46,221	17,084	3,710	1,742	26
Total	84,452	13,015	57,790	13,647	53,323	20,565	8,300	2,232	32
Musicians and Teachers of Music:	139,310	22,179	95,385	21,746	76,296	34,483	22,826	5,606	99

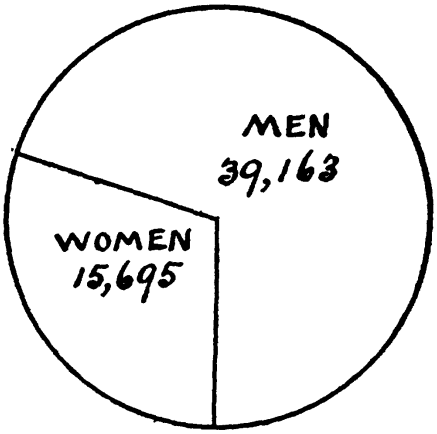
The total number of musicians in the United States in 1910 was about 55,000 while the number of teachers of music was about 84,000; together these two groups numbered 139,000 persons. This means that for every 10,000 persons in the country there were about 6 musicians and about 9 teachers of music.

The musicians show a distribution of the sexes which is entirely different from that of the teachers of music; the great majority (39,163 out of 54,858) of the musicians are men, while the great majority (68,783 out of 84,452) of the teachers of music are women.

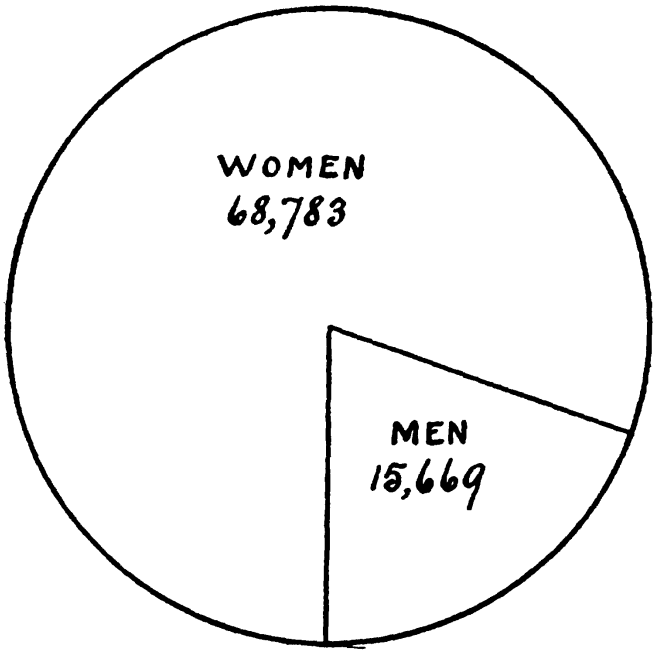
The age grouping of the musical occupations shows that the greater part of the persons thus engaged are from 21 to 44 years of age, which is the usual grouping for most occupations. It is somewhat surprising, though, to find that so large a number as 9,000 out of the 54,000 musicians are under 20 years of age. On the other hand, it is also somewhat of a surprise to find that only 8,000 out of the 54,000 musicians are over 45 years of age; apparently the occupation of musician is a young person's occupation, but whether those who drop out of the work have found the returns so meager that they have turned to other lines or whether it is the result of the natural lessening of musical ability with advancing years, we have no means of learning from the census returns. In the case of men teachers of music, 5,000 out of the 15,000, or about one third, were over 45 years of age, which is approximately the normal proportion for persons engaged in professional occupations. The returns for women musicians and for women teachers of music show that in both of these occupations women follow the same course as in other lines of work; a large proportion belong to the younger age groups and in the course of 20 or 30 years the great majority of them give up their professional work, most often because of marriage, but also because many of the women are not entirely dependent on their occupation as their means of livelihood and gradually withdraw from it.

Table II also answers the question as to how many of the persons following the profession of music are American born and how many are foreign born. Out of the 54,000 musicians in the country, 14,526 or 26.5 per cent. were foreign born white persons; in other words, one out of every four musicians was born abroad. As to the parents of the musicians, about 23,000, or 42 per cent. of the total, had both parents born in the United States, while 13,918 or about 25 per cent. of the total had either one or both parents born abroad. At the present time, therefore, three fourths of our white musicians were born in the United States and the great

1910
MUSICIANS
54,858



1910
TEACHERS OF MUSIC
84,452



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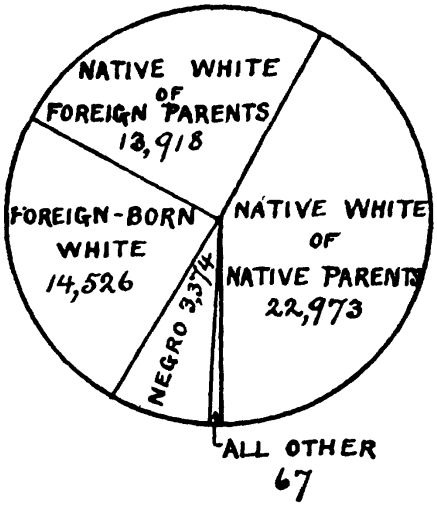

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TEACHERS OF MUSIC
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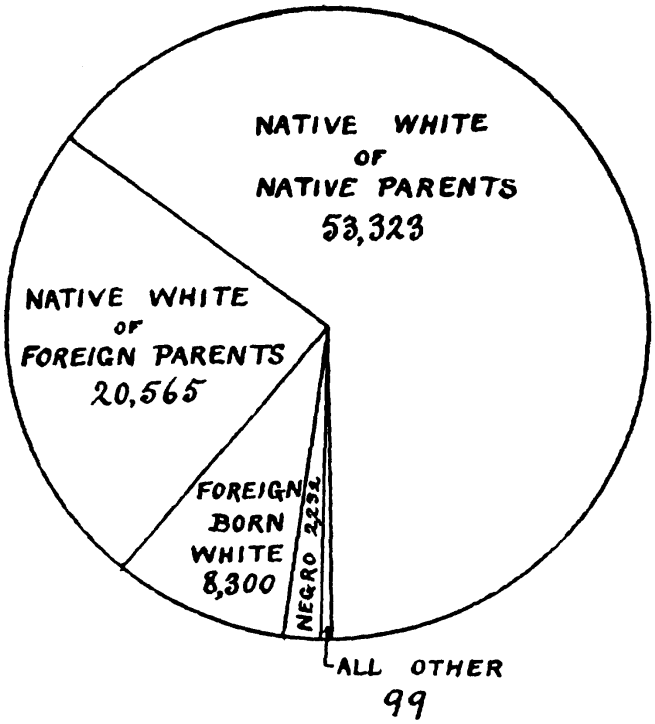


majority of these were descendants of American-born parents. Of the teachers of music, an even smaller proportion was born abroad, the foreign born being only 8,300, or about 10 per cent., out of the total of 84,452. American music is now being furnished to a very large extent by American musicians, and those who are instructing the coming generation of musicians are also of American birth to a great extent.

The number of negro musicians is reported as being 3,374 out of the total of 54,858 or about 6 per cent. As the returns for the negroes are subject to a high percentage of error, it is only necessary to state that negroes make up about 4 per cent. of the general group "professional service," so that the negroes engaged in the profession of music form a somewhat higher proportion than the negroes in all professional work.

Number of Musicians and Teachers of Music in the various States of the United States in 1910 and 1900.

The various states of the Union show marked differences in regard to the number of musicians and teachers of music located within their borders. Tables III and IV on pages 306 and 307 give the number of persons engaged in the musical professions in each state, together with the total population and the number of musicians and music teachers in each 10,000 of population for 1910 and 1900.

For the whole of the United States, the number of musicians and teachers of music per 10,000 population was 15.1 in 1910 and 12.1 in 1900; not only has the number of musicians and teachers of music increased, but it has increased so much faster than the population, that the proportion is one fourth higher in 1910 than it was in 1900. In 1910 there were ten states which had 20 or more musicians and teachers of music per 10,000 population, while in 1900 there were only four states with the proportion of 20 or more. These four states in 1900 were California, New York, Massachusetts and Colorado; in 1910 these four states still were in the lead as having the highest proportion.

In 1910 the areas in which an active musical life is indicated by the presence of a high proportion of persons following occupations connected with music are first, the Atlantic coast states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New York; second, the Pacific coast states of California, Oregon and Washington; and third, the inland states of Colorado and Illinois. The population of Nevada and

TABLE III

NUMBER OF MUSICIANS AND TEACHERS OF MUSIC IN EACH STATE OF THE UNITED STATES, IN 1910

State	Total Population	Musicians and Teachers of Music			
		Male	Female	Total	Per 10,000 Population
United States	91,972,266	54,832	84,478	139,310	15.1
California	2,377,549	2,825	3,904	6,729	28.3
New York	9,113,614	12,415	10,814	23,229	25.5
Massachusetts	3,366,416	3,452	4,919	8,371	24.9
Colorado	799,024	689	1,159	1,848	23.1
Rhode Island	542,610	543	663	1,206	22.2
Washington	1,141,990	1,083	1,389	2,472	21.7
Nevada	81,875	82	90	172	21.0
Illinois	5,638,591	4,704	7,023	11,727	20.8
Utah	373,351	351	412	763	20.4
Oregon	672,765	504	838	1,342	20.0
Connecticut	1,114,756	786	1,218	2,004	18.0
Ohio	4,767,121	2,931	5,656	8,587	18.0
New Jersey	2,537,167	2,133	2,370	4,503	17.7
Missouri	3,293,335	1,834	3,468	5,302	16.1
Montana	376,053	301	294	595	15.8
New Hampshire	430,572	223	447	670	15.6
Maine	742,371	366	785	1,151	15.5
Michigan	2,810,173	1,326	3,010	4,336	15.4
Indiana	2,700,876	1,220	2,864	4,084	15.1
Iowa	2,224,771	747	2,589	3,336	15.0
Kansas	1,690,949	529	2,014	2,543	15.0
Maryland	1,295,346	900	1,038	1,938	15.0
Pennsylvania	7,665,111	4,942	6,495	11,437	14.9
Minnesota	2,075,708	1,115	1,942	3,057	14.7
Delaware	202,322	103	193	296	14.6
Idaho	325,594	178	291	469	14.4
Nebraska	1,192,214	441	1,256	1,697	14.2
Wyoming	145,965	125	80	205	14.0
Vermont	355,956	133	361	494	13.9
Wisconsin	2,333,860	1,074	2,061	3,135	13.4
Arizona	204,354	164	102	266	13.0
New Mexico	327,301	166	196	362	11.1
Texas	3,896,542	1,347	2,883	4,230	10.9
South Dakota	583,888	117	441	558	9.6
Oklahoma	1,657,155	426	1,044	1,470	8.9
Florida	752,619	219	431	650	8.6
Kentucky	2,289,905	625	1,275	1,900	8.3
Louisiana	1,656,388	538	763	1,301	7.9
Tennessee	2,184,789	469	1,219	1,688	7.7
North Dakota	577,056	116	282	398	6.9
West Virginia	1,221,119	240	572	812	6.6
Arkansas	1,574,449	285	710	995	6.3
Georgia	2,609,121	415	1,155	1,570	6.0
Virginia	2,061,612	418	805	1,223	5.9
Alaska	64,356	31	5	36	5.6
Alabama	2,138,093	240	819	1,059	5.0
North Carolina	2,206,287	199	698	897	4.1
Mississippi	1,797,114	158	582	740	4.1
South Carolina	1,515,400	122	410	532	3.5

Utah is so small that the high proportions obtaining in those two states may perhaps be accidental, but it should be noted that they have about the same proportion as the adjoining states.

In 1900 the leading musical states were practically the same as in 1910, being Massachusetts and New York in the east and

TABLE IV

NUMBER OF MUSICIANS AND TEACHERS OF MUSIC IN EACH STATE OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1900.

State	Total Population	Musicians and Teachers of Music			
		Male	Female	Total	Per 10,000 Population
United States	75,994,575	39,815	52,359	92,174	12.1
California	1,485,053	1,691	2,172	3,863	26.0
New York	7,268,894	8,962	6,830	15,792	21.7
Massachusetts	2,805,346	2,580	3,483	6,063	21.6
Colorado	539,700	526	553	1,079	20.0
Rhode Island	428,556	359	458	817	19.1
Oregon	413,536	348	385	733	17.7
Illinois	4,821,550	3,639	4,560	8,199	17.0
Washington	518,103	419	448	867	16.7
Connecticut	908,420	649	847	1,496	16.5
New Jersey	1,883,669	1,495	1,383	2,878	15.3
Ohio	4,157,545	2,422	3,512	5,934	14.3
Montana	243,329	170	157	327	13.4
Arizona	122,931	102	61	163	13.3
Iowa	2,231,853	704	2,200	2,904	13.0
Michigan	2,420,982	1,031	2,106	3,137	13.0
Maryland	1,188,044	831	709	1,540	13.0
Nebraska	1,066,300	464	876	1,340	12.6
Pennsylvania	6,302,115	3,610	4,156	7,766	12.3
Nevada	42,335	17	35	52	12.3
Kansas	1,470,495	378	1,337	1,715	11.7
Maine	694,466	247	568	815	11.7
Utah	276,749	162	162	324	11.7
Missouri	3,106,665	1,381	2,218	3,599	11.6
New Hampshire	411,588	170	308	478	11.6
Indiana	2,516,462	936	1,871	2,807	11.2
Vermont	343,641	101	276	377	11.0
New Mexico	195,310	185	25	210	10.8
Minnesota	1,751,394	719	1,083	1,802	10.3
Delaware	184,735	61	128	189	10.2
Wisconsin	2,069,042	791	1,239	2,030	9.8
Wyoming	92,531	39	48	87	9.4
Idaho	161,772	64	87	151	9.3
Texas	3,048,710	1,052	1,657	2,709	8.9
South Dakota	401,570	92	219	311	7.7
Kentucky	2,147,174	534	880	1,414	6.6
Louisiana	1,381,625	387	473	860	6.2
Florida	528,542	113	205	318	6.0
North Dakota	319,146	47	122	169	5.3
Tennessee	2,020,616	320	738	1,058	5.2
Oklahoma (a)	790,391	122	279	401	5.1
Virginia	1,854,184	348	470	818	4.4
Alaska	63,592	21	7	28	4.4
West Virginia	958,800	141	271	412	4.3
Arkansas	1,311,564	175	374	549	4.2
Georgia	2,216,331	280	633	913	4.1
Alabama	1,828,697	168	482	650	3.5
Mississippi	1,551,270	131	397	528	3.4
South Carolina	1,340,316	106	237	343	2.6
North Carolina	1,893,810	132	334	466	2.5

(a) Including Indian Territory

California and Colorado in the west. Utah and Nevada increased their musical population from 1900 to 1910 much more rapidly than the average increase for the whole country; with the exception of the two last named states, the growth has been fairly uniform for all the states in the ten years and there has been no conspicuous

or startling change during the decade. Every state in the Union shows an increase in the proportion of musicians and teachers of music except Arizona, which had 13.3 per 10,000 inhabitants in 1900 and 13.0 in 1910.

It is also worthy of note that the four states with the smallest proportion of musicians and teachers of music in 1910 were Alabama, Mississippi, North Carolina and South Carolina and that these states held the same position in 1900, though there is a distinct increase in the proportion of the population engaged in musical occupations in each state during the ten year period. The small number of musicians and teachers of music in these four states is of course due to the fact that they are areas principally engaged in agriculture, contain but few large cities and have a large negro population.

The special feature of the statistical tables is the prominent place taken by the western states. It was to be expected that the older and more densely populated states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York or Illinois should have a high proportion of their population engaged in the musical professions, but that the newer and less densely populated states such as California, Colorado, Washington and Oregon should have an equal or greater proportion so engaged will doubtless prove a surprise to many.

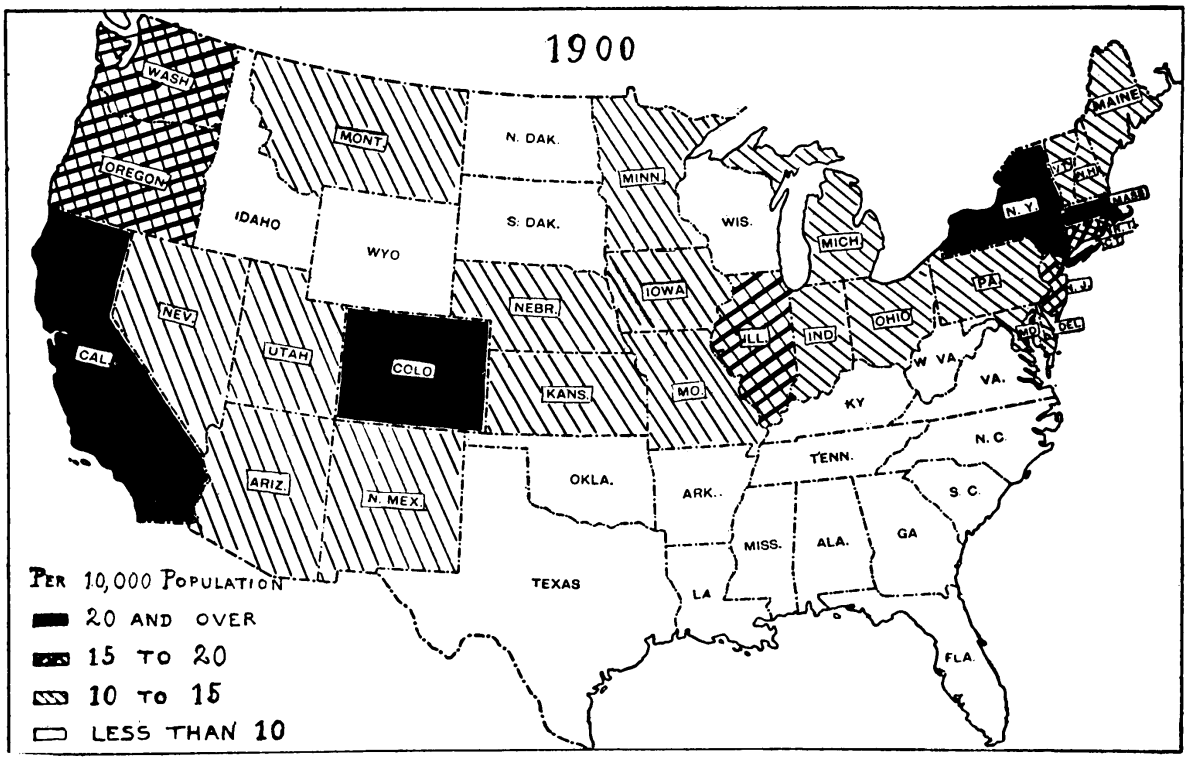
The maps show the location of the areas containing the various proportions of persons engaged in the musical professions and also indicate the changes which have occurred from 1900 to 1910.

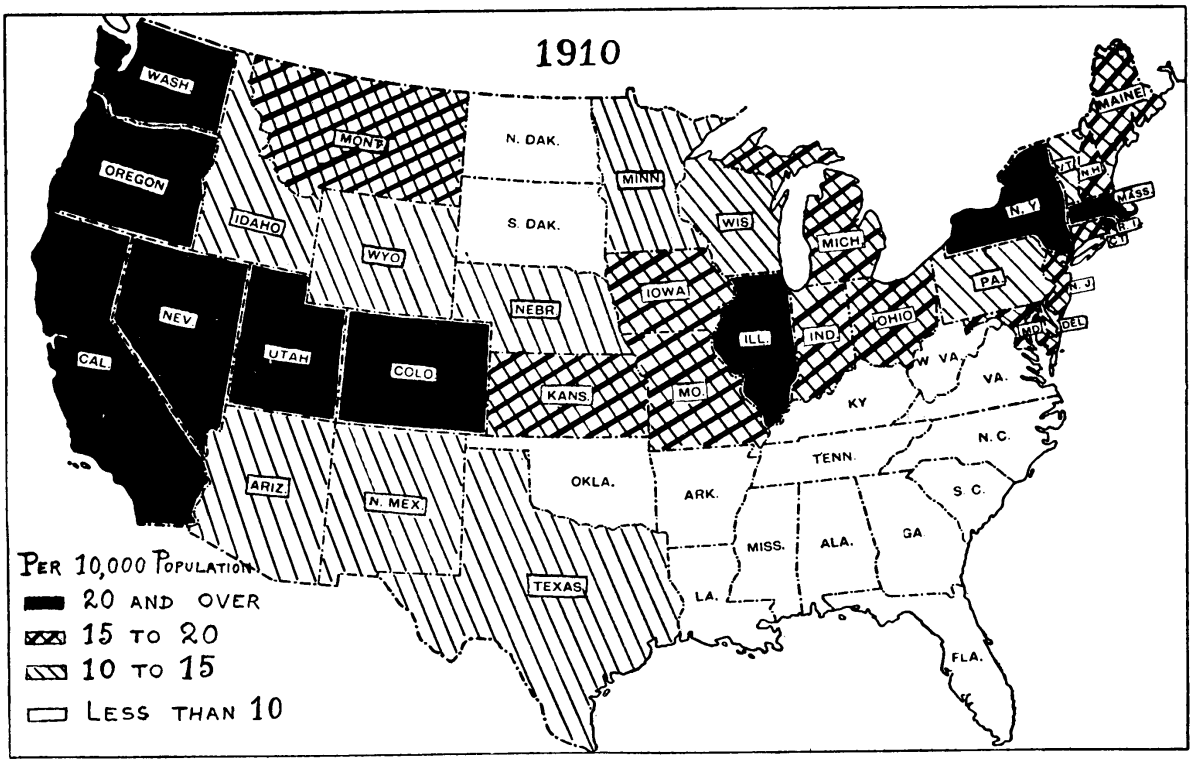
Number of Musicians and Teachers of Music in Cities Having a Population of 100,000 or over in 1910.

The city with the largest number of musicians and teachers of music in the United States is, of course, New York City with 15,146; Chicago has the next largest number with 6,683; Philadelphia comes third with 3,961, while Boston, with 2,614 ranks fourth. This order is the same as these cities rank in regard to the number of their population. A more interesting comparison, however, is secured by contrasting the number of musicians and teachers of music per 10,000 of population. Table V given below includes all the cities in the United States which had 100,000 or more population in 1910.

According to Table V, the ten most musical of the larger cities in the United States are Los Angeles, Denver, Boston,

Number of Musicians and Teachers of Music per 10,000 Inhabitants in the United States in 1900 and 1910.





San Francisco, Seattle, Oakland, Kansas City, Portland (Oregon), Spokane and Minneapolis. Of these ten cities, Boston is the only one located east of the Mississippi River. Also out of these ten cities, five are located on the Pacific coast, the five being Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Oakland and Portland. Another characteristic of these ten cities is that, with the exception of Boston, with its 670,000 population, the others have less than a half million of population; in other words, they do not include our very large cities.

The ten cities of the 100,000 population class which have the smallest proportion of persons engaged in musical occupations are Dayton, Pittsburgh, Atlanta, Lowell, Scranton, Paterson, Jersey City, Richmond, Fall River, and Birmingham. All of these cities are well known as industrial centers and are largely engaged in the textile and iron industries.

Résumé

The number of musicians and teachers of music in the United States in 1910 was about 140,000, composed of about 55,000 musicians and 85,000 teachers of music; for each 10,000 inhabitants there were about 6 musicians and 9 teachers of music.

The number of musicians and teachers of music in 1910 was 139,310; in 1900 it was 92,174 and in 1880 it was 30,477. From 1880 to 1910 the total population of the United States has about doubled, while the number of musicians and teachers of music has increased nearly five fold.

Men formed 58 per cent. and women 42 per cent. of the musicians and teachers of music in 1880; in 1910 the men formed 39 per cent. and the women 61 per cent.

The age grouping of the musicians shows that in 1910 about one sixth were under 21 and less than one seventh were over 45 years of age. Of the teachers of music, less than one seventh were under 21 and a similar fraction were over 45 years of age.

Of the musicians in this country in 1910, only 26 per cent., or about one fourth, were born abroad: 42 per cent. had both parents born in this country, while 25 per cent. had either one or both parents born abroad. Of the teachers of music, about 10 per cent. were born abroad; 63 per cent., or nearly two thirds, had both parents born in this country, while 24 per cent., or nearly one fourth, had either one or both parents born abroad.

The ten states having the largest number of musicians and teachers of music per 10,000 inhabitants in 1910 were California,

TABLE V

NUMBER OF MUSICIANS AND TEACHERS OF MUSIC IN CITIES WITH 100,000 POPULATION OR OVER IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1910.

City	Total Population	Musicians and teachers of music			
		Males	Females	Total	Per 10,000 population
Los Angeles, Cal.	319,198	590	871	1,461	45.8
Denver, Colo.	213,381	369	530	899	42.1
Boston, Mass.	670,585	1,340	1,274	2,614	38.9
San Francisco, Cal.	416,912	845	748	1,593	38.2
Seattle, Wash	237,194	469	431	900	37.9
Oakland, Cal.	150,174	242	308	550	36.6
Kansas City, Mo.	248,381	351	533	884	35.6
Portland, Oreg.	207,214	310	426	736	35.5
Spokane, Wash.	104,402	155	194	349	33.4
Minneapolis, Minn.	301,408	440	545	985	32.7
Albany, N. Y.	100,253	181	143	324	32.3
New York, N. Y.	4,766,883	9,342	5,804	15,146	31.8
Omaha, Nebr.	124,096	180	210	390	31.4
Columbus, Ohio	181,511	230	337	567	31.2
Cincinnati, Ohio	363,591	549	583	1,132	31.1
Chicago, Ill.	2,185,283	3,442	3,241	6,683	30.6
St. Paul, Minn.	214,744	307	343	650	30.2
Rochester, N. Y.	218,149	305	348	653	29.9
Washington, D. C.	331,069	513	448	961	29.0
St. Louis, Mo.	687,029	967	1,019	1,986	28.9
Syracuse, N. Y.	137,249	184	197	381	27.8
Providence, R. I.	224,326	288	331	619	27.6
Detroit, Mich.	465,766	536	738	1,274	27.3
Cambridge, Mass.	104,839	106	174	280	26.7
Toledo, Ohio	168,497	184	262	446	26.4
Grand Rapids, Mich.	112,571	102	194	296	26.3
Milwaukee, Wis.	373,857	478	490	968	25.9
Buffalo, N. Y.	423,715	501	594	1,095	25.8
Philadelphia, Pa.	1,549,008	2,253	1,708	3,961	25.6
Memphis, Tenn.	131,105	140	187	327	24.9
Indianapolis, Ind.	233,650	258	318	576	24.7
New Orleans, La.	339,075	372	458	830	24.5
Baltimore, Md.	558,485	704	642	1,346	24.1
Newark, N. J.	347,469	475	326	801	23.1
Louisville, Ky.	223,928	251	264	515	2.30
Cleveland, Ohio	560,663	585	667	1,252	22.3
Worcester, Mass.	145,986	117	206	323	22.1
Bridgeport, Conn.	102,054	131	95	226	22.1
Nashville, Tenn.	110,364	86	145	231	20.9
New Haven, Conn.	133,605	138	140	278	20.8
Dayton, Ohio	116,577	91	152	243	20.8
Pittsburgh, Pa.	533,905	525	582	1,107	20.7
Atlanta, Ga.	154,839	125	192	317	20.5
Lowell, Mass.	106,294	99	113	212	19.9
Scranton, Pa.	129,867	116	122	238	18.3
Paterson, N. J.	125,600	144	75	219	17.4
Jersey City, N. J.	267,779	226	210	436	16.3
Richmond, Va.	127,628	90	102	192	15.0
Fall River, Mass.	119,295	98	79	177	14.8
Birmingham, Ala.	132,685	69	121	190	14.3

New York, Massachusetts, Colorado, Rhode Island, Washington, Nevada, Illinois, Utah and Oregon. The ten states with the smallest proportion were North Dakota, West Virginia, Arkansas, Georgia, Virginia, Alaska, Alabama, North Carolina, Mississippi and South Carolina. There is but little change in the ranking

of the states since 1900, the growth having been fairly uniform in all the states in the ten years.

The ten cities of over 100,000 population having the largest number of musicians and teachers of music per 10,000 inhabitants in 1910 were Los Angeles, Denver, Boston, San Francisco, Seattle, Oakland, Portland (Oregon), Spokane and Minneapolis; the ten cities of the same population having the smallest number of musicians and teachers of music in 1910 were Dayton, Pittsburgh, Atlanta, Lowell, Scranton, Paterson, Jersey City, Richmond, Fall River and Birmingham.

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THINGS THAT MATTER

By SIR HUBERT PARRY

THERE are an immense number of instances of works of art and literature which have had great vogue, and have been enthusiastically extol ed for a while, but have soon vanished altogether into the limbo of things forgotten; except by the few whose duty it is to collect and certify illustrations of human fallibility. People commonly talk of such works as old-fashioned, and many think that explains everything. But as it is rather an unfriendly word it would be fairer to consider what it originally meant. Some people evidently regard the word as synonymous with 'old,' and 'old' as synonymous with 'superseded.' They seem to labour under the curious misconception that a thing is old-fashioned because the fashion for it is past; while in reality the meaning of the word was that the thing referred to had been fashioned long ago, and that the fashioning of it was after a manner that had been superseded or dropped in the general progress of arts and social habits. In its original sense the thing that was old-fashioned could be, on that account, loveable, romantic, suffused with a pretty savour of quaint ancientness. But in course of time the meaning of the word has grown specialized in an unfavourable direction; and this partly on account of its association with the word 'fashion.'

It was natural to think that the word 'old-fashioned' was derived from 'fashion'; but it is easy to see that the contrary was the fact, and that the latter word was derived from the former; and the slur which some people cast on a thing which is said to be 'old-fashioned' is owing to the attitude of mind which is engendered by much superfluous subservience to the standards of local and contemporary fashions. To such a type of mind

what is not in the fashion is not worthy of attention; and the advocacy of the extension of appreciation to such things as were fashioned in times of old is regarded as the mere stale, unprofitable babble of doddering dotards. It is a cheap way of ruling out things which seem likely to require a little effort of the intelligence to appreciate.

But even the most infatuated of the worshippers of fashion would not really rule things out because they were old, when brought to the actual test. In its depreciatory sense the word is not in the least synonymous with 'old.' The Acropolis is not old-fashioned, the Pyramids are not old-fashioned, Stonehenge is not old-fashioned, Palestrina's "Missa Papae Marcelli" is not old-fashioned, Bach's organ music is not old-fashioned, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Van Dyck are not old-fashioned, Shakespeare and Aristophanes are not old-fashioned; while on the other hand plenty of pictures which are shown with approval in exhibitions of the highest prestige are old-fashioned in the very next year. So it is clearly not on account of its age that a thing is old-fashioned.

But neither on the other hand could a thing be ruled as dead and done with on account of its not being in accordance with temporary fashion, but in reality rather the reverse. For one of the permanent jokes of those who laugh longest is, that the ideas of those who are in the forefront of fashion at any time are always the subjects of withering derision to those who represent the next fashion. It might fairly be argued that fashion shares this peculiarity with philosophies; but the discussion of the parallel would be disproportionate; it must be sufficient to point out that it would be very unsafe to take fashion as a touchstone of quality, when it is obvious that its most conspicuous characteristic is instability—in other words, that it hardly takes as much as a generation on an average to discover that its criteria are worthless.

The respect paid to fashion is mainly a survival. In days a little while ago, when those who patronized art and literature were few, people respected the tastes and opinions of those few who had a right to speak of culture as something honourable; and fashion in art matters and in literature really represented some little sense and enlightened discrimination. But when the wealthy classes ceased to take pride in knowing something about art, fashion ceased to have any consistency whatever and became the product of some three or four influences; such as imitation of and sympathy with the tastes (or absence of them) of immediate

neighbours, the arrogance of the half-witted type of plutocrats, and the astuteness of commercials. It was the interest of all concerned to avoid being long in the same opinion. Even the most abject mind could not put up with fashion if it was not perpetually changing. Fashion, moreover, does not want things that last. If they last too well they last till they are out of fashion and then discredit its devotees. Fashion is a crude manner of marshalling the hosts of those who do not want the trouble of thinking for themselves. It is a sort of safeguard to those who are incapable of going along alone. It is implied of necessity that its devotees are deficient in mental outfit; and only survive by perpetual change of their ground.

But the essence of art on the other hand is permanence; by which is meant that it survives the close scrutiny of all the best minds for generations. The products which represent fashion do not survive scrutiny. Take for instance any inadequate work about which the general public is lured into wild ecstasy by clever advertisement. At first it is swept whole-heartedly into the vortex; but after a while some few begin to discern inadequacies, even the shuffling workman's faulty work, and the flaws become irritating; and when men know that every time they submit to the spell of the work again they will have to experience the same feeling of nausea from dishonest pretence in it they necessarily draw away from it, and very soon indeed they will have to confess that the thing is indeed old-fashioned in the bad sense. But the work that is really sound is welcomed by the sternest critics for generations; and if flaws are found and condoned it is because they are honourable flaws; the flaws of the creature really trying to do his best with such means as are at his disposal, and not trying to pass off impostures as compromises made to please or hoax the ignorant.

It would be gratifying to be able to say that fashion is a thing which does not matter, but unfortunately it would not be true. Its influence is unavoidable. There are hardly any men strong enough to be able to disregard it, and those who try to do so and write in accordance with patiently earned convictions are likely themselves to be disregarded. As things are, fashion colours everything that attracts public attention, and it accordingly takes a very large share in determining the qualities which characterize the art of any time or generation. This implies that fashion is not purely fortuitous. In the present day those who organize fashions, whether for commercial or for other purposes, study their public with great astuteness. They are not so foolish as to try

to drive them in a direction they do not want to go. They prepare the ground step by step and each new departure leads naturally to another, just as the discomforts of the notorious hobble skirt which confined female legs led to the split skirt which exposed them sometimes surprisingly. The laughable thing is that the public does not know where it is being led, and thinks it is its own genius which is finding out the new things. And so subservience takes the appearance of spontaneity—and the fact remains that each change of fashion does in a way represent the mental outfit or temperamental average of the time. And in that sense it matters. It matters especially as a thing against which every independent personality has ceaselessly to strive.

But it must obviously be a very superficial part of art which is so chameleon-like in its vagaries. The things that are vital take ages to change. It is indeed only the surface which changes, and in these fashions, whether of art or literature, the reasons are not difficult to find. It is characteristic of undeveloped minds to worship accessories. Lack of vitality of brain shows itself especially in the incapacity to discern the true meaning of things, and to be seduced by the trappings, the adornments, the bedizened outsides of things. To unalert minds it is inevitable to mistake attitudinizing for heroism, bluster for bravery, rouge and powder for beauty, and the glib outpourings of big words for oratory. They are so dazzled by the external show that they have not any attention left to discover if there is anything behind it. Hence fashion in arts mainly concerns itself with phraseology; and it is mainly by phraseology that one period differs from another, and it is in phraseology especially that a thing becomes 'old-fashioned.'

Yet phraseology in music as in literature is a matter of great importance. It can be manipulated for various purposes. It may be concentrated with superb skill to convey interesting thoughts and speculations. It can be used for decorative purposes to give æsthetic interest, or the impression of skill in the performer. It can also be used so as to conceal the absence of any thought worth considering, and it can be made up of popular catch phrases to tickle the ears of the groundlings. The two latter kinds do not need consideration here, but the two first often seem to run contrary to one another, so it is desirable to have a clear idea of their respective spheres. In connection with the first the ideal of the most perfect style comes to mind; that it is the employment of the fewest terms musical or otherwise which will convey the meaning most completely under the conditions of presentment. Such an ideal of style of course appeals only to highly organized

minds. It is based on the far-off consciousness that life is short and there is a great deal to do in it, and that therefore the man who can express what he has to express as concisely and decisively as possible is a benefactor of his species. And there is yet another allurement about it, that it invites exercise of the mind in those that wish to understand, and gives a pleasant feeling of exhilaration to those who feel they have grasped a full meaning, with all its copious implied side allusions, and subtle hints at far distant coherences.

But this desirable aspect of style seems altogether countered by the decorative impulse. The decorative part of art is indeed necessarily on the surface and easily influenced by fashion and temporary whims. But it covers an enormous deal of ground in art, and might even be described by superficial observers as the ultimate object of it. Yet when the object is to convince it is for the most part obstructive. It keeps people waiting. But then on the other hand it may keep people waiting willingly. Where the object is to dwell upon something beautiful, touching, mysterious and moving, and not hurry on, as in an argument, the decorative element has an ample excuse.

Two types of mind come into consideration. The man who wants to reason out a thing to its conclusions and is not concerned with its beauty resents the decorative element which hampers its progress and often distracts him. The mind which is more susceptible to beauty wants to linger over it, and see the beauty enhanced by appropriate adornment. Both attitudes are perfectly legitimate, but the latter needs the most qualification.

There have been various types of composers who may be described as decorative, and some of the greatest of them were also great masters of conciseness of style when the occasion called for it. And it is to be observed also that some of the most intense and spiritual of all forms of art have been mainly based on decorative procedure, as that most enchanting form of art, the Choral Prelude, of which Buxtehude and J. S. Bach and a few latter-day German composers have produced such moving examples. But therein lies the cue to the thing which matters in decorative treatment, that it serves to enhance the meaning and the beauty of the matter in hand. In this connection a fact worth observing which seems to run counter to preconceived opinions is that J. S. Bach was most decorative when he had something peculiarly poignant, pathetic, humanly moving to express —as in both the final passages of the scene of Peter's denial in the St. John and the St. Matthew Passions, and in the Agnus Dei in the B minor Mass, the pathetic slow movement of the Italian

Concerto, the Prelude in E♭ minor in the first book of the Wohltemperirtes Klavier, in the most deeply felt of all the Chorale Preludes, "O Mensch bewein'," in the great G minor Prelude for Organ, and countless specially sad passages in Recitatives and Ariosos. The spontaneous feeling of humanity would probably be that in times of sadness and sorrow the indulgence in decoration would be inappropriate. But this corrective in the spontaneous practice of one of the most just-minded of composers is enforced by a very wide range of fact. It is notorious that lamentations and songs of bewailing in folk music and savage music are full of decorative passages—sometimes they seem almost made up of them. And turning to more modern examples, the most pathetic and poetical of all Chopin's Etudes, that in C♯ minor in Opus 25, is a perfect rhapsody of decoration. Instances might be multiplied ad infinitum. The suspicion grows that decorative procedures are more apt to times of mourning than ordinary times, and that, what is stranger still, men of sense are more apt to resent them as superfluous at ordinary times than at melancholy times. And this leads to the confirmation of what has been said above that decorative treatment is mainly appropriate when something has to be dwelt upon, and contemplated at length; and it follows that in such a case the type of decoration must be such as is consistent in style and expression with the central mood, for if it were not it would diminish the effect instead of enhancing it.

The German composers just before and about Bach's time developed a specially expressive type of decorative passages which are very characteristic of the race. Keiser affords some examples in his sacred music, and so does Handel in his earliest compositions; and Bach's examples, above alluded to, belong to the same expressive type, which thoroughly justifies itself. On the other hand there is the type which does not ultimately justify itself, in which the decoration is hardly more than passage-writing for the purpose of vocal display. The worst kind of such decoration is afforded in the horrible inanity of what is called "coloratura" in Italian operas from almost the earliest days till the first half of the nineteenth century. Such decorative adjuncts have generally no meaning at all, and were introduced for no other purpose than to show off the vocal vanity of the singers. Some of the worst and most aggressive are in Meyerbeer's operas. They were aggressive because people about his time were waking up to the futility of such decorations. In modern times the sense of appositeness has so developed that such a thing only occurs in quite irresponsible music; and as the vocal part of musical

dramas approximates more and more to musically defined elocution the decorative features become more and more rare.

But meanwhile decorative treatment has become inevitable for other reasons than the enhancement of ideas. It is one of the familiar paradoxes of life that it was rendered inevitable on grounds of style in harpsichord music and in pianoforte music, because of their extremely limited power of sustaining tone. The result of this absolute disability was the development of the principle of presenting the ideas and indeed most of the musical material in rapid passages which represented either the harmonies or the essential notes of melody in decorative terms. This branch of art went through the usual phases; beginning with conventional formulas of arpeggios, and gradually became more and more characteristic and appropriate as composers found out how to manipulate the passages. Beethoven by degrees evolved a splendid standard of such treatment, as for instance in the last movement of the Sonata in C minor, Opus 111. And thenceforward pianoforte composers applied themselves more and more to the fashioning of decorative passages which aptly express the sentiment or feeling of what is in hand. The greater part of Chopin's music is expressed in terms of decoration, of the very subtlest kind. No composer ever excelled him in this respect. Such familiar works as the first and last parts of the Impromptu in A flat, the same portions of the Fantasia Impromptu in C sharp minor and the Study in F minor in Opus 25 are entirely devoid of long notes of any kind; and such treatment of the instrument is an ideal solution of the problem of style, and at the same time produces a dazzling effect, because of the rapid flitting by of notes which are extraneous to the harmony.

Chopin emphasizes the point of the necessity of the decorative features being interesting and appropriate in themselves. The reason why the old kind of theme and variations was so generally detested was that the decorative features were purely perfunctory. They were put there merely for show, and added nothing of interest to their foundation or theme. Bach made his one great exception to the common run of such works in his Goldberg Variations; setting them aside, the progress of the understanding of decorative treatment is nowhere more vindicated than in the restoration of the variation form in favour in Beethoven, Brahms, Dvorak, Tschaikowsky and other recent composers; the meaning of it being that each variation becomes a new presentation of the theme, frequently on a distinct decorative scheme which has its individual character and its inevitable individual principles of

coherence. The point evidently is that the decorative element in art tends more and more to have its own unmistakable meaning. Where the sense of falseness comes in is where the decorative material is merely used for display; to show off the technical efficiency of the performer. Such kind of foolishness soon reveals its purpose. It has its inevitable success for a time and then all really musical people are glad to be rid of it. Musical people want to feel that the things to whose spell they submit themselves are intelligible; and intelligible in an honourable fashion. If they are only explicable as being put in for show, people who really want music see that the purpose is not a profitable one, and decline to give their attention further.

But there is yet another inevitable cause of decorative treatment, and that is to provide for texture in works which have to be played by many instruments. The reason why the violin style has developed into such flexibility and vivacity of decorative qualities is probably that it is essentially a melodic instrument, and in trying to represent harmony with it composers found themselves hampered by the obviousness of mere arpeggio formulas, and had to seek for ways of sophistication by the addition of inessential notes in order to induce sufficient definition and character. The same tendency is ultimately observable in all melodic instruments, that is to say in all the instruments constituting the modern orchestra; only they have progressed more slowly because they were not by nature so agile as the violin. The progress of orchestration was parallel to this development. At first, as every one knows, it was content with the basic essential notes, varied with conventional formulas; but as composers' technique and the technique of performers increased, every individual instrument established claims on the composer. He had to find the passages that were apt to them to play as well as effective to play—and so by degrees the texture of an orchestral score became more and more alive in every part; no longer consisting of holding notes for some instruments and active passages for others, but each according to its ability, and the composer's, presenting their share in the special decorative fashion which is intelligible in relation to the activities of the others. Decorative treatment in such a case is the result of the necessity for avoiding mere bald statement on the one hand, and meaningless conventions on the other. The impulse is inevitable, and the thing that matters is that it shall mean something.

But the significance of decorative treatment is quite different in choral and instrumental music. In the latter it proves to be

inevitable, but in a sense different from that in vocal music. Special solo voices become apt to decorative purposes through special training in that direction. By nature there is comparatively little need for the decorative element even in solo music, as may be observed in the tendencies of modern song; and, as has been observed before, in modern music drama. But choral music is even less apt for decorative purposes. Decoration is very nearly non-existent in the madrigals and church music of the purest Elizabethan type. Voices are not naturally agile enough to invite it. And consequently there follow some very decisive differences between instrumental and choral style which are not confined to mere decorative conditions.

In the earlier phases of art which were founded entirely on the conditions of choral music, voices being inapt for rapid passages, interest and vivacity of texture was provided by simple, melodious passages of counterpoint, which adequately exercised the voices. When instruments came to be used which were not bound by the limitations of music for voices, and could take and play any notes that were required of them, however acute the resulting discordance, and also easily perform passages of rapidity and character which would have been impossible for voices, composers had to project their minds into the attitude of thinking in instrumental terms instead of vocal terms. But habits and methods were too strong for them; and it is a strange fact that, though centuries have passed since music began to be performed mainly by instruments, men still cling to the idea, in theory, that what is suitable for voices is suitable for instruments, and continue to teach aspiring young composers to write instrumental compositions as if the limitations of vocal music still applied to them. As a matter of fact the whole basis of music was so deeply rooted in choral conceptions that it required a total change of attitude and even of reason of existence when instruments were employed instead of voices; and the latest instrumental art of the present day, which so completely bewilders and distresses the musicians who have been thoroughly saturated with the traditions of vocal art, is merely a frank negation of the necessity of applying the principles of choral music to instrumental music, and a determination to find the unalloyed principles of instrumental music.

In order to make this clear it is necessary to take a concise survey of one of the principal conceptions of a musical work which is intended to be performed by voices. Every musical work must start from a definite, intelligible point, and maintain a sense of necessary motion or impulse thenceforward from point to point

till the circuit, small or great, has been completed and return is made to the initial point again. It has to have something which pushes it on from moment to moment throughout. This was provided for in the most active sense by the introduction of discords, which may be called the energizing factors because they necessitate further motion in resolution. And the sense of inevitable motion can be maintained by the discord being resolved on some combination of sounds which is in unstable relation with the centre from which the composition set out; wherefrom the mind could realize that though the tension was relieved the relief was only relative and required further steps before the complete relief was afforded by its finding itself happily confronted by the centre from which it had set out.

But the process was mainly dependent on the physical difficulty of voices taking notes which were in discordant relation with other notes. This was the obvious basis of the rule, so characteristic of choral and vocal music, that discordant notes must be prepared. In the days when an infinite variety of discords had not become familiar experiences, voices could only sing discords by taking the notes which were to be discordant first as concordant notes and holding them while the other voices moved melodically and made them discordant. And this procedure induced the sense of necessary movement. The gradual abandonment, step by step, of the practice of preparing a discord came from the fact that instruments could take any note in relation to any other. Even in the days when choral music still predominated such mild discords as dominant sevenths were allowed to dispense with preparation; and some even less mild discords, such as ninths and derivatives of ninths and discords which were explained as appoggiaturas were by degrees excused this ancient formality. Preparations in such cases were dispensed with because singers could find the exact pitch of the notes with security. Their growing knowledge of a wider range of chords enabled them to dispense with preliminary.

But as people did not understand the real origin of the process of preparation, and also because it was a characteristic feature of the finest kind of art then known, they still maintained that every properly conducted composer should still prepare his discords, like a good little boy at school. It is like the exasperating and familiar argument that, if a thing has been good enough for a man's parents, it ought to be good enough for him. To the awakening mind the maintenance of such a theory as the preparation of discords seems like an illustration of the

persistence of a tradition which is not germane to the facts of the situation.

But there are much deeper things involved. The whole texture of the art of music was so permeated with and so dependent upon the methods of choral art that it needed complete transformation of its whole essence and principles. But they had in their turn to be found out. Just as after a revolution men revert to the forms and details of administration which were in existence before it for lack of schemes and principles more apt to a new constitution of things; so in the slow and peaceful revolution from choral music to instrumental music men went on thinking they must lay stress on the rules and customs of the earlier art, though as a matter of fact they were no longer apposite.

But a very potent consideration was also that art was permeated through and through by special kinds of dexterity and device, which were signs and tokens of a noble artistic scheme. One of the subtlest and most ineradicable of these was that the old choral counterpoint was all developed on the basis of what was enjoyable for a human creature to sing. The most delightful choral music is that which all the singers can rejoice in as they sing. That is such choral music as recognizes the humanity as well as the vocal limitations of the performers. The composers whose works were described as "Apt for Voices and Viols" had no notion whatever of what even viols could do. The scope of instruments was so infinitely wider than that of voices that what was enjoyable to the instrumentalist to play was necessarily a totally different thing from what would rouse the zeal of the singer. The instrumentalist would by no means be excited about playing vocal parts. They would seem tame to him because they did not make sufficient or even suitable calls upon his abilities. Yet composers who are still trained in the ancient love of choral music, still address themselves to thinking the instrumental parts of their scores on the same terms as if they were voices. They still try to make them humanly interesting from a vocal rather than a positively instrumental point of view. And it is a pathetic fact that the composers who do so are far finer characters, and their music is of deeper quality than that of those who have thrown all the time-honoured anomalies to the winds. The old practices are associated with thoughts to which men can bow their heads in pure sincerity, and it is difficult to keep such influences at bay when they have taken possession. Whereas the new methods are associated with the humours of the street, and the man who has lived the life contemplative, or indeed genuinely

intelligent, finds difficulty in turning somersaults and cartwheels in public with the merry urchins.

So it has come about that instrumental music continued to be saturated with the methods and appliances of choral music, till near the end of the nineteenth century. It was then, in the universal repudiation, which applied to painting art, sculpture, decorative art, and even social conditions, as well as music, in most countries which were at all progressive, that some composers really faced the facts. Their comprehensive abandonment of all the familiar standards of art at this time included the traditional cogency of such simple procedures as preparing and resolving discords. Composers realized that instruments could play any notes they were asked to play and that the very wildest of sensational discords were quite easy to them, and even the simultaneous performance of passages and progressions of chords in several different keys at once. So the ears of the experts were assailed, and the groundlings seemed to triumph. Undoubtedly the groundlings were delighted with the new sensations with which music could provide them, and not a few composers devoted what skill they had to the devising of the most excruciating combinations of notes. The moment was opportune, and even sensitive experts could find vast entertainment in such amusing experiences. They had no need to be distressed at the strange ebullitions, for the really musical expert can see through the apparently confused tangle. The groundlings and their flatterers have no doubt lost sight of the fact that all art is an adjustment of relations; and this the expert will deplore; but if he can see far enough he will remember that all progress entails some sacrifices, and that it is better to give up a few comforts than to relapse into lethargy and lifelessness. The mere claim of the abolition of laws must inevitably lead to unusual proceedings. Such proceedings are unlikely to have any reasonable or intelligent basis, and are always quite unsystematic at first. But they get sorted and systematized and put in their proper places as time goes on. The things that are merely wild and extravagant disappear, and the strokes that really have some meaning are assimilated into the body of art.

But a revolution always takes time to settle, and until the new paths are more clearly defined there must be at least two types of composers. There are those on the one hand who must be attracted by the old methods because they afford them so much scope and are associated in their minds with all that is noblest and purest in their art, which is still intelligible on the

old terms; while on the other hand there must be adventurers who love to show their daring and disdain of things they believe to be inapt and old-fashioned; and show such disdain principally in splashes and spasms, and revert elsewhere to the makeshifts of those who are utterly uninitiated in the mysteries of artistic method and meaning. The way out lies through the slow and difficult progress of developing consistency in style. Which is another way of describing intelligible relations. When examples of aggressively up-to-date procedure are presented in connection with archaic conventions which date from far remote periods of art the most unsophisticated hearer soon perceives there is something awry. The style is fatally inconsistent because the relations of parts to one another are unintelligible. The ultimate test of everything is merely whether it is intelligible or not.

Yet things may appear absurd for a time because of the limitations of those whose minds are not sufficiently trained to find the clue. An illustration may be afforded through the extraordinary revelation in recent times of possible relations between harmonies which appear to be almost at the extremes of remoteness in tonality. It must be pointed out that art illustrates the fact of its being a counterpart of the mind most significantly in always seeking to expand the range of its sense of relations; and successive generations of composers have aimed at such expansion because the more things can be made intelligible through their relations the greater the scope and the greater the interest both of expression and structure. In the Sonata period composers and audiences were quite satisfied with Tonic and Dominant chords and a few well-defined subordinates. They had not yet found out how to make a vast number of chromatic harmonies intelligible. J. S. Bach had found out some things worth knowing, but the Sonata composers were not concerned with him. And there are reasons which it would take too long to explain which gave him an advantage. But when Beethoven in his later years had indicated the path, composers soon began to find out how to make the use of a vast array of additional harmonies, and thereby enormously enhanced the interest as well as the range of immediate expression.

The process by which such things are made intelligible is by linking harmonies which appear remote from one another through progressions of other harmonies which have intelligible relations with both of them. As an instance may be taken the linking of such harmonies as those of F♯ and C, which to a musician of the Sonata period would seem almost unthinkable. But if a modern composer wants to get to the chord of C from the chord of F♯ he

finds it quite easy to go from F♯ to the chord of B minor; and then taking the root note B as a pivot note he can easily convert it into the third of G, the Dominant Chord of C, to which he might, if so minded, add the minor 7th of that chord in order decisively to obliterate the most essential note of the chord F♯, and then proceed with assurance of being understood to C. Of course there are dozens of other ways in which it might be done which an astute composer would choose from motives of design or expression. The main point is that the connection between F♯ and C should be made intelligible. And by like processes every chromatic chord in the whole range is capable of being netted into the circumference of the tonality of C, or relatively any other central keynote. But a musician of the Sonata period whose understanding was limited to Tonic and Dominant and a few trifling accessories might be entirely bewildered by the appearance of such extraneous chords; more especially as every kind of artist and litterateur at times thinks it admissible (in a fit of conciseness) to drop out the obvious term, because he thinks it is no use explaining what everybody may be expected to know. Then the poor scion of limited Sonata experience would indeed be lost. If for instance a modern composer dropped the chord of B minor in the progression described above, and went straight from the chord of F♯ to the last inversion of the minor seventh on G, the man who had not experienced the full logical progression would feel as if the world of his art were whirling off into space.

The outcry which has so often greeted new departures in musical art is always the protest of those who do not understand. Sometimes they have been quite right. There is nothing to understand. Oftentimes they have been wrong; and not infrequently they have been half and half. The progression which is new might be intelligible but quite out of gear with its context. In other words it would in that case produce objectionable inconsistency in style. Inconsistency is incoherent. Incoherence is unintelligible. What is unintelligible is only fit for the rubbish heap.

In this connection there comes in one of the subtlest and most difficult of questions, which has been specially discussed in connection with architecture. When a man sees battlements on the walls of an ancient building which was liable to be besieged he knows what they were there for. But when he sees them on the top of a semi-suburban villa he does not think very highly of the architect or builder who put them there. The possible banker's clerk who lives in the semi-suburban villa would justify them on the grounds of association—that they suggested the sort of

buildings which roused his romantic or pugnacious instincts. The question becomes urgent. For even as in architecture every feature whatever was invented or devised to meet some special structural need or climatic condition, so in musical art every note of the scale and almost every chord and progression was found out by composers to supply some special purpose, to answer some need that they felt imperative. But to the man who comes to such things without any experience or knowledge of what each thing meant in the first instance, it seems as if everything was a blank, meaningless counter that he could put anywhere he liked so long as the effect was nice. The results often illustrate the difference between genuine knowledge and the lack of it; such as people often experience when they hear a totally illiterate person make a speech or a sermon with intention to impress the hearers by fine and lofty language.

But in real honesty it must be admitted that a thing which is invented for one purpose is not absolutely precluded from being used for another. The whole question again is whether the new use proves itself intelligible and whether the new use serves to better or to deteriorate the human beings that experience it; and whether the new use is in due proportion to the other features and factors. It becomes apparent that the motive or spirit in which any particular artistic procedure or action is taken affects the feeling of the intelligent auditor. Vulgarity is mainly a specially offensive form of stupidity which invites people to fall down and worship things which are obviously base, false, pretentious and empty. Most of the misapplications of architectural features, like the battlements on suburban villas, suggest that designation. But it is the pretentious impulse that decides it. If an innocent child put battlements to its garden shed the question of vulgarity might be shelved.

In the same category comes the colossal outpouring of popular music for the masses which entirely ignores the original purposes and meanings of things. It all belongs to the same order as the artistic furniture standardized and supplied wholesale by commercial houses, who not only pay journeymen to put the stuff together, but also manipulate the taste of the ignorant to make them eager for their wares, exactly as the dressmakers, tailors and hatters arrange the fashions. In such things there is no meaning, and no purpose. It is mere stringing together of letters that have no spirit, and never has any life at all. However, one must admit frankly that there are commercials of genius, and that when they combine with the fashion-makers to direct public attention to

certain special ingenuities and novelties of procedure very interesting and valuable results may be attained. But there is an inevitable stain on such work. It leaves an unclean taste in the mouth. Men who understand watch the products with pitiful interest. They can see in the actual work produced the inner life of the human types that produced and take pleasure in the result. When the man of genius prostitutes his gifts to ignoble uses, be he ever so slim, out of the number of people who will observe his work some have the instinct of sincerity. And yet some one may illustrate what has been said above about applying things that were invented for one purpose to a different and more profitable one! And art will thereby be a gainer.

The fact that counts is that art is always growing by so much vitality as the really productive artists can put into it. The really productive artist does not only contrive the expression of himself. He builds up more art. The increment is the proof of real life—we must admit that it sometimes happens that it is among things we feel inclined to reprobate that we find the factors of expansion. But the music of the inner life cannot discriminate before the event. It has to accept and discriminate afterwards—and the important thing is that people should by degrees approximate to being able to distinguish between what will serve for honourable ends and what merely appeals to the lower instincts. Art either refines and enlarges man's inner being or feeds the stupid animal in him. If it does the former it is to his advantage, if the latter it is not. The comforting fact, about which there is no mistake, is that in the long run it is the former kind of art which survives.

THE CLASSIC DANCE OF JAPAN

By NATALIE CURTIS

PATRIOTISM, loyalty, courage, the stoic virtues of Japan, and even the suicidal act of *hara-kiri* find graphic expression in a form of art comparatively little known to the Western world: the classic dance, an art as dignified as oratory, which forms part of the accomplishment of Japanese youth and belongs to the culture of the nation.

"The classic dance is noble" say the Japanese, and indeed it is frequently performed by young men of rank. "We call the classic dances 'sword-dances' because of their heroic themes. The dancer illustrates through action a poem which is sung or declaimed at one side by a musician. These poems belong to the best literature of Japan. Our students often sing them when walking alone in their gardens of a moonlight night."

Such poems are usually composed in what is known in Japanese literature as the "Chinese form." As Japan to-day is absorbing western civilization, so with the same zeal did she in the past absorb the civilization of China, even adopting the Chinese written characters as the basis of her script. Thus, there are forms in Japanese literature directly derived from the Chinese, and a knowledge of the Chinese language was until recently a background in Japanese culture, even as that of Greek and Latin is in our own.

The so-called Chinese form of verse consists of four columns of Chinese characters with seven characters in each column; but though the script is Chinese, the language is of course Japanese. Part of the beauty of these poems is the form, unfortunately lost in a translation which can only give with approximate symmetry the meaning of the words. However, the two poems quoted in this article, the old and classic poem of Michezane, dating from the ninth century, and the modern verse of Saigo, written in 1869, are here given in the original Japanese language inscribed in European characters as well as in Chinese, so that the reader may see and feel their rhythmic beauty; for the Chinese form is as clearly defined in Japanese literature as is the sonnet form in our own. These poems reflect one of the Japanese ideals in poetry: to express in the fewest possible words a single beautiful thought.

In declaiming or chanting the poem for the Classic Dance a musical intonation is used, a western analogy to which might

A DANCER ENACTING SAIGO'S POEM

Specially drawn for this article by KOICHI MIKAMI

The written Japanese characters at the top inscribe "Saigo's Poem," those at the bottom denote the name of the artist,

perhaps be approximated by the *recitative* of Italian opera or the free musical declamation of Wagner, with the difference that in the Japanese recitative the same musical outline is used for many different poems and for every poem in the Chinese form, and is sung without accompaniment. The idea of a definite, though flexible melody, free in rhythm, for the intoning of poetry corresponds more nearly to the conception of the medieval plain-song of the Roman church and to the chanting of many different verses of a psalm to the same musical phrase.

The classic dance, like the classic drama, of Japan, is wholly symbolic. It is suggestive rather than realistic. Some of the popular dances are more in the character of many of our own stage-dances—moving lines of color with hardly a greater purpose than to please the eye. But the classic dance, with its union of musical declamation, lofty poetry and symbolic action, is a form of art that appeals to the highest intellectuality and to the deepest emotion. Each dance lasts but a few moments, yet it seems a complete drama. As in Japanese painting a few sure sweeps of the brush may awaken a train of suggested imagery, so in the classic dance a phrase of chanted poetry and the rhythmic movement of swift gestures stir the imagination in response to the poet's vision of valor and patriotism.

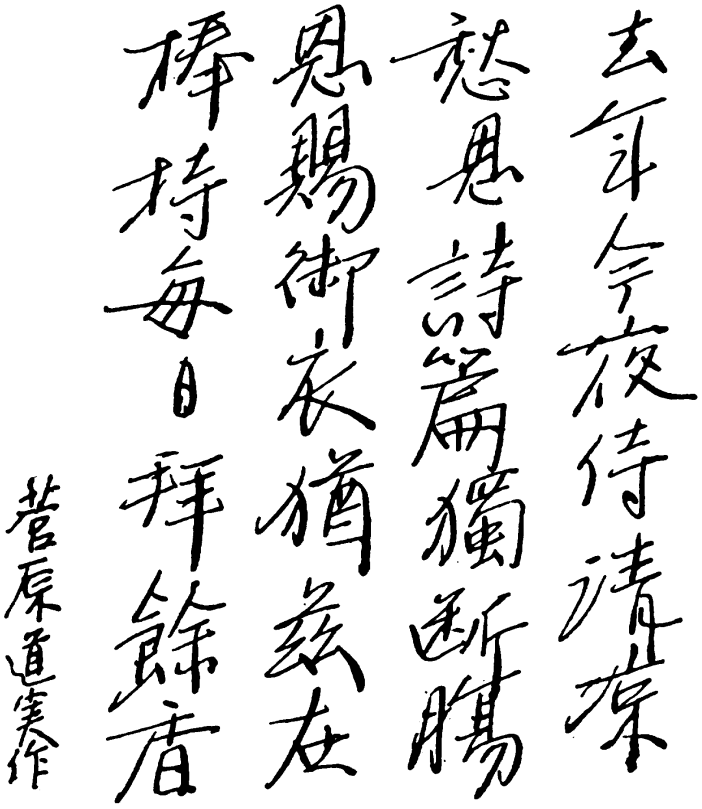
The sword-dances are not confined to the aristocracy and to students; they may also be performed in the theatres by professional dancers, geisha girls clad in the warrior costume of old Japan. One of these dances given publicly evokes the greatest enthusiasm as it portrays through the combat of two dancers and through the poem declaimed at the side the conflict between Japan and Russia and the victory for Dai Nippon. This poem is of course modern.

An older and very famous verse forms the basis of one of the best known sword dances, and has for its theme the cardinal virtue of Japan—loyalty to the Mikado, "the Son of Heaven." The poem is by Sugawara Michezane, a famous scholar and statesman of the ninth century, whom Japan has deified as god of caligraphy, consecrating the twenty-fifth day of the month to the memory of the great author whose written works comprise no less than two hundred volumes of history and some twelve volumes of poetry. The tribulations and the loyalty of Michezane form the theme of several Japanese dramas, the most famous of which is the "Sugawara Senju Tanarai Kagami," written by Takeda Izumo in 1746. Thus the figure of the great caligraphist has been kept vividly before the mind of Japan, while Lafcadio Hearn has made

known to the western world one of the beautiful and poetic legends that cluster around the memory of Michizane.

A tutor at Kioto, and later the governor of Sanuki, the great scholar was at one time dearly loved by his emperor, Daigo Tenno, who made him minister. But powerful nobles, the Fujiwara, whose hatred Michezane incurred, intrigued against him, till the Emperor, incensed, condemned his former favorite to banishment at Kiu Shiu, a lonely island. But Michezane in his exile, even though sentenced to unjust punishment, thought only with reverent, passionate and tender longing of his Emperor. Daily, in loyal homage, he lifted to his brow the gift of the Mikado, an embroidered Chinese robe, the fragrance of whose perfumed folds brought vividly before him the memory of his sovereign. Thus consecrated ever to his master, he wrote the poem famous throughout the centuries, which forms the subject of one of the dances. A virtue of Japanese poetry is to impress through the effect of contrast, and thus the profound feeling underlying this verse of Michezane is created by the very delicacy of that subtlest thing—a haunting perfume, so potent to recall a vanished presence. The word "autumn," often found in Japanese poetry, is a symbol of melancholy.

MICHEZANE'S POEM



TRANSLITERATION OF MICHEZANE'S POEM

(Vowels are given the continental sound)

1st column: Kyo nen no konya Sei Ryo ni jishi
2nd column: Shū shi no shihen hitori dan cho.
3rd column: Onshi no gyoi nawo kokoni ari
4th column: Hoji shite mayenichi yokō wo haisu

(The Chinese characters are read downward, from right to left.)

MICHEZANE'S POEM
(TRANSLATION)

(Each verse of this translation represents a column of Chinese characters.)

1st column: A year ago,
A year ago to-night
In Sei Ryo I served my Emperor.

2nd column: Verses we spake
Of autumn thought—
Now am I heartbroken
And alone.

3rd column: Only the honored robe,
His honored gift
Is with me yet.

4th column: Uplifting this
Now day by day
The lingering scent
I reverently breathe.

In the classic dance the poem is of course sung at one side, while the dancer suggests through pose and action the sentiment of the verse, which appeals to the loftiest ideals of Japanese character.

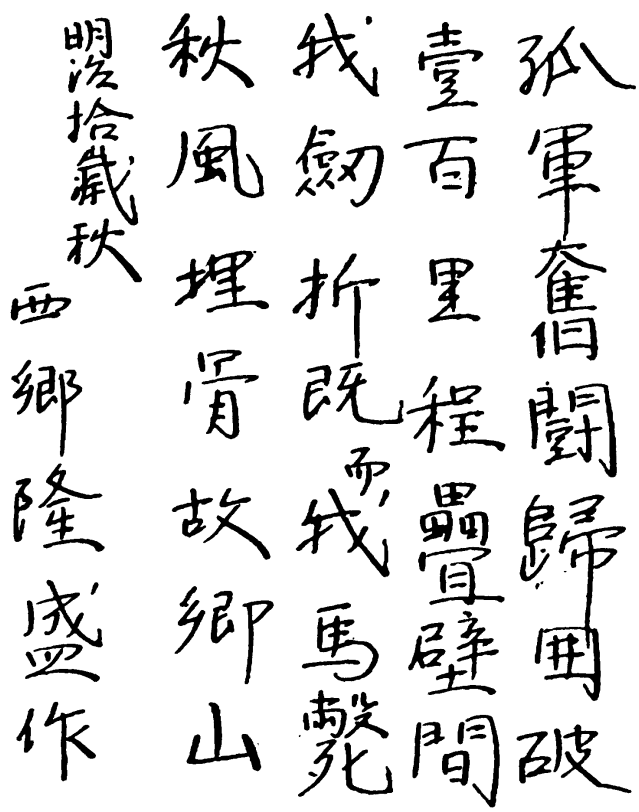
Another famous dance accompanies a more modern poem by Japan's great General Saigo (pronounced Sygo), who was the first to introduce into Japan the European method of warfare. Saigo's military genius conceived a plan to capture Korea, but the Emperor rejected this advice. The general therefore resigned his position at court and retired to his country seat, where he drew about him a number of military students, to whom he taught the modern art of war.

The Emperor suspected Saigo of a plot to capture Korea in spite of the government and sent spies to investigate. Saigo's students killed the spies without the master's knowledge and the general, himself guiltless of this offence, set out for Tokio to give an explanation to the government. On his way he was met by the Emperor's troops, surprised, surrounded and overcome. Saigo cut his way through the siege and escaped to his home. But his flight was not for life, it was for death, honorable death by his own hand in sight of his native mountain, the vindicating death of *hara-kiri*, which reveals the purity of a man's soul and the honor of his purpose.

Saigo was a true Samurai, and to-day the western world knows the meaning of the "Samurai spirit," which was said to have animated all Japan in the war with Russia. For the Samurai—in feudal times a class corresponding to the English gentry,

ranking between nobility and the people—were the loyal fighting men of greater lords, loyal unto death when only death, which in their stoic courage they held in contempt, could show their true allegiance. As in the western world a man proved his honor through the duel, so in Japan he justified himself by taking his own life. To die for the Emperor, or on the Emperor's demise to follow him, was true loyalty and highest virtue. Yet these stern warriors, of whom the ancient law proclaimed "A Samurai may not die in bed of peace," held poetry so high that they were depicted with sword in one hand and pen in the other; for poetry is the fluent and spontaneous utterance of Japan, and in the recent Russo-Japanese war, the generals frequently sent their war-despatches in verse. Japanese poetry does not rhyme like ours, but is governed by laws of form. The making of verses, contests and games of verse, are a pastime of the common people; even the chop-sticks are graced with little poems. Thus Saigo, before committing suicide to prove his loyalty, his honor and his devotion, penned a poem; and in the classic dance it is this death-poem that is sung while the dancer portrays the desperate sortie through the enemy and the final act of *hara-kiri.*

SAIGO'S POEM



Reading downward, from right to left, the fifth column inscribes "Saigo's Poem," and the date, corresponding to 1869 of our calendar.

TRANSLITERATION

(Vowels are given the continental sound)

1st column: Kogun funto kakomi wo yabutte kairu
2nd column: Ipyaku no ritei ruiheki no kwan
3rd column: Waga ken wa sudeni ore waga uma wa
4th column: Taworu shūfū hone wo uzumu kokyo no yama

(The very descriptive word "shūfū" means "Autumn-wind.")

SAIGO'S POEM

(TRANSLATION)

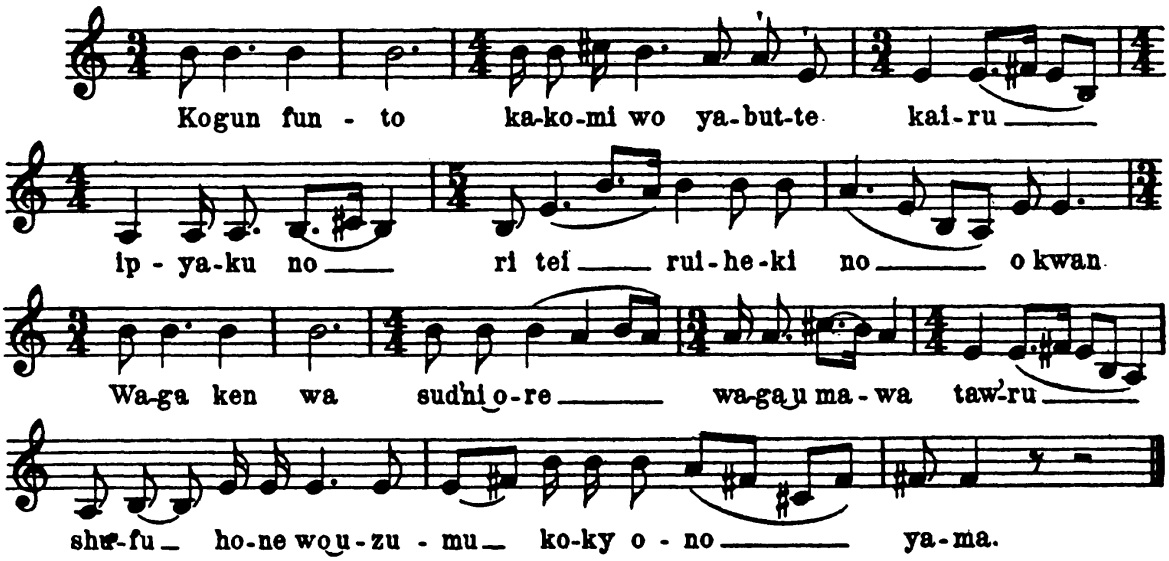
1st column: The few men left to me
Fought with their might:
Now through the siege
Hewed I a path

2nd column: Forth from my stronghold
An hundred leagues
To the home of my fathers
Fighting my way.

3rd column: My sword is broken,
My horse is fallen.

4th column: O wind of Autumn!
Here will I lay my bones
'Mid the bones of my fathers
Beholding the Mountain,
The place of my birth.

THE MUSIC FOR SAIGO'S POEM



The dance accompanying this poem is a graphic epitome of tragic art. A warrior enters, kneels, ties a scarf about his brow to hold the sweat, and binds up his sleeves. This symbolic action depicts preparation for battle, even as in Biblical days the hero "girded up his loins." With a few swift movements the warrior describes the siege, the cutting of his way through the surrounding soldiers, his broken sword, fallen horse and the hundred leagues of battle ground. Then he drops on his knees, lifts his sword from the ground, and with a face tense with purpose grasps the

blade with both hands, pierces himself and falls. But only to struggle up again as, thrusting his sword into the ground he leans upon its hilt and lifts himself, straining to his full height while with head thrown back he casts one last glance at his native mountain—and then falls prone. Rising again to his knees he clasps his hands before him on the ground and bows his head upon them.

The dance lasts but a moment. True to Japanese art there is here neither superfluity of thought nor of expression, and every movement has significance. The ivory-colored face with scarf-bound brow seems the living mask of tragedy and the dramatic postures have a dignity that is epic in power. Such dances, appealing to national aspiration, help to keep brightly burning the flame of that stern and heroic passion that we know as Japanese patriotism.

The western world has already borrowed much from Japan, even as Japan has taken from us, and European arts and crafts bear striking testimony to the influence of Japanese culture. As one of our greatest educational problems in the United States is to train a heterogeneous foreign population to standards of American citizenship, could we not perhaps receive in this effort a helpful suggestion from the art of Japan which is so closely related to the life of the people? Would a simple American adaptation of the principles of the Japanese classic dance (noble, patriotic poetry inculcating national ideals, linked with music and pantomime) be an educational addition to the folk-dancing already taught in most of our public schools?

ROBERT VOLKMANN

(1815-1883)

By VIKTOR von HERZFELD

THE stately Royal Musical Academy at Budapest is adorned with the effigies of its three patron-saints. Franz Liszt's mighty figure is enthroned in the middle, on a curule chair; on either side there are the portrait-medallions of Franz Erkel and Robert Volkmann. These three, though as different as three thoroughbred musicians can be; different, too, with regard to their reputation and the circulation of their works, have a common right to their places of honour. All three of them gave instruction at the Royal Academy. All three, though strangers to the Hungarian tongue, were bound by strong ties to Hungarian music, which they endeavoured to develop and propagate with untiring zeal and brilliant success. Franz Liszt is the only one of these three magi from the East who needs no special introduction. The world was his realm, and the glory of his crown has not begun to fade as yet. Tired of his wanderings and his triumphs, he returned to the home of his childhood, and in his modest school-room (the splendid edifice of the Royal Academy was built long after his death) he gathered his pupils about him, those pupils who were still granted the boon of hearing Liszt's playing, when it had become a myth to all the rest of the world. Franz Erkel, the Hungarian national composer *par excellence*, worked at his side as a teacher of the piano. His operas, all of which treat national subjects, were borne up by a mighty wave of political and national enthusiasm, and enjoyed an immense popularity, which still vibrates audibly today.

Now let us turn to Robert Volkmann. There is not the slightest romance in the life-story of the simple cantor's son from the heart of Germany, who ended by looking down in effigy as a patron-saint of Hungarian music, upon the sons of Árpad passing below; it all came about in the most prosaic way. Volkmann, born on April 6, 1815, at Lommatzsch in Saxony, was on the point of giving up the post of a music-teacher at Prague, when a Hungarian countess named Stainlein Gaalenstein summoned him to her country-seat, Szemeréd near Jpolyság, to instruct her two daughters in music and singing. Another teacher had offered his

services, but she preferred Volkmann, because the other was named "Langweil" (tedium, ennui). "Name ist Schall und Rauch," and yet a name decided an artist's career in this case.

Excepting an interruption of several years, the Hungarian soil that Volkmann first set foot on as the Countess of Stainlein's music-teacher did not release him again, and now encloses for ever all that was mortal of the artist. Volkmann was twenty-six years old when he entered the service of the Countess. As a musician he had learnt everything that education in a German cantor's house and the instruction of efficient experts can give a talented young man by way of viaticum. At the age of nine he had begun to compose, at thirteen he had written an aria for soprano which is still extant, and his Opus 1, "Phantasiestücke für Klavier," appeared in the year 1837. No resolution was needed for him to devote himself to music as a profession. His head and his heart were filled with music, and he had never doubted of his vocation. Like Schubert, he felt "that he had only come into the world in order to compose." He had never acquired a virtuoso's skill on any instrument, and it may be supposed that he, a man living his own life, and a stranger to the world and its ways, never strove for any such skill, as he would never have coveted any public post, not even that of a conductor. So he gained his modest sustenance by giving private lessons, and was happy, if he had time left to dream the dreams from which he fashioned his works of art.

Though the noble Hungarian lady's country-seat afforded him ample leisure, the fruits of which were several still unpublished compositions and the book of songs, Opus 2, yet it could not give what is indispensable to a young artist: the artistic inspiration of concerts and representations of operas that only a great city can supply. The young musician was on the verge of melancholy madness in the spring of the year 1841, when he made up his mind to bid farewell to Szemeréd. He took a friendly leave of his kind patroness and chose the Hungarian capital, Pest, for his future residence, because it was near and the Countess's letters of introduction gave him access to the most distinguished musical houses there.

At that time not one of the works that were to establish Volkmann's reputation was written. However, he succeeded in attracting the benevolent attention of the musical circles of Pest by some of the compositions completed at Szemeréd—a sonata for the violin and pianoforte, some songs, an overture for orchestra, all unpublished. Then followed years blessed with musical

production; masterpiece upon masterpiece sprang into existence. Volkmann's genius soared higher and higher, till at last, with the Trio in B flat minor it reached a towering pinnacle. But even this work, though bearing unmistakably the stamp of genius, only slowly succeeded in asserting itself. It appeared in print, thanks to some admiring friends, and Franz Liszt graciously accepted its dedication; but it found no favour either with the critics or the public. It was only through the enthusiastic and untiring propaganda of Hans von Bülow and other artists that the work, which is not easily understood, gained a wider circle of friends, and made its author's name popular in the musical world.

When Volkmann's compositions, and especially his string-quatuors had met with warm appreciation in Vienna, he thought the time had come for him to move to the town of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. It took poor Volkmann about four years to gain the conviction that there was no chance for him to earn even a pittance in that ancient seat of music, which had allowed greater musicians than he to suffer want within its precincts. He turned his back on Vienna, a disappointed man, and returned to Pest for good. There he had true friends, one of whom was his publisher, Gustav Heckenast, the enthusiastic, self-sacrificing and truly art-loving protector of aspiring talent.[1] There he was again surrounded by the warmhearted, if rather humdrum, circle of admirers, so congenial to his simple nature. It was natural for a German musician to feel at home in the Pest of those days, which was more German than Hungarian. Volkmann was a member of the "Roastbeef Club," and as such had to take his turn in writing a journal for its social evenings. Some of the entries from his pen are still extant and give evidence of his quaint, pleasant humour, which sometimes rose to effective satire. In the year 1875 the composer, then almost an old man, was relieved from all further pecuniary embarrassment by having the post of professor of composition at the newly founded Royal Academy of Music conferred upon him.

He had his simple bachelor's quarters at Buda, the quaint, old-fashioned town on the hilly shore of the Danube, which had but recently been absorbed by the brilliant new metropolis Budapest. The joy and pride of the lonely artist was the glorious view from his windows on the broad, glittering river, the wide stretch of the city beyond it and the gentle slopes of his own lovely hills. Here the old man created works, fresh with the bloom of

[1]Heckenast published among other works the first books of the Austrian authors Adalbert Stifter and Peter Rosegger.

youth. At the Academy of Pest he gave his lessons in an easy-going yet conscientious way, never knowing a day of illness until, suddenly and gently, without any previous warning, death came upon him, October 30th, 1883.

It is not easy to say briefly what Robert Volkmann did for music. His excellent biographer and nephew, Dr. Hans Volkmann, whose name has been made widely known by his valuable researches in the history of music, and from whose "Life of Robert Volkmann" we took the foregoing data, has characterized the master and his works with such delicate discrimination and at the same time so "objectively," to use a German expression, that we cannot deny ourself the pleasure of letting him speak in person. After remarking that the great variety of Volkmann's works makes a general characterization impossible, he continues as follows:

His works have only a very few qualities in common: the unfailing nobility of his artistic taste, a strange, almost ethereal sweetness of sound, the glamour of which is only too often discernible to the expert alone, and the severe logic in the development of ideas. He has sometimes been praised for keeping strictly to the pure classical forms. This can be said of a part of his works only; for, wherever the old forms did not suit him, he created new ones, that were all his own.

One virtue of Volkmann's was to write only when he had something to say. Hence the comparatively small number of his works, hence also the fact that there are very few failures among them. This may be considered an advantage, when comparing him to some composers who have so successfully managed to hide a few excellent productions in a legion of inane ones.

Strictly speaking, Volkmann cannot be ranged in any group of composers. He was neither exclusively a disciple of Beethoven, nor of Mozart, neither a classicist like Mendelssohn, nor a romanticist like Schumann—and yet he was all this at times. He absorbed all these influences and assimilated them completely to his own nature. A self-dependent personality, that cannot be compared to any other, speaks in his works.

He struck his roots deeply in the general development of music, and the tree that sprung from them stood firm in the rush and flow of his time.

From the vantage-ground he had gained, he influenced the great movement, especially through his orchestral music, and so became a link in the chain which binds the future to the past. An appearance, though not dazzling, yet important in its place, that will always be mentioned with honour in the annals of music.

I have some remarks to add to this final sentence. First of all, I must confess to somewhat heretical opinions with regard to the "annals of music." These annals mention with honour many a composer who has obtained undisputed fame, while his works are

shrouded in oblivion just as undisputed. The renown of such composers may be immortal, but their works are dead. The works of Volkmann, however, though no towering landmarks in the history of art, are still alive, and, if I may venture to prophesy in such a matter, will outlive our and future generations. This might be called a bold prediction, in view of the undeniable fact that Volkmann's music occupies no prominent place in the programmes of our concerts, and that his name is either unknown to the musical world of today or mentioned without due gratitude. However, the fault must be sought not in any inherent deficiency of his works, but in the general management of modern musical life, the blight of which is, or at least seems to be in my eyes, the enormous number of inwardly unmusical people who throng our opera-houses and concert-rooms. What I now purpose to say is meant to throw more light on this assertion.

The genius of Richard Wagner has given birth to a proud series of glorious masterpieces, containing a superabundance of inspiringly beautiful, highly original music. But it is not this *wealth* which has caused their boundless popularity, boundless because it reaches far beyond the circle of the truly musical. Wagner rejected in his musical dramas all those features of the opera which were repugnant to a vast number of people, cultured, but unmusical at the core: the rounded-off pieces of music, retarding the development of the plot, the repetition of words and sentences, the singing of several persons at a time. All this has been avoided as much as possible in Wagner's dramas. The music—eminently valuable as it is in itself—has been everywhere subordinated to the action.

People who find that Mozart's operas have nothing to say to them, and shake their heads at Wagner himself for admiring the dramatist Mozart, are interested, nay, enthusiastic admirers of Wagner's musical dramas. Snobs of all kinds, of literature, art, or general culture, think they know now why they would have nothing to do with the music of yesterday: not because they themselves lack the special taste for music, but because the older style of music, that has been surpassed by Wagner, was not the right sort. At the Wagner representations you can observe the same persons writhing in the excess of their own enthusiasm, to whom a string-quartet by Beethoven seems an unintelligible noise. This applies to symphonic music as well. Here the bridge for the unmusical is formed by the programme, often by the very title of our modern descriptive music. When hearing an Andante by Mozart or a Scherzo by Beethoven, the unmusical listener strives

in vain to find out the meaning of these sounds; an up-to-date symphonist saves him this trouble, by putting into his hand a programme carefully written in prose or in verse. Besides, the concert-guide, the annotated programme, the "thematische Leitfaden" tell even the least musical person of the audience what he ought to feel at every bar, which passage should claim his special admiration, and in what currents his emotions should flow. I believe these musical Baedekers to be superfluous and pernicious.

They are superfluous, for the genuine music-lover yields to the purely musical impressions and needs no hints and no suggestions for their enjoyment. They are pernicious, because, while pretending to popularize art, they create in thousands the delusion not only of musical enjoyment, but also of a right to criticise. It is true that without this crowd of outsiders the wholesale business representing the music of today would be impossible; and so, from the point of view of impresarios, proprietors of concert-halls, agents, in one word of business-men, it is justifiable to attract the multitude by fair means or foul. Among business-men we may count conductors and instrumentalists, inasmuch as they naturally practise their art, not from ideal motives only, but with an eye to their subsistence and profit.

Under such circumstances, music that offers no handle to clever or profound expositions, that does not support the weakness of the listener by far-fetched titles or detailed programmes, is in a sad plight. And this is the case with Volkmann's music. With a single exception, the overture to "Richard III," Volkmann wrote no descriptive music.

But there is another circumstance which prevents the appreciation of his music in wider circles. A new tendency is observable in the public, to think that good music must be dry, complicated and uncompromising, and to brand clearness, grace and natural feeling with the stigma of triviality. This explains the remarkable and lamentable fact that nowadays the dull production of an ungifted constructor of music, that lumbers along heavily, pretending to carry a load of learning and profound thought, has more chance of general appreciation than the light and graceful work of the true artist, from whose warm heart the sweetest sounds and richest melodies flow as freely and gladly as the crystal spring flows from its mother earth. A great and influential part of the public, influenced through its numbers principally, which admires Brahms, not for his creative power, originality and sublime technique, but for a certain spiritual asceticism and proud reserve that distinguishes many of his works, is more inclined to

applaud the efficient but prosaic *disciple* of Brahms, than our Volkmann, whose technical mastership, an object of admiration to the expert, is frequently so discreet that it seems to form the mere scaffolding for a trim and well-proportioned, bright and cosy building.

And now I ask permission to quote one of the most original among our musical thinkers, Dr. Heinrich Schenker. He says in the essay entitled "Counterpoint":

> The present generation has not even the faculty of grasping the technique of the masters, and yet this ought to be considered as the first and indispensable step towards any kind of progress. Measured by the works of our great masters, the compositions of today must be called too simple, far too simple and primitive! For all their mighty orchestration, noise and ado, for all their polyphony and cacophony, the proud musical poems of a Richard Strauss rank far, nay very far below a quatuor by Haydn, the complicated structure of which is hidden beneath a garment of grace and beauty, as the miracle of a flower's creation is veiled by colour and fragrance.

I should never dream of placing Volkmann beside Haydn with regard to superabundance of inspiration and playful lightness of technique, but it may be said of Volkmann's works, too, that colour and fragrance veil the miracle of their creation; as indeed must be the case with every true-born work of art. And that is why our musical business-men pass him by unnoticed, and why many of those true music-lovers who are now kept in the background hardly know his name.

We regret to state that the leading men in the musical world have not done as much for Volkmann as for inferior talents. Even an artist of such genius as Josef Joachim allowed the orthodoxy of his surroundings to influence him so much that he banished Volkmann's quartets from his programmes, because he considered them "too Italian."

Also Bülow, who had introduced Volkmann to the public with as much energy as success, abandoned him in later years, herein obeying the power of gravitation exercised by mightier stars. Brahms himself spoke of him with little warmth, a fact for which I can find no explanation. When I one day observed with regret that Volkmann had composed but little, and had not met with due appreciation for what he had written, Brahms said somewhat morosely: "Why should any one compose? Everything has been composed already." "Besides," he added, "there are no undervalued geniuses. The trio in B flat minor has had the success it deserves." "And the quartets?" I ventured to interpose. "I

do not know the quartets," he answered brusquely, and, noticing my surprise, he added: "I do not know the quartets, because no scores of them have been printed." This was a lamentable fact at that time, as the Hungarian publisher had thought it superfluous and maybe too expensive to print more than the separate parts of the quartets. This want has been supplied only quite recently by a German publisher. Also in other ways it was a serious disadvantage for Volkmann that most of his works appeared in Hungarian editions and could not profit by the rich means and widespread organizations through which German publishers are able to further the circulation of musical works.

I hope I have not tried the reader's patience too much with the foregoing disquisition, which I thought necessary as an explanation for the general neglect of Volkmann and his music. I feel I cannot celebrate the hundredth anniversary of his birthday in a better way than by leading all those who have a feeling for the musically beautiful, all those who are not the slaves of a tendency, or the mere echoes of a party-cry, to that source of noblest artistic enjoyment which flows so profusely in Volkmann's works. With this aim in view, I shall now give short characterizations of his most important creations.

The trio in B flat minor was the first revelation of the master's genius. After a gloomy introduction, shrouded in deep melancholy, follows a graceful allegretto, rippling with glimpses of bright humour; then an allegro rushes along in a whirl of passionate anguish, interrupted once by the sweet cantilene of an adagio, in which the voices of the violoncello and the violin are delicately interwoven. The gloom deepens again, as the theme of the introduction returns, the violin breaks into a recitative of heart-rending sweetness, and then all this sadness dies away in weary resignation. The themes and motives are plastic, original, and for all their kinship with Beethoven, highly personal, genuine Volkmanns, as is all the music originating from his pen. What is essential to perfection n music is there: severe unity of form, in spite of striking contrast, the connecting links wrought with the utmost delicacy, no inane passage, no senseless flou ish in the whole trio; all this is themore admirable as the composer has here, as often elsewhere, abandoned the usual design. Possessing an absolutely unerring sense of form—an important part of the creative capacity—he was able to dispose freely of *forms* without infringing upon the *form*. Ever since some famous estheticians proved their misconception of Beethoven by extolling him for shattering the old forms, our young musical titans consider it

their first and foremost duty to continue this "shattering," for which indeed far less talent and industry are needed than for mastering the technique of form.

The trio in B flat minor requires efficient performers for the piano and the string-instruments, but the task it sets them is a grateful one and richly rewards their trouble.

When once a domestic string-quartet has a mind to play something beside the standard works of chamber-music, I recommend Volkmann's quartets. They are genuine music for the home: bright with fancy's loveliest flowers, tender and warm-hearted, dreamy and thoughtful, deep and true, now and again bubbling over with merry laughter, unfailingly original, unfailingly sweet of sound. Here, as elsewhere, we see an exalted and refined art of composition, and the free treatment of form, which is permitted to the master alone. The finale of the quartet in G minor will serve as an example. The defiant theme is twice replaced by a graceful melody, which first appears in B major, causing a feeling of glad surprise, and then after a repetition of the theme of the rondo, is brought in again, by a turn as natural as it is ingenious in C major, the second and yet sweeter surprise. This is true originality, because it reveals deep, harmonious connections; it contrasts with mere wit, which uses superficial, mechanical connecting links for modulations, and it contrasts yet more strongly with the modern fashion of baffling the listener by disconnected harmonies loosely threaded.

The quartet in E minor will please every impartial listener, with its delicate sentiment, only just bordering on sentimentality and its exquisite sounds. Its adagio in F sharp major is a gem: it is fraught with the deepest feelings, the tender harmonies melting into each other, and yet the melodious lines are clearly and elaborately drawn. Also the quartet in G major, with motives from popular songs, and the one in E flat major are sure to win friends. The latter is rhythmically interesting, but rather difficult to play.

Among Volkmann's most original creations we must place the Serenatas for string-orchestra. Tschaikowsky mentions them in a letter to a woman friend:

> To-day I had much pleasure in playing some Serenatas by Volkmann. A sympathetic composer. *He has much simplicity and natural beauty.* [Farther on he says:] Do you know that Volkmann is a little old man living in reduced circumstances at Pest? Some time ago a collection was made for him at Moscow, the result of which was 300 rubles. To

show his gratitude he dedicated his second symphony to the Musical Society of Moscow. By the way, I have never been able to find out why he is so poor.

Volkmann could not be called poor in Tschaikowsky's sense of the word, since his habits were so simple and the post he held at the Academy secured him from want, but he *was* poor in fame and appreciation. And we know that he was so of necessity; because already, at this time, an artist was not valued for having "much simplicity and natural beauty." The following incident may serve as an illustration. A Hungarian conductor wished to perform at Madrid the very Serenata that Tschaikowsky admired. At the first rehearsal the whole orchestra refused unanimously to play such trivial music at a concert. The Serenata was not performed. Simplicity and natural beauty were mistaken for triviality, where orchestral noise, a chaos of parts, and bombastic pathos would have been admired as a revelation of genius. The delightful slow waltz in the serenata was probably regarded as the culmination of triviality. Nobody seems to have noticed that it is far more than just a pleasing piece of music, that the artist's own warm heart throbs in it, that it is wrought with unobtrusive but all the more exquisite workmanship. Another serenata, through which the solo of a violoncello runs like a golden thread, has been more fortunate, probably because this solo offers a welcome task to violoncellists, not because, unique in form and invention, it conjures up before our eyes the deep melancholy of the wide Hungarian puszta.

And now we must characterize Volkmann's relations to Hungarian national music. He has often profited by the suggestions it has given, without ever ceasing to be one of the most German of all German musicians. He sometimes consciously and intentionally utilized Magyar motives, as a German painter might represent Hungarian landscapes or scenes from Hungarian life. The last mentioned Serenata shows a vision of the Puszta, without using for this purpose a single specifically Hungarian theme. Where he does employ such, the titles of the pieces emphasize the subjects, as in the suite for pianoforte, entitled "Visegrád," or in the four-handed "Hungarian Sketches." The tunes and rhythms of these pieces are unmistakably Magyar, and stamp them as true-born children of the Hungarian earth. However, it is this very capability of grasping the essence of a foreign nationality which is so genuinely German.

Beside the charming suite "Visegrád," Volkmann wrote some other excellent and effective music for the piano. His variations

on a theme of Händel's, his sonatas and other pieces clearly show his marked personality; they show, on the other hand, that Volkmann himself was by no means a brilliant pianist, and, at heart, more of a stranger to this instrument than to any other. Still it is a great pity that these pieces are neglected by virtuosi. And the greatest pity is that his "Konzertstück" for the piano and the orchestra has been totally ignored, for it shows Volkmann at the summit of his inspiration and his mastership.

Volkmann has written two symphonies, one profoundly serious in D minor, the other bright and joyous, in B flat major. Even if we were richer than we are in full-weight post-classical symphonies, these two works ought to occupy a permanent place in our concert-programmes. Both are *conceived* symphonically, equally far from orchestral chamber-music and from poetizing, painting or would-be-philosophical programme-music. The one in D minor begins with weighty pathos. The first movement is built upon a theme so plastic, so impressive, that it need fear no comparison. A serious keynote prevails even in the Scherzo which differs widely from all the standard types. The absolutely original theme strides along, as if clad in an armour of steel, and is worked out with exquisite skill. Contrapuntal art, free from all artificialness, gives to the finale its grandiose character. The second symphony forms a contrast to the first. Since Haydn we have heard no symphony gushing forth in such ingenuous gladness of heart, never pretending to be monumental, yet great, and perfect in its proportions. The way in which the rhythmically tingling finale evolves from the musing adagio is entirely new. The theme of the second movement, with its naïve grace, is sure to give as much offence to all musical pharisees as pleasure to the truly expert. A perfect organization, in which all that is beautiful is necessary; all that is necessary, beautiful.

The overture of "Richard III" is worthy to rank with the symphonies. It is programme-music in the best, in the only true sense of the word; music that is inspired by a poetical work, yet would be intelligible and enjoyable without this relation. Even the illustration of a battle it contains, though inferior to no other battle-music in descriptiveness and suggestive power, never oversteps the boundary of the musically beautiful. There is a great uproar of all instruments, there are sharp dissonances, but there is no trace of those horrible cacophonies which in certain modern compositions form modes of expression as cheap as they are inartistic. Themes so different, that they seem to resist each other, are blended by a masterly polyphonic technique so as to

form a perfect whole; this is a proceeding as dissimilar as day is from night to the modern method of plastering several so-called melodies together, leaving it to their own discretion to get on with each other or not. A famous musical scholar tries to legitimize this proceeding by introducing the *terminus technicus* "heterophony." My translation of this term is "irresponsible bungling." For the comprehension of this new branch of technique other estheticians demand "horizontal hearing," instead of "vertical hearing," which, they pretend, has been in use till now. Or do they want it the other way round? I must own that I am not fully informed on this point, and that I believe both versions to be complete nonsense. One word more about the overture to "Richard III." It had no success in England. The composer wove into his battle-music a popular Scotch ballad, ("The Campbells are coming") under the mistaken impression that it was an old English war-song. This tune seems to have given offence to the British audience, for reasons unknown to me.

And now let us turn to Volkmann's instrumentation. His orchestra, though lacking the formidable array of modern innovations, is deficient neither in strength nor in richness and variety of colours. In this he must be ranked far above Schumann, whom he resembles in the chaste tenderness of his feelings and the character of his diction. The symphonist Volkmann *thinks* "orchestrally." He knows his instrument, the orchestra, so well, that he is able to attain his ends with the least possible waste. I could name modern composers, admired chiefly for their art of orchestration, from whose scores we could easily cancel a dozen parts without marring the effect. Volkmann's Serenatas for string-instruments are miracles of orchestration; in this narrow frame we have never heard sounds so full and so delicate, so varied and so sweet.

If we mention further his admirable Concerto for Violoncello, Op. 33, and his valuable compositions for chorus—sacred and profane, a cappella or with accompaniment—we have the work of Volkmann before us in its completeness. Strange to say, this artist, so eminently lyrical in the intensity and tenderness of his emotions, has not excelled in song. An opera he did not even attempt. We cannot now decide whether the libretti offered to him were really unsuitable, or whether he was too severe a critic, but we are inclined to accept the first explanation. That he was not deficient in dramatic talent is shown by his scene "Sappho" for soprano and orchestra. It is written in an elevated style, constructed with perfect musical logic and yet does

not fall short of dramatic expression. Music predominates, as indeed it must, the moment a musical note is struck, but full justice is done to poetry as well. There are signs that at no very distant period this principle, kept down by Wagner's paramount personality, will receive due honours again. Nay, even today the "Sprechgesang" is accepted only from him who created it, and was compelled to create it by his specific genius.

If I have tried in the foregoing lines to sketch a picture of the musician Robert Volkmann, it was not done with the purpose of pressing upon the world another hero, not even with the purpose of doing posthumous justice to an artist who has been misunderstood by his contemporaries. I myself do not consider Volkmann a hero, only a genuine, original and creative musician. And such a one finds his reward not in the appreciation of the multitude, which he is free to despise, but in the joy of creation, an exquisite happiness only granted to the chosen few. I do not pity Schubert, though his short term of musical production was so poor in appreciation and material reward. He alone among millions was allowed to stroll in a garden of bliss and to pluck fragrant blossoms and sweet fruits from the trees that bent their boughs to him as to their master. What meaning could the judgment of his own or a future age have for this wanderer in the fields of the blessed?

Neither is Volkmann—I do not compare him with Schubert, but I may mention him beside this singer of singers, because his was a talent by the grace of God—neither is Volkmann in need of pity or protection. However I thought, by pointing to Volkmann's works, to serve those true music-lovers who, among the turbulent wholesale-management of our musical life, have preserved a receptiveness for works of art which, if they cannot be called monumental, do not either come in for monumentality. In a letter of Volkmann's we find the following passage, which is not only characteristic of him, but generally valid and remarkably opportune at the present time:

> You tell me of some works which have produced in you an effect of elementary power. If you mean material power, i. e. effect of the masses, I readily believe that the movement by Berlioz you mention has risen to the highest pitch. I will not question the value of this or other elementary pieces, as there really are works of this kind, producing an overwhelming effect, but, since you seem to regard the elementary effect or effect of masses as the greatest merit in a piece of music, I must own that I think many a quiet little andante has more poetical value than many of those elementary earthquake-pieces.

Of composers producing elementary or earthquake-pieces there is no lack, but to my knowledge there is not a single musician living

who could sing into our hearts the quiet little andante to which, according to Volkmann's and also to my opinion, must be awarded the higher poetical value.

In every other art the quiet little andantes are valued to-day in their own way, beside monumental creations. Painting has its intimate genre-pictures, its still-life pictures, its delicate water-colours and etchings. In poetry a graceful group of lyrical verses or a concise short story is admired no less than a voluminous pathetic work. Nay, we may say that the "grandes machines," the enormous battle-pictures have lost much of their prestige, and that modern man does not urge his poets to present him with heroic poetry, be it of the epic or dramatic kind. Why should the "grandes machines" prevail in the music of to-day? Why do we close our ears to the quiet little andante, that speaks to the soul? And may we hope that this will change within a measurable space of time? Perhaps it will, when the colossal, dazzling fire-works have expired, leaving smoke and ashes behind; perhaps it will, when all this uproar is hushed, and we are able to hear again the delicate yet penetrating tones of that "quiet little andante."

[1]He alludes to the "Marche au Supplice" from the Sinfonie fantastique.

PAULINE VIARDOT-GARCIA TO JULIUS RIETZ (LETTERS OF FRIENDSHIP)

PAULINE VIARDOT-GARCIA died at Paris on May 18, 1910. Her name, of course, carried a guarantee that no mere mediocrity in the world of art had expired, yet the news of her death came as a shock to comparatively few music-lovers of our time. Her death was felt by but few of us as an irreparable personal loss, such as the passing of Caruso would be to many thousands of music-lovers to-day. With an impersonal historical interest, if any, we read obituary accounts like the following:

Pauline Viardot-Garcia was born in Paris on July 18, 1821, as the daughter of the famous Spanish tenor and singing-master Manuel del Popolo Vicente Garcia and as sister of the equally famous Maria Malibran Garcia. She received her earliest piano-lessons from Marcos Vega in New York, at the time that her father introduced Italian grand opera there in 1825. The finishing touches to her remarkable pianistic equipment were administered by Liszt. She studied composition with Reicha and the art of singing with her father and mother, but principally with her brother Manuel. In 1840 Pauline Garcia married the distinguished impresario and art-critic Louis Viardot, and she became the devoted mother of several children of conspicuous musical talent.

Mme. Viardot made her début as a singer in 1837 at Brussels, and within a few years she was hailed everywhere in Europe as the equal of her sister Maria, whose premature death had occurred in 1836. Pauline's voice was a mezzo-soprano—or contralto, the authorities disagree—but was so extended by art as to compass more than three octaves, from the bass C to F in alt. She created the rôle of Fidès in Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète" and sang the part more than 200 times in the principal opera-houses of Europe. She also created the title-part in Gounod's "Sappho" in 1851. Other famous parts in her extensive repertoire were Desdemona (in Rossini's "Otello"), Norma, Lucia, Zerlina, Fidelio, Azucena, Orphée, Alceste. Mme. Viardot won equal triumphs on the concert-stage. In later life she became quite successful as a teacher of singing, Désirée Artôt, Orgeni, Marianne Brandt, Antoinette Sterling being among her best known pupils.

In 1863 Mme. Viardot left the stage, fixed her abode at Baden-Baden and henceforth appeared only at concerts, in London as late as 1870. The Franco-Prussian war obliged her to take up her residence in Paris. There she continued to be the centre of a distinguished circle of

A 25 ans.—D'après le tableau d'Ary Scheffer

A 75 ans.—Phot. Boissonnas et Taponier

Mme. Pauline Viardot—Collection J.-L. Croze
(From L'Illustration, 1910)

friends, to whom on frequent occasions (on her famous "Thursdays") she would unfold, with impaired voice perhaps, but with unimpaired art, her greatness as a singer.

Mme. Viardot composed many songs and several unpublished operettas to texts by her friend Turgeniev. These operettas were performed in her little private theatre at Baden-Baden by her pupils and children. Mme. Viardot was a passionate collector of autographs, her main treasure being the original manuscript of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" which she presented to the Paris Conservatoire. Ary Scheffer's portrait of her is generally considered the best.

Such dry biographical data—accessible enough to necrologists, editors and to the curious in general in the ever-handy Grove and elsewhere—were not and are not exactly calculated to restore the dead to life. They resemble the inscription on a tombstone rather than a portrait. At any rate, so dryly put as above, they hardly project the picture of a commanding and fascinating figure in art on our mental screen. Still, the fact that a queen of song bids her admiring subjects a lasting farewell, when she has barely crossed the threshold of forty, speaks for a rather remarkable personality, even if we know that this decision was made easier by evidences of strain in an overtaxed voice. Not until curiosity brings one into contact with the literature on singers of the past, does Pauline Viardot-Garcia begin to cast a spell over those who never were fortunate enough to hear her.

It would be easy, of course, to compile from the contemporary literature on Pauline Viardot-Garcia one more rhapsody of rapture and to add it to the more or less convincing gallery of portraits of "women I never knew," but why rely on the efficacy of paraphrases? If this or that reader wishes to be formally introduced to Mme. Viardot before venturing into the privacy of her letters, surely he will prefer an introduction by some of her most intimate and distinguished friends in their own words to an introduction at second or third hand, as at state-functions. The letters here published present Pauline Viardot-Garcia at the zenith of her career; it might therefore be considered anachronistic to quote George Sand's description of her or Alfred de Musset's glowing tribute (in prose and poetry) to her Parisian début in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" of 1839, when he censured the attempt to compare his idols Maria Malibran-Garcia and Pauline with the inimitable phrase: "On ne surpasse pas la perfection." But it so happens that three immortals in the realm of music stand ready to guide the reader into the presence of the mature Pauline Viardot-Garcia: Liszt, Berlioz and Saint-Saëns. On their judgment he may safely rely, should the letters fail to impress him with

being in the presence of a great, a very great artist not only, but of an accomplished, good and lovely woman.

Out of the fulness of his respect and admiration for his friend, Liszt in 1859 devoted a striking, if somewhat stilted, essay to her in which these sentences occur:

From the beginning of her career, Pauline Viardot-Garcia gained the ranks of those *art-poets* who do not gradually wrest from the public a fame, temporary and characteristic of the fashion of the day, but who acquire it from the start decisively and permanently by dint of mature, plastic and artistically perfect creations, the fruits of depth of soul and of excellent training. Since her first public appearance she has belonged to the most brilliant dramatic stars of our time and will forever be considered one of the most honored celebrities of this epoch. For all time she will remain one of the first in the exclusive group of a *Pasta, Malibran, Schröder-Devrient, Ristori, Rachel, Seebach* and others. Furthermore, she will hold a position apart from others by force of the variety of her talents, her equal mastery of Italian, French and German art, her extraordinary cultural accomplishments, the nobility of her character and the purity of her private life.

After the revival of Gluck's "Orphée" in 1859 with Mme. Viardot in the title-rôle Berlioz wrote (see his "A travers chants"):

To speak of Madame Viardot would really require a special essay. Her talent is so complete and varied; it touches so many points of art and combines with so much science a so entrancing spontaneity that it produces at one and the same time both astonishment and emotion; it strikes and yet appeals; it overawes and persuades. Her voice, of an exceptional range, is at the service of the most consummate vocalisation and of that artful phrasing of the *chant large* which has become so rare nowadays. She unites an irrepressibly impetuous and imperious verve with a profound sensibility and with an almost deplorable faculty for expressing immense grief. Her gestures are sane, noble and true to life, and her power of facial expression is even more remarkable in dumb scenes than in those where she has to reinforce therewith the accents of song.

That Saint-Saëns upon the news of Mme. Viardot's death paid an eloquent tribute to her was but fitting, for she had befriended him and had championed his cause for more than forty years. From his eulogy, now accessible in that charming collection of essays called "École buissonnière" (1913), the following lines have been selected, and it will be noticed that Saint-Saëns did not permit his grief to obscure his critical vision of times bygone:

Her voice was of enormous power and of prodigious range, but this marvellous voice, trained to surmount all the difficulties of vocal art,

Julius Rietz

(Aug. Kampf, Phot., Aix-La-Chapelle)

From the Collection of Rud. E. Schirmer

did not please everybody. Hers was not a voice of velvet or of crystal, but a voice just a trifle harsh and occasionally was compared to the flavor of bitter-sweet oranges. It was made by nature for tragedy or épopée, superhuman rather than human. Light things, such as Spanish chansons or Chopin's Mazourkas transcribed by her for the voice, assumed a different shape through the medium of her own voice. They became the *badinages* of giants, but to the accents of tragedy, to the severities of oratorio, she imparted an incomparable grandeur. . . .

Mme. Viardot was not beautiful: worse than that. Ary Scheffer's portrait of her is the only one which does justice to this unequalled woman. No other gives an adequate idea of her strange powers of fascination. Her personality rendered her even more captivating than her talent as a singer; without doubt her personality was one of the most astonishing I have encountered. Speaking and writing fluently Spanish, French, Italian, English and German, she was conversant with the literature of all countries and she corresponded with all Europe . . .

"All Europe" would include nonentities and mediocrities. To these Julius Rietz certainly did not belong, though he has long since been forgotten by "all Europe." To begin with the non-essential facts of his life: Julius Rietz was born at Berlin on December 28, 1812, and he died at Dresden on September 12, 1877. Barely twenty years of age, the young 'cellist and conductor attracted the attention of Mendelssohn, who gave him his start as one of the best conductors produced by Germany, in 1834 at Düsseldorf. The stature of Rietz as a conductor may be gauged by the fact that he succeeded Gade as conductor of the famous "Gewandhaus" concerts at Leipsic in 1848 and Reissiger in 1860 as "Hofkapellmeister" in Dresden, rising in 1874 to the rank, title and emoluments of a "Kgl. Sächsischer Generalmusikdirektor."

His *forte* was the interpretation of Händel, Bach, the classics and Mendelssohn. The moderns of the Liszt-Berlioz-Wagner school of musical thought Rietz heartily detested, yet he was too conscientious and intelligent an artist not have to set his pride, for instance, in well-rounded performances of Wagner's operas. As a composer he is said to have been strongly influenced by Mendelssohn. This and a lack of individual utterance have relegated his technically perfect music—and a most industrious composer he was, in forms large and small—to the shelves of libraries, though during his lifetime his works enjoyed considerable popularity and fame. To-day very little more than his "Morgenlied" for male chorus has survived the change in taste.

Rietz was a musician of an intellectual, scholarly type of mind, and it was said of him that he would have gained distinction as a philologist, had he not started out as a musician. Quite

naturally he drifted into editing and his chief effort in that direction was the Breitkopf and Härtel edition of Mendelssohn's complete works.

Rietz must have been quite a "character," unbending in his likes and dislikes, manly and fearless in his utterances, brooking no interference with his functions, ruling his forces with an iron hand, abhorring compromise and intrigue alike. As his tongue was of the sharpest and as he dealt his blows with a club in true Teutonic fashion, his enemies were many, and his friends few. Very sensitive to criticism, he gradually accumulated an uncomfortable fund of bitterness, augmented by disappointments and family troubles and reduced only now and then by a keen sense of humor. In his virtues and defects Julius Rietz appears to have been a typical German, such as one would not ordinarily suspect of attracting a woman of the Latin race. Yet there can be no doubt that this man fascinated Pauline Viardot-Garcia and that he stirred the depths of her soul into a passionate longing for his friendship.

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Donnerstag 22ten April, 5 Uhr.

Lieber Herr Rietz

Wenn Sie diesen Abend frei sind, bringen Sie Ihre Ouvertüren u. s. w. und wir werden sie vierhändig spielen. Lassen Sie mir wissen ob es Ihnen angenehm ist. Von 7 Uhr werde ich Sie erwarten.

Ihre Freundin

PAULINE VIARDOT

Thursday, April 22, 5 o'clock.

Deâr Herr Rietz

If you are at liberty this evening, bring your overtures, etc., and we will play them four-handed. Let me know if it is agreeable to you. From seven o'clock I shall expect you.

Your friend

PAULINE VIARDOT

This was the first letter written by Mme. Viardot to Julius Rietz. At any rate, it is the earliest in the collection of about one hundred of her letters to him, now in the possession of Mr. Rudolph E. Schirmer—and here published with practically no changes in Mme. Viardot's orthography, grammar, syntax, etc. Such changes were found to be unnecessary, for hardly ever do her liberties with the German language obscure her ideas. Moreover her grammatical inaccuracies add a delicious flavor to her language for readers familiar with German, and those who are not, will not notice them. In case of trouble, Dr. Theodore Baker's translation will serve as a first aid to the wounded.

Mme. Viardot's first epistle to Rietz is a rather dry note at its best and certainly holds out no promises to those whose hobby it is to read letters of distinguished people. Whether or not Rietz replied, does not appear. Nor is the point essential. His art as a conductor and his personality had made a lasting impression on Mme. Viardot when she sang at the Gewandhaus on February 11 and March 7, 1858, for the annual charity concert, reappearing for a third concert on April 10 and for three guest-performances at the Opera during the same month, with such success that the critic of the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik" called her "the greatest singer of our time." Mme. Viardot—that is plain enough from her letters—deliberately set about to win the friendship of the rather reserved and suspicious Rietz. She had not quite completed her task when she left Leipsic, but she returned to Leipsic and its Gewandhaus the middle of December and battered down the last defenses of her "Bear." He capitulated just at the time that Mme. Viardot went to Weimar to fill operatic engagements at the Grand-ducal opera-house, singing, for instance, in Bellini's "Norma" on December 19 and in Rossini's "Barber of Seville" on December 22. This separation of the two friends gave impetus to correspondence, and there followed for several months a torrential exchange of letters between the two.

Those of Mme. Viardot are far too numerous and often too long—she must have had a speedy and untiring hand—to be published here in their entirety. A selection had to be made and the length of many of the letters simply forbade publishing more than mere excerpts from them. Immediately personal taste entered into this editorial task and it may be that letters or parts of letters were suppressed which others would have included in preference to some here published. Personal taste also impelled an almost total abstinence from foot-notes, for the editor frankly confesses to a violent dislike for the fad of switching the reader's attention from the trend of thought in letters of distinguished persons to a foot-note on the insignificant holder of a name that happens to be mentioned, or worse still to a foot-note informing the reader gravely that Richard Wagner was a great composer and lived from 1813 to 1883.

In Mme. Viardot's Weimar letters, Franz Liszt, of course, holds the centre of the stage, Liszt, whose music appealed neither to Mme. Viardot, otherwise his respectful admirer, nor to Julius Rietz. And perhaps it was well for their friendship—psychologists might even advance shrewd reasons therefor—that it blossomed forth so vigorously in the very citadel of the "music of the future"

which both so heartily disliked. These Weimar letters of Mme. Viardot, undated, and of uncertain sequence, are grouped here, or rather a selection from them, without further editorial comment.

Sunday, 9 o'clock.

Who would have thought, you say, that you would so soon address me as your friend? I. I felt from the very beginning of our acquaintance that we *must* be friends, sooner or later. Do you not remember how friendly I was with you forthwith? do not believe that it is always the case—No, I found you wonderfully congenial, and my warm affection drew me toward you—At first you were somewhat astonished, mistrustful, and yet pleased, withal, were you not? Perhaps I seemed to you too familiar, altogether too demonstrative, to feel deeply and seriously? too *southern* in my behavior toward you for one sincere at heart? You were a little afraid of me, confess! The proud, self-absorbed man resented the invasion of his life, of his lonely, hallowed *ego*, by a foreign element—no, he *would* not permit his dull repose to be disturbed by what might prove an illusion—was it not so?—But I recognized the good, high-souled Man behind the diffident, stiff-necked *Bear*, and did not allow myself to be discouraged . . . and now even he is rather glad of it!

11 o'clock [Sunday.]

Liszt has taken supper with me.—He has only just gone away, and I shall not go to bed until I have told you that Norma went off quite well, that your [lady] friend was very well received and appreciated, and that I felt *present* tears welling in many *future* eyes.—The house was very full; the conductor, a certain Herr *Stör*, is a first-class *dragger*; just imagine, I fairly *longed* for *Rietzius!*[1] My S[illegible] was all the time imitating a dog that has lost his master—it was really *howly*. Liszt assures me that he felt deeply moved and *enthusiastic*—if I were sure that he is telling the truth I should be very glad. Yesterday he played for me—oh, no one can play as he does—I am perfectly carried away by his playing. I heard the *Rhapsodies* and the *Enterrement* from his Harmonies—do you know the latter? it is really very interesting and in my opinion quite easy to understand.[2]—To-day I was at the Altenburg again to practise my voice, and again heard something that did not particularly please me—*Orpheus*, arranged for two pianos. Too much noise and confusion—and yet it has form, and there is a desire of melody in it. One must admit, after all, that he is a most attractive person. It is quite impossible to be more amiable than he is with me. Toward me he is very unaffected, which renders him doubly charming—he is even childlike, and I believe it comes naturally, for he has known me since my childhood. . . maybe he knows that he would waste his

[1]Karl Stör (1814-1899), it is but fair to insist, enjoyed the reputation of being an able conductor and composer. How little Mme. Viardot thought of him appears from a later letter in which she says that Stör had "sewed" the notes of Norma as if they were buttons. The remark about the *future* eyes, of course, was prompted by the ironical term "music of the future" invented against Wagner, Liszt and their followers by Ludwig Bischoff.

[2]Does Mme. Viardot refer to No. 7 "Funérailles" in Liszt's ten "Harmonies poétiques et religieuses?" No piece of the title "Enterrement" is mentioned in the thematic catalogue of Liszt's works. The "Altenburg" mentioned in the next line was the residence of Liszt's friend, the Princess Wittgenstein, at Weimar.

Sonntag um 9 Uhr.

Wer hätte gedacht, sagen Sie, dass Sie mich so bald als Freundin anreden würden? Ich. Ich fühlte gleich vom Anfang unserer Bekanntschaft an, dass wir Freunde sein *müssten*, bald oder spät. Erinnern Sie sich nicht wie freundlich ich mit Ihnen gleich war? glauben Sie nicht, dass es immer der Fall sey—Nein, Sie waren mir höchst sympathisch und meine warme Zärtlichkeit zog mich Ihnen entgegen—Sie waren Anfangs ein wenig erstaunt, mistrauisch und doch zugleich auch vergnügt, nicht wahr? Vielleicht schien ich Ihnen zu *familiär*, zu sehr nach Aussen um es innig u. ernstlich zu meinen? zu *südlich* mein Benehmen Ihnen gegenüber um aus einem tiefen Gefühl zu kommen? Sie fürchteten sich ein wenig vor mir, ja? Der stolze in sich vertieferte Mensch wollte nicht ein fremdes Element in seinem Leben, in seinem einsamen heiligen *Ich* hineinstürzen lassen—nein, er *wollte* es nicht dass seine öde Ruhe durch vielleicht eine Illusion gestört wäre—Nicht wahr, nicht wahr?—aber ich habe den guten edlen Menschen hinter dem bescheidenen stolzen *Bär* erkannt, und habe mich nicht zurückweisen lassen. . . und endlich freut er sich ein Bischen auch!

11 Uhr [Sonntag]

Liszt hat mit mir suppiert—Jetzt erst ist er fort gegangen und ich will nicht zu Bett gehen ehe Ihnen vorher gesagt zu haben dass die Norma ganz gut gegangen ist, dass Ihre Freundinn sehr gut aufgenommen und empfunden gewesen ist und dass ich *gegenwärtige* Thränen in manchen *zukünftigen* Augen gespürt habe—Das Haus war sehr besucht—Der Kapellmeister, ein gewisser Herr *Stör*, ist ein *Schlepper* erster Klasse—Denken Sie sich, ich habe mich nach *Rietzius* förmlich *gesehnt*![1] Mein S [?] hat fortwährend einen Hund der seinen Herrn verloren hat, nachgeahmt—es war ganz *heulig*. Liszt versichert mich tief gerührt und *enthusiasmirt* zu sein—wenn ich gewiss wäre dass er die Wahrheit spricht würde es mich sehr freuen. Gestern hat er mir vorgespielt—nein so wie er spielt kein zweiter—ich bin ganz entzückt von seinem Spiel—Ich habe die *Rhapsodien* und *Enterrement* aus seinen Harmonien gehört—kennen Sie das letztere?[2] es ist wirklich sehr interessant und nach meiner Meinung sehr verständlich.—Heute war ich wieder auf die Altenburg um die Stimme zu üben und habe wieder etwas gehört was mir nicht so sehr gefällt, *Orpheus* für zwei Claviere arrangirt—Es ist mir zu wüst, aber doch hat es eine Form und einen Wunsch von Melodie drinn—Man muss doch gestehen, dass er ein höchst anziehender Mensch ist—Es ist rein unmöglich liebenswürdiger zu sein als er es mit mir ist—Mit mir ist er sehr einfach, was ihm einen doppelten Reiz verleiht, ja sogar kindisch,

pains, and so embraces the opportunity to find rest and relaxation with somebody from his continuous mental tension. It gives me pleasure to see him—but if I could see you again, my dear, good friend, the pleasure would be far greater. . . .

You are quite alone without me, you write—but you are really not without me—my faithfullest friendship is ever hovering around you—oh! I must go on in French, otherwise I shall stick fast—you seem to me in a way like an adoptive child of my heart, for whom I feel, together with the greatest affection, an almost *maternal* solicitude. Yes, hitherto you have led the life of an *orphan*, you have woven yourself a philosophy tinged with bitterness which tends to isolate you more and more, to set you apart from others. What a mistake! you who are so good, and possess every gift of heart and mind, you repress them beneath a sullen disdain of your kind in general and of the Leipzigers in particular, and make yourself unhappy *of set purpose*. That is not right; it is unjust toward others and especially toward yourself, which concerns me infinitely more. I am happy in your letters—they are fraught with treasures of refreshment and affection. Tell me, which is easier for you to understand, French or German? *my* German, I hear? I write more rapidly in French, that goes without saying, but it does not seem natural for me to address you in that language. So, if it does not annoy you, let me write as it comes on the spur of the moment. The worse for the reader, should unknown tongues press to the point of my pen. He will simply have to fight it out with a dictionary. As for your handwriting, it is charming, refined, with a wholly genial physiognomy which pleases me extremely, and which proves that the hand which traced it is not *awkward*—that dear big hand that I warmly press in both of mine. . . .

Tuesday evening.

I am going to tell you something—it is *not entirely impossible* that we may see each other again in a few days.—They are continually pestering me to stay here until the great Court Concert on January 1st.—I have sent my husband a telegram—if he says yes, I shall go over to Leipzig to see you. Is not that well planned? should you be glad? Yes?

Besides, I shall have a most excellent pretext, for the Duke of Altenburg greatly desires to hear me—and then I must pass through Leipzig. Besides the telegram I have written a letter to Louis, and told him that I want to visit you. And I know that he will be glad to hear it—for it gives him pleasure when I choose my friends and love them. You will certainly appreciate him him as an admirable, whole-souled man. He looks very cold, but he is not so. His heart is warm and good, and his mind is far superior to mine. He worships art, and thoroughly appreciates the beautiful and the sublime. His sole fault is that he lacks the childlike element, the impressionable mood. But is not that splendid—to have *only one* fault! Perhaps in his youth he did not even have that one—I did not know him when he was a young man—too bad—I was not born then. If I were not 21 years younger, he would not be 21 years older than I.

I want so much to tell you all sorts of things; where there's a will, there's a way. Meantime, I should like to have the little picture. In Weimar there has been no ray of sunshine. May they all have been gathered on your head!

und ich glaube, dass es kommt natürlich—er hat mich ja seit meiner Kindheit gekannt. . . vielleicht weiss er, dass es eine verlorene Mühe wäre und benutzt der Gelegenheit sich bei jemand von seiner fortwährender geistiger Spannung ausruhen zu können. Ich freue mich ihn zu sehen—wäre es mir doch noch viel lieber Sie mein guter lieber Freund wiederzusehen. . .

Sie sind ganz allein ohne mich, schreiben Sie—aber Sie sind ja nicht ohne mich—meine treueste Freundschaft schwebt fortwährend um Ihnen herum, meine Gedanken haben einen lieben Ruhepunkt bei Ihnen—ach ich muss französisch fortfahren, sonst bleibe ich stecken—vous me faites en quelque sorte l'effet d'un enfant adoptif de mon cœur, pour lequel, à côté de la plus grande tendresse, j'éprouve une sollicitude presque *maternelle*—Oui, vous avez mené jusqu'à présent une vie *d'orphelin*, vous vous êtes fait une philosophie tant soit peu amère qui tend à vous isoler de plus en plus, à faire le vide autour de vous. Quelle erreur! vous si bon, vous qui avez en vous toutes les qualités du cœur et de l'esprit, vous les refoulez maussadement au fond du mépris de vos semblables en général et des Leipsicois en particulier, et vous vous rendez malheureux avec *obstination*. Cela n'est pas bien, c'est de l'injustice envers les autres et surtout envers vous même, ce qui m'importe infiniment plus. Je suis heureuse de vos lettres—elles renferment des trésors de fraîcheur et d'affection. Dites moi, qu'estce qui est plus facile à comprendre pour vous, le français on l'allemand? *mon* allemand, j'entends? J'écris plus rapidement en français, cela va sans dire, mais il ne me semble pas naturel de m'adresser à vous dans cette langue. Si cela ne vous dérange pas, laissez-moi aussi écrire comme cela me viendra dans le moment. Tant pis pour le lecteur, s'il me vient des langues inconnues au bout de la plume. Il n'aura qu'à s'escrimer avec un dictionnaire. Quant à votre ecriture, elle est charmante, fine, et a une physionomie toute spirituelle qui me plaît extrêmement et qui prouve que la main qui l'a tracée n'est pas *ungeschickt*—Ihre grosse liebe Hand die ich in meine beiden Händen herzlich drücke. . . .

Dienstag Abend

. . . . Ich will Ihnen Etwas sagen—es ist *nicht so ganz unmöglich* dass wir uns in diesen Tagen wieder sehen.—Man quält mich fortwährend um bis zum grossen Hof Concert am 1ten Januar hier zu bleiben.—Ich habe meinem Mann eine telegraphische Depesche geschickt—wenn er *ja* sagt, dann gehe ich herüber nach Leipzig um Sie zu sehen.—Ist das nicht gut gedacht? würden Sie sich freuen? Ja?

Ich werde auch den besten Vorwand dazu haben, denn der Herzog von Altenburg wünscht es sehr mich zu hören—da muss ich über Leipzig. Ich habe ausser der Depesche einen Brief an Louis geschrieben und habe ihn gesagt, dass ich Sie besuchen will. Und ich weiss, dass er sich darüber freuen wird—denn er sieht es gerne, dass ich meine Freunde aussuche und lieb habe. Sie müssen ihn kennen lernen, Sie werden ihn gewiss als einen vortrefflichen edlen Mann erkennen. Er sieht sehr kalt aus, ist es aber nicht.—Sein Herz ist warm und gut, und sein Geist ist mir sehr ueberlegen—Er betet die Kunst an, versteht gründlich das schöne, das Erhabne.—Sein einziger Fehler ist dass ihm das kindische Element fehlt, die Frische des Gemüths. Aber ist das nicht prächtig *nur einen* Fehler zu haben!—Vielleicht hatte er selbst den nicht in seiner Jugend—als junger Mann habe ich ihn nicht gekannt—schade—ich war noch nicht geboren—Wäre ich nicht 21 Jahre jünger, würde er nicht 21 Jahre älter wie ich sein.

Ich möchte Ihnen so gern allerlei erzählen, es wird sich schon finden.—Indessen möchte ich das Bildchen haben.—In Weimar hat die Sonne keine

Then they would shine out upon me from your eyes. How lovely the sun is! You can have no conception of it, for you have never been in my beloved South. There one can never be really too unhappy, too lonely, for that glorious Power absorbs our griefs, brightens all the gloom of the heart, and lures poetry from the soul. One cannot be quite disconsolate in the South, it is too beautiful there. How far away from home have you ever been? Do you love the country, the sunlight, the trees, the sky, the sea, the mountains, the flowers, the wind, the wonderful scents and sounds that surround you of an evening and draw you on and on, far, far away from the dwellings of men, while the lovely blue air whispers all manner of things—and you feel that you are smiling, that you are encircled by the sweetest memories, the dearest friends—yes, then I know surely that I am loved by other souls—then my heart begins to throb, throb, throb, and beats faster and faster and stronger and stronger till I am almost breathless—then I must stop, and press my wild heart fast with both hands—rub my eyes—close my ears tight—Gradually the inner storm calms down—and it was high time—it might have suffocated me—when it is all over one runs home just as fast as one ever can run—exhausted—but one has been happy.—My friend, you do not know what I am talking about—you think I am crazy? Oh, I am *hardly* ever so—Adieu, my good friend—be forbearing toward your loving friend. . . .

Wednesday, 4 o'clock.

Here I am back again from the Altenburg. They are beginning to like me a little there—I go in and out without the least ceremony, just as I please, and their faces really light up with pleasure when I enter the apartments of the Princess.—To-day Count * * * was there, and told us how perfectly *enchanted* the Grand Duke had been with our long conversation of yesterday.—"He was so astonished to find a woman of so much *esprit* in such a great artist," said the Court Parrot. . . how stupid these great folk can be, just when they would rather be otherwise. . . .

Half past 10 o'clock. The "Barber of Seville" has tweaked the beard of his *confrère* of Bagdad[1], and made a sensation into the bargain. I was in excellent spirits, and think I sang quite well. The public is not *warm*, it is *fiery*. . . . Liszt is delightful toward me, but all our ideas are too different for us ever to be in complete sympathy—he has not *a friend's nature*, like you, for instance—he cannot attune his life to that of another, or blend his heart with another heart. His personal vanity is far too great for that. He would think it a downfall from his rank as an exceptional man, towering above all others!—I don't wish to speak ill of him, for in spite of all I am very fond of him, and, I repeat, he treats me with much affection—only I believe that the flame in his heart is nothing but a straw-fire—moreover, I find a dreadful lot of ashes in that heart of his—poor devil, I think he is thoroughly *unhappy*. In the depths of his being there is a bitter sadness which excites my pity and augments my affection for him. Sometimes he comes to spend one or two hours quietly with me. That does him a deal of good, so he says—it renews his youth. The life he has led has aged him, outwardly—and that which he leads is totally lacking in tranquillity and refreshment. If I were in his place I should greatly fear that

[1]"Der Barbier von Bagdad," opera by Peter Cornelius (1824-1874). How the *fiasco* of this master-work on December 15, 1758, was caused by Liszt's enemies at Weimar, is a matter of history.

Strahlen leuchten lassen. Möge Sie sie alle auf Ihrem Kopfe gesammelt haben! Dann würden sie mir in Ihren Augen entgegenstrahlen. Wie schön ist die Sonne! Sie können kein Begriff davon haben, da Sie in meinem lieben Süden nie gewesen sind. Da kann man nie eigentlich zu unglücklich, zu allein sein, denn diese herrliche Macht saugt die Kummer ein, erhellt alle die Dunkel des Herzens und lockt Poesie aus der Seele.—Trostlos kann man im Süden nicht sein, es ist zu schön da. Wie weit sind Sie in Ihrem Leben gereist? Lieben Sie das Land, das Licht, die Bäume, den Himmel, das Meer, die Gebirgen, die Blumen, den Wind, die wunder volle Gerüche und Klänge, die einen umgeben und anziehen am Abend weit, weit von bewohnten Orten, während die schöne blaue Luft in's Ohr Allerlei flüstert—man fühlt, das man lächelt, das man von den liebsten Erinnerungen, von den liebsten Freunden umringt ist—ja, dann weiss ich gewiss, dass ich von andern Seelen geliebt bin—dann fängt das Herz zu klopfen, klopfen, klopfen, und immer schneller und stärker zu klopfen, bis mir der Athem ganz fehlt—ich muss aufhalten, das tolle Herz fest mit beiden Händen drücken—mir die Augen reiben—die Ohren fest zuhalten—Allmählig wird es ruhiger in mir—es war die höchste Zeit—ich hätte ersticken können—wenn es ganz vorüber ist dann rennt man nach Hause so schnell wie man nur rennen kann—erschöpft—aber man ist glücklich gewesen.—Mein Freund, Sie wissen nicht, was ich da sage—ich komme Ihnen verrückt vor? Ach, ich bin es *fast* nie—Adieu mein guter Freund—seien Sie nachsichtig mit Ihrer liebenden Freundinn. . . . .

Mittwoch 4 Uhr.

Da bin ich zurück von der *Altenburg*. Man fängt an dort mich ein wenig lieb zu haben—ich gehe in und aus ohne der kleinsten Ceremonie, so viel ich will, u. die Gesichter sehen wirklich vergnügt aus, wenn ich in den Zimmern der Fürstinn trete.—Heute war ein Graf * * * da, der erzählte, dass der Grossherzog so sehr *enchantirt* mit unserer langen Unterredung von gestern war.—"Il a été si étonné de trouver une femme de tant d'esprit dans une si grande artiste" sagte der Hofpapagei. . . wie dumm können diese Herrschaften sein, gerade wenn sie *anders* sein möchten. . .

½ 11 Uhr.

Der Barbier von Seville a fait *la barbe* à son confrère de Bagdad,[1] et fureur par dessus le marché. J'étais fort bien disposée et je crois avoir assez bien chanté—Le public n'est pas *chaud*, il est *brûlant*. . . .

. . . . Liszt est charmant pour moi mais toutes nos idées sont trop différentes pour qu'il y ait jamais entre nous une sympathie complète—il n'a pas une *nature d'ami* comme vous par exemple—il ne peut pas s'assimiler une autre vie, ni confondre son cœur avec une autre cœur. Sa vanité personelle est bien trop grande pour cela. Il croîrait déchoir de son rang d'homme exceptionnel et grand par dessus tous!—Je n'en veux pas dire de mal car malgré tout cela je l'aime beaucoup, et je le repète, il est très affectueux avec moi—seulement je crois qu'il ne brûle dans son cœur que de feux de paille—du reste j'y trouve terriblement de cendres dans ce cœur—pauvre diable, je le crois parfaitement *malheureux*. Il y a chez lui un fond de tristesse amère qui me fait pitié et augmente mon affection pour lui—Il vient parfois passer une ou 2 heures tranquillement avec moi. Cela lui fait grand bien, dit-il—cela le rajeunit—La vie qu'il a menée l'a vieilli en dedans—et celle qu'il mène manque entièrement

the Emperor of Russia might consent to his marriage with the Princess, and I think that in his own mind this idea does not wear an especially alluring aspect....

Thursday, 1 o'clock. Nevertheless, he is a man of honor and, should the fatal day arrive, he will do his duty bravely. It is more likely that the Princess will not consent to risk losing the power she now has over him as his mistress, by becoming his wife. . . .

However, I want to tell you in a few words about the *soirée* given at the Altenburg in my honor. All the *army* and the *reserves* of the *Future* were present. Everybody was presented to me personally, and I was obliged to make at least 100 courtesies almost in a single breath—the passage in Graun is very much easier, less fatiguing, and above all does not require so long a time. All the longhaired gentry were assembled: "One does not permit one's self to be bald at Weimar," was my first reflection. I was struck by the ugliness of the women.—"Is it a matter of chance? No, it is simpler to suppose it a result of the will," was my second reflection. I conversed a great deal with Mme. Milde, the person who so far pleases me best here. According to expectation, they made me sing. Do you know what made the greatest effect? Guess—my *caña*—and I had not [said] by whom it was—you may [imagine,] knowing the high pitch of exaltation to which the Altenburg is keyed up, the noise that burst out when the name of the author-ess was pronounced—and it was the Princess who guessed it! oh, women are keen!—then I finished with the Mazurkas[1], which made Liszt jump about in his chair—by the way, the chromatic scale in the high octave made a tremendous effect yesterday in the *Barbier*. . . . Now I must break off again; I have to go to the Altenburg—I am invited there every day. But I seem to see clouds in the sky.—The P. acts so very affectedly all the time!—Do not think that I am too *prudish*—no, not that—I understand that a woman can and must sacrifice everything to the man she loves—I can even admire a liaison of that sort, and prefer it infinitely to the hypocritical virtue of an unfaithful wife; but good heavens! I can feel no *sincerity* between L. and the P., for sincerity cannot be otherwise than simple. . . .

Friday the 24th [December, Weimar].

It will soon be 18 years since I was married. I have known Scheffer[2] all that time. I met him at M. Viardot's, who was then the director of the Théâtre Italien. He was presented to me; and, when Louis asked him the question: "How do you find Mlle. Garcia?" Scheffer responded, "Dreadfully ugly; but if I were to see her again, I should fall madly in love with her." It was V. himself who repeated this to me that same evening. Almost immediately he executed the fine portrait which I possess, and, as he then divined, he loved me with all his soul. He has never spoken of it to me, excepting quite recently, when, as he said, there was no longer any danger in my knowing it. Until the end, he was able to assume and sustain the rôle of a father to me—he had gained my entire confidence—he was my refuge. I have had moments of keen anguish in my life; it was he who gave me strength to overcome them, by showing me my art in its most consolatory, most divine aspects. I have felt the discouragements of an artist, a sort of paralysis of all my faculties; and his severe and tender words have, I might say, resuscitated me. I have become wellnigh insane; his

[1]Mme. Viardot's arrangements of Chopin Mazurkas as songs.

[2]Of course, Ary Scheffer (1795-1858), the famous Belgian painter.

de calme et de fraîcheur. Si j'étais à sa place, j'aurais fort peur que l'Empereur de Russie ne consentit à son mariage avec la Princesse, et je crois *qu'à la sienne*, cette idée là ne lui sourit pas outre mesure. . .

Jeudi 1hre. Cependant il est homme d'honneur et, *le jour fatal* venu, il fera *bravement* son devoir. C'est plutôt la Princesse qui ne consentira pas à risquer de perdre, devenant sa femme, l'empire qu'elle a sur lui tant qu'elle est sa maîtresse.

. . . Je veux pourtant vous raconter en quelques mots la *soirée* donnée à la Altenburg en mon honneur. Tout le *ban* et l'*arrière ban* de la *Zukunft* étaient présents. Tout le monde m'a été présenté personellement et j'ai dû faire au moins 100 révérences presque d'une seule respiration—le trait de Graun est beaucoup plus facile, moins fatiguant et surtout dure moins longtemps. Tous les cheveux longs étaient réunis—"on ne se permet pas d'être chauve à Weimar" a été ma première réflexion. J'ai été frappée de la laideur des femmes.—"Est ce le fait du hasard? non, il est plus simple que ce soit l'effet de la volonté" a été ma seconde réflexion. J'ai beaucoup causé avec Mme. Milde, la personne qui jusqu'à présent me plaît le plus ici. Comme je m'y attendais bien on m'a fait chanter. Savez-vous ce qui a fait le plus d'effet? devinez—ma *caña*—et je n'avais pas [dit] de qui c'était—vous pouvez vous au Diapason très élevé d'exaltation qui donne le ton à la Altenburg le tapage qui a eclaté quand le nom de l'auteur-esse a été prononcé—et c'est la princesse qui l'a deviné! oh les femmes sont fines!—puis j'ai terminé par les Mazourkas[1] qui ont fait sauter Liszt sur sa chaise—tiens à propos la gamme chromatique en double octave a fait un effet prodigieux hier dans le *Barbier*. . . .

. . . . Für jetzt muss ich wieder aufhören, ich muss auf die Altenburg—ich bin da alle Tage eingeladen. Die Luft ist mir aber nicht rein.—Die Pn. ist so sehr fortwährend affectirt! glauben Sie nicht, dass ich zu *prüde* bin—nein das nicht—ich verstehe dass eine Frau alles dem geliebten Mann aufopfern kann u. muss—ich kann sogar ein Liebesverhältniss der Art hochschätzen, und 100 mal der heuchlerischen Tugend einer ungetreuen Gattin vorziehen, aber mein Gott ich spüre keine *Wahrheit* zwischen L. u. die Pn. denn die Wahrheit kann nicht anders als einfach sein. . . .

Vendredi 24 [December—Weimar].

Il y aura bientôt 18 ans que je suis mariée—il y a autant que je connais Scheffer.[2] Je l'ai rencontré chez Mr. Viardot alors directeur du Théâtre Italien. Il m'a été présenté, et sur la question que lui fit Louis "Comment trouvez vous Mlle. Garcia?" "Affreusement laide" répondit Scheffer, "mais si je la revoyais j'en deviendrai amoureux fou." C'est V. lui-même qui me rapporta cela le soir même. Il fit presque immédiatement le beau portrait que je possède, et comme il l'avait pressenti, il m'aima de toute son âme. Jamais il ne m'en a parlé, excepté dans les derniers temps, lorsque, disait-il, il n'y avait plus de danger que je le susse. Il a su adopter et conserver jusqu'à la fin le rôle de père avec moi—toute ma confiance lui était acquise—il était mon refuge. J'ai eu des moments de grande douleur dans ma vie, il m'a donné des forces pour les surmonter en me montrant l'art dans son aspect le plus consolant, le plus divin. J'ai eu des découragements d'artiste, des sortes d'anéantissements de toutes mes facultés, et par sa parole sévère et tendre il m'a en quelque sorte ressuscitée. J'ai manqué devenir folle, sa haute raison à remis de l'équilibre dans ma tête

lofty intellect has restored my wavering mental balance. When my suffering was too great for words, it was he who could divine all that filled my wretched heart, which he knew through and through, and who could heal the wound by his tender friendship and his unchangeable and intelligent kindness!

He declared that I gave him youth, vigor, and courage, too! I know not how—and so these eighteen years passed—I adoring him like a daughter, he showing me only the sustaining and ever beneficent love of a father. He died at the age of sixty-three, at the high tide of his ability, in the warm plenitude of his grand intelligence, with the full poetic expression of his affection! . . .

Mme. Viardot returned to Paris on December 26. She allowed but one day to pass before she thanked Rietz for the gift of a portrait-bust which apparently did not meet with her approval. The Bach cantata mentioned is the one known to have been in her autograph collection, and we learn from one of her letters that she owed this treasure to Rietz. For a man to part with such a treasure would seem to be the height of liberality, but in the case of Rietz it was, as the Germans say, a matter of "sich revanchieren." Mme. Viardot made a point of presenting to Rietz, who was somewhat of a bibliophile and collector, with every letter a more or less valuable autograph from her own collection. In one of her letters she regretted casually not to be the lucky owner of an original manuscript of Joh. Seb. Bach. Under the circumstances, then, nothing could have been more natural for Rietz than to search for such a treasure and to present it to his friend as a *quid pro quo*.

28, Rue de Douai, Dec. 27.

. . . The little bust now stands on my table, and gazes on me with its white, blind eyes. The artist who modelled it has given no hint of the man, of the soul, behind those finely moulded features. The reticent, indifferent gaze shows no trace of the kindly expression, so benevolent and intellectual. Your finely sarcastic mouth, with its trace of bitter resignation, the sculptor makes stolid, fleshy—and yet the poor resemblance appeals to me strongly. . . .

The Bach Cantatas have already been played through. How delightful it is that your memory should be indivisibly united with that heavenly aria, "*Beglückte Heerden Jesu Schaafe.*[1]". . .

. . . How is the opera coming on? If you are going to have it brought out at Weimar, do me the kindness, out of friendship for me, and be just a little nice to Liszt. I assure you that he is infinitely better than his reputation, and his music, too. One ought not to make him responsible for the absurdities that fanatics write and perpetrate. I chatted with him a long time about this matter, and he is *almost* right when he says, "I deplore their stupidities; I am

[1]Bass aria in Bach's cantata "Du Hirte Israel, höre." (The thematic quotation in the next letter is from this aria.) The opera alluded to in the next paragraph is Rietz's "Georg Neumark und die Gambe" (Weimar, 1859).

ébranlée. Quand je souffrais trop pour même le dire, il savait deviner tout ce qui passait dans mon pauvre cœur dont il connaissait tous les replis, et savait guérir la blessure par sa tendre amitié et son inaltérable et intelligente bonté.

Il prétendais que je lui rendais de la jeunesse, de la fraîcheur et du courage aussi! Le comment je l'ignore—et voilà comment ce sont passés ces dix-huit années moi l'adorant comme une fille, lui ne me montrant que l'amour fortifiant et toujours bienfaisant d'un père. Il est mort à 63 ans dans toute la force de son talent, dans la chaude plénitude de sa grande intelligence, dans l'expression la plus poétique de toute sa tendresse!. . . .

28 Rue de Douai, 27, 10bre.

. . . . Die kleine Büste steht jetzt auf meinem Tische, und sieht mich mit den weissen blinden Augen an. Dem Künstler, der sie modellirt hat, haben gar nicht den Mensch, die Seele errathen lassen die hinter den feinen Zügen steckt. Der verschlossene gleichgültige Blick hat nichts von dem lieben Ausdruck so wohlwollend und geistreich. Der Mund, bei Ihnen fein mokant mit einer Mischung von resignirter Bitterkeit, hat der Bildhauer fleischig-dumm gemacht —und doch ist mir die schlechte Ähnlichkeit sehr lieb. . . .

Die Bach'schen Cantaten sind schon durchgespielt worden. Wie schön ist es dass Ihr Andenken unzertrennlich verbunden mit der himmlischen Arie "*Beglückte Heerden Jesu Schaafe*"[1] ist. . .

. . . . où en est l'opéra? Si vous allez le faire jouer à Weimar, faîtes moi le plaisir, par amitié pour moi, d'être un peu gentil avec Liszt. Je vous assure qu'il vaut infiniment mieux que sa réputation, et sa musique aussi. Il ne faut pas le rendre responsable des sottises qu'écrivent et font ses fanatiques. J'ai longuement causé avec lui à ce sujet et il a *presque* raison lorsqu'il dit "Je déplore

the victim of them, and find it unheard-of that they should be laid at my door —yet I cannot deny these young folk, whatever wrong they do me." We parted very good friends. He has been delightful to me, I have again found him wholly the dear Liszt of earlier days. After him, it was long before I could hear any one play the piano. He is always *the colossus*. . . .

December 30th, 1858.

. . . In Paris it is impossible for me to do anything satisfactory—I should have to sing bad music prettily (I hate prettiness in art), and do other things that honorable women ought not to do. Ah, dearest friend, you have no idea of the baseness which rules here now in art and in every sphere of public life—I cannot see it without feeling heavy at heart. Nearly all the women-singers are *courtisanes*. Paris is no place for me.—We live a very quiet life—that suits me exactly. My husband, who is a Republican, as you know, will have nothing to do with the *present régime*, and of course has no intercourse with its leaders. Everything is accomplished now through *protection*, but woe to him who must beg for it! He must usually purchase this needful exalted favor with his honour. God be praised, we do not need it; we have never debased our freedom, soiled our honor. Our honor is free in every aspect, our freedom honorable, and these are our dearest treasures, which we shall defend while reason and affection are ours. And so our threshold is *clean*.

5 o'clock. I am driven home by the rain from a short walk, and wish to profit by the time at my command to add a few words to this letter before dinner. You open your eyes wide! but so it is, and no longer as in Germany—we dine at 6 o'clock. Meantime, here I am in my salon. Louisette is busy opposite me on a bit of work for her grandmother. My husband is reading beside the fireplace, where a good fire of wood and coke is crackling—I name the combustibles to make you understand that the fire is the brightest and warmest that one can have. My back is turned to it, and its reflection falls on my paper. A great lamp with a green shade provides us with light. What an agreeable thing is silence in sympathetic companionship! have you ever tasted its delight? If you were here beside our table (what happiness!) I am sure that you would experience this sweet sensation to the full, perhaps for the first time in your life! There are few more agreeable ones.—What you tell me about your Christmas-tree is charming. We do not have this festival, unless it be out in the country, where the children of the peasants put their sabots under the chimneypiece on Christmas Eve when they go to bed. By morning the Christchild will have placed apples and nuts in them for good children, and rods for naughty children. It is on New Year's Day that presents, *les étrennes*, are made. Formerly, that was the universal custom. Of late years it has greatly fallen off—people give each other only little bags of candy, and kisses, which has always been extremely disagreeable to me.—There appears to be a tremendous revival this year, to judge by the crowds which choke all the shops. In some of them they have had to station *sergens de ville*! With the honest throngs of Paris many thieves contrive to mingle, and pockets run a sad risk of being relieved of their contents. Yesterday I myself had to make several purchases, and came near being crushed. How noisy Paris is after quiet Germany; one is quite bewildered for a few days. But one very soon gets used to that, as to all such matters. . . indifferent, at bottom. Our street is very quiet, and no noise whatever penetrates to my little organ-room. Here is a fairly correct plan of my two salons. . . .

leurs sottises, j'en suis le victime, je trouve inoui que l'on les mette sur mon dos—mais je ne puis renier cette jeunesse quelque tort qu'elle me fasse." Nous nous sommes quittés fort bons amis. Il a été charmant pour moi, j'ai tout à fait retrouvé mon cher Liszt d'autrefois. Je ne pourrai plus de longtemps entendre jouer du piano après lui. Il est toujours *le colosse*. . . .

30/10bre 1858.

. . . In Paris ist es mir unmöglich was Gutes zu leisten—ich müsste schlechte Musik *hübsch* singen (ich hasse das Hübsche in der Kunst), und noch andere Sachen thun die ehrliche Frauen nicht thun sollten. Ach, liebster Freund, Sie haben keinen Begriff von der *Unwürde* die jetzt in der Kunst u. ueberhaupt in dem öffentlichen Leben hier herrscht—ich kann es nicht sehen ohne dass sich mein Herz nicht schwer fühlt. Fast alle Sängerinnen sind *Courtisanes*. Paris ist kein Ort für mich—Wir leben ein sehr ruhiges Leben—das ist mir gerade so angenehm. Mein Mann, der bekanntlich ein Republikaner ist, will nichts mit den *jetzigen Herren* zu thun haben, und hat natürlich keinen Verkehr mit ihnen. Alles wird jetzt durch *Protection* gemacht, aber wehe dem, der um sie betteln muss! Mit der Ehre muss er diese nothwendige hohe Gunst gewöhnlich bezalhen—Gott sei Dank, wir brauchen [?] nie haben wir unsere Freiheit entehrt, unsere Ehre angekettet. Frei ist unsere Ehre in jeder Hinsicht, ehrlich unsere Freiheit, und diese sind unsere grössten Schätze die wir vertheidigen werden so lange wir Vernunft und Herz haben. Darum ist unsere Schwelle *rein*.

5 heures. Je suis rentrée d'une petite course chassée par la pluie, et je veux profiter du temps que j'ai devant moi pour ajouter quelques mots à cette lettre avant le diner. Vous ouvrez de grands yeux! mais oui, ce n'est plus comme en Allemagne—nous dinons à 6hres. En attendant me voici dans mon salon. Louisette travaille en face de moi à un petit ouvrage pour sa grandmère. Mon mari lit auprès de la cheminée où pétille un bon feu de bois et de coke—je vous nomme les combustibles pour vous faire comprendre que c'est le feu le plus brillant et le plus chaud qu'on puisse avoir. Je lui tourne le dos et j'en ai le reflet sur mon papier. Une grande lampe à abat jour vert nous éclaire. Que le silence en compagnie sympathique est donc une agréable chose! en avez vous jamais gouté? Si vous étiez ici, autour de notre table (quel bonheur!) je suis sûre que vous éprouveriez cette douce sensation au complet pour la première fois de votre vie peut-être! Il y en a peu de plus agréables—Ce que vous me dites de votre arbre de Noël est charmant. Nous n'avons pas cette fête, si ce n'est dans les campagnes, où les enfants des paysans mettent leurs sabots sous la cheminée la veille de Noël en allant se coucher. Le matin le petit Noël a mis dedans des pommes et des noix pour les enfants sages et verges pour les enfants méchants. C'est au jour de l'an que l'on se fait des cadeaux, les *étrennes*. Autrefois, c'était une mode générale—Depuis quelques années cela s'était fort calmé—on se bornait à se donner des sacs de bonbons et des *baisers*, ce qui de tout temps m'a été fort déplaisant—Il paraît que c'est une fureur cette année à en juger par la foule qui encombre tous les magasins. Il y en a où l'on est forcé d'avoir des *sergens de ville*! Dans les honnêtes foules de Paris il se glisse beaucoup de voleurs et les poches courent grand risque d'être débarrassées de leur contenant. J'ai dû moi-même faire plusieurs achats hier et j'ai manquée être écrasée. Que Paris est bruyant après la tranquille Allemagne, on est tout étourdi les premiers jours. Mais on s'y fait bien vîte comme à toutes ces choses. . . indifférentes au fond. Notre rue est fort tranquille et aucun bruit ne pénêtre dans mon petit salon de l'orgue. Voici un plan approximatif de mes deux salons. . . .

Here Mme. Viardot adds a clever and minute sketch of her apartment with windows, staircase, doors, her "piano Pleyel," her organ, etc., and she does not forget to indicate conspicuously the resting place of the original score of Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

. . . To-morrow evening Stockhausen[1] is coming to sing Bach with his pupils, members of the society which he founded. They will sing

which I love the more, the oftener I think of it. Since my arrival, not a day has gone by without my singing it—your little bust, which stands on the large étagère for music beside the piano, seems by now to wear a smile beneath its white mask. Ah, 'tis because it well knows what thought is inseparable from this adorable air. . . the proud little creature smiles. And the organ, too, has made the house vibrate with the virile inspirations of Bach—do you know that the last part of the Fantaisie, the one that you called crazy, is *magnificent* when it is not played too fast? Try it, and you will see—this bass which continually descends slowly by semitones to the D on which it remains, seems to me like a weary giant falling asleep.[2] What a fine programme Liszt would have given to this piece, supposing that he had been *able* to write it.

And yet, my friend, you are a trifle unjust toward him—he is really not so bad as you make him out—he does nothing low—his fanatics do not always behave as they should, but that is not altogether his fault, although he might and *ought to* exercise his great power over them. It is a pity, a great pity, that he does not do it, but after all that does not make him despicable. Come, come, my friend, be a bit charitable. Why throw the *first stone*? To that you will reply that plenty of others have already struck him. . . let us be generous, and pardon some great failings in consideration of certain good traits. I leave you for this evening—to-morrow I shall continue, and then send off this letter. Good-night, dearest, austere friend.

January 1st, 1859.

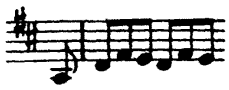
I have come home badly fatigued and with a worse cold—no question that influenza and sore throat are abroad in Paris, but unhappily not in sufficient force to be caught by all the idiots who stick their noses out of doors. I received a few visitors in the morning, and then we all went together to my mother's, who awaited us with wine and cakes, according to her classic custom. Poor mamma, she is in her 78th year, and every time that another year must be added to the date, her brow is covered with clouds, her smile takes on a sadder and sadder tinge, her eyes fill with tears, and each kiss is fraught with a sigh. . . she is afraid of death! ah, my friend, it is a heartbreaking thing to witness this fear, this continual terror of something which, alas, is inevitable, and near at hand for a person of such advanced age.

My mother is a true philosopher in practical matters—all her life she had strength to support the sorest griefs and the heaviest reverses with courage and resignation. The elasticity of her nature is such that her cheery humor has always won the upper hand at last—but for some years she herself has

[1]Julius Stockhausen (1826-1906), one of the greatest singers produced by Germany.

[2]As a matter of fact, the bass part in Bach's "Chromatische Fantasie und Fuge" in D minor—to which Mme. Viardot apparently refers—does not descend slowly by semitones; it remains on D in five of the eight bars in which this downward movement takes place in the upper voices.

. . . Demain soir Stockhausen[1] viendra chanter du Bach avec ses élèves de la société qu'il a fondée. On chantera que j'aime davantage chaque fois que j'y pense. Depuis mon arrivée il ne s'est passé un seul jour sans que je ne l'aie chanté—votre petit buste qui est sur la grande étagère à musique à côté du piano a fini par sembler sourire sous son masque blanc. Ah, c'est qu'il savait bien quelle est la pensée inséparable de cet air adorable. . . le petit orgueilleux a souri. Oui, l'orgue aussi a déjà fait vibrer la maison des mâles inspirations de Bach—savez vous que la dernière partie de la Fantaisie, celle que vous disiez être verrückt est *magnifique* en ne la jouant trop vîte. Essayez le, vous verrez—cette basse qui descend toujours, lentement par demi tons jusqu'à ce *ré* qu'elle ne quitte plus, me fait l'effet d'un géant fatigué qui s'endort.[2] Quel beau programme Liszt aurait donné de ce morceau wenn er es hätte überhaupt schreiben *können.*



Und doch, mein Freund, sind Sie ein bischen ungerecht gegen ihn—es ist wahrhaftig nicht so arg mit ihm wie Sie es machen—er thut ja nichts unedles—seine Fanatiker benehmen sich nicht immer wie sie sollten, aber es ist nicht alles seine Schuld, obwohl er könnte und *sollte* seine grosse Macht über sie üben. Es ist Schade, grosse Schade dass er es nicht thut, aber verächtlich ist er doch nicht dafür—Allons, mon ami, un peu de bienveillance. Pourquoi jeter la *première pierre?* vous me répondrez à cela qu'il en a déjà reçues bien d'autres. . . soyons généreux, et pardonnons de grands défauts en faveur de quelques bonnes qualités. Je vous quitte pour le soir—demain je continuerai et j'expédiérai cette lettre. Gute Nacht, liebster, strenger Freund.

1er Janvier 1859.

Je rentre bien fatiguée et encore plus enrhumée—décidément les rhumes et les maux de gorge courent dans Paris, malheureusement pas assez fort pour ne pas laisser attrapper par tous les imbécils qui mettent le nez dans la rue. Il m'est venue quelque visite dans la matinée, puis nous sommes allés tous ensemble chez ma mère qui nous attendait avec du vin et des gâteaux, selon sa classique habitude. Pauvre maman, elle est dans sa 78me année, et chaque fois qu'il faut charger d'un an le millésime, son front se couvre de nuages, son sourire prend une teinte de plus en plus triste, ses yeux se remplissent de larmes, et chaque baiser contient un soupir. . . elle a peur de la mort! ah mon ami, c'est une chose navrante à voir, que cette crainte, cette terreur incessante d'une chose, hélas, inévitable et prochaine chez une personne d'un âge aussi avancé.

Ma mère est bon philosophe dans la vie pratique—elle a toute sa vie durant su supporter les plus grands chagrins comme les plus grands revers avec courage et résignation. L'élasticité de sa nature est telle que son humeur enjouée a toujours fini par reprendre le dessus—mais depuis quelques années

remarked the ravages of time; her sight is failing, her legs sometimes refuse obedience, her memory—formerly marvellous—plays her false at every turn; in a word, she feels the constraint of old age (which she most cordially detested when young), implacable old age, the forerunner of death!

My mother, as you know, is Spanish and (which is of greater significance) was brought up in Spain. It suffices to tell you that she unites a great deal of *Catholic superstition* to a total lack of religion. She is not quite sure that a God exists, but she *would not swear* that there is no Devil, and I grieve to say that from what I can see, this latter gentleman terribly engrosses her attention. A species of Jesuit has found a way to sneak into her home, and nourishes the poor woman's spiritual frailties to his own advantage. With the tact and *courage* which distinguish these good people, when my husband or I enter at one door he slips out at the other. Then my mother is the first to hold him in derision! . . . but the moment she feels a trifle indisposed, her terrors and the priest return, the one bringing the other. I should be very glad if *somebody else* were to carry them all off!

As for my father, he believed in neither God nor Devil—his personal religion was *life* with all its most ardent passions, it was art, it was love. He was handsome, he possessed genius, he had a passion for everything beautiful, and he never gave a thought to what might come after his life so full of sunshine and lightnings. I should like to know how it could happen that a being as calm as I should be the offspring of two such opposite natures! Calm in comparison with them, be it understood—yes, calm and obstinate, or stupid, as you will. For, after all, the somewhat superstitious notions of my mother never gained a hold on me. I was too young when my father died to have been influenced in any way by his purely material ideas, that is true. But how did I come by that innate faith which I have borne within me since earliest childhood—a faith that nothing has ever been able to shake, neither the most skeptical of books nor the ethics of the philosophers? I cannot propound any formula for my faith, but I have the firm conviction that the soul is immortal, and that all loves shall one day be united—the *great loves*, whatever be their nature, provided that they have made themselves worthy of it. Perhaps, in order to reach the goal, one must be put to the test of several existences in the spheres, in worlds ever lovelier and better. Do not laugh at me, dearest friend; I know no more about it than anybody else, and, above all, I cannot give a definite shape to my thoughts on a subject so difficult, so impossible to explain. But all that I *do* know is this—that there is within us a divine spark which does not perish, and which will end in becoming a part of the great light. Do you believe so, my friend? Oh, try to have confidence and faith like me—you will see how good, how beautiful it is!

The 2d. Good-morning, dear friend. Yesterday's autograph is that of Mme. Sand—doubtless you have already guessed it.—The bell is ringing that announces visitors to me—what a bore, to leave you! Patience.

The 3d. Another day gone, in which they have left me no time to write you. It began very late for me, because Louis insisted on my staying in bed until 11 o'clock—yesterday I was really coughing too badly—the foggy weather was to blame—it happens *very seldom*, Heaven be praised, that anything is the matter with me, but when it does happen, I have a bad attack. But as I enjoy quite a *healthy health*, it never lasts long—I have never been seriously ill—the only sickness I ever had was the whooping cough, and only ten years ago, in Russia—and so my throat is sometimes affected. As each of us bears within

elle s'apperçoit elle même des ravages du temps—sa vue s'affaiblit, ses jambes lui refusent parfois le service, sa mémoire, autrefois prodigieuse, lui echappe à chaque instant, enfin elle sent l'étreinte de la vieillesse, (ce qu'elle a le plus détesté quand elle était jeune), l'impitoyable vieillesse, précurseur de la mort!

Ma mère est, vous le savez, espagnole, et, ce qui est plus significatif, élévée en Espagne. C'est assez vous dire qu'elle joint beaucoup de *superstition catholique* à un manque total de religion. Elle n'est pas bien sûre qu'il y ait un Dieu, mais elle ne *jurerait pas* qu'il n'y ait pas un Diable, et d'après ce que je vois avec douleur, ce dernier monsieur la préoccupe terriblement. Une espèce de Jésuite a trouvé moyen de se glisser chez elle, et alimente à son propre profit toutes les faiblesses d'esprit de la pauvre femme. Avec le tact et le *courage* qui distinguent ces beaux messieurs, quand mon mari ou moi nous entrons par une porte, il se sauve par l'autre. Alors ma mère est la première à se moquer de lui!. . . mais aussitôt qu'elle se sent un peu indisposée, les terreurs et le prêtre reviennent l'un portant l'autre. Je voudrais bien que *quelqu'un d'autre* les emportât tous!

Quant à mon père, il ne croyait ni à Dieu ni à Diable—sa religion à lui c'était la *vie* avec toutes ses passions les plus ardentes, c'était l'art, c'était l'amour. Il était beau, il avait du génie, il était passioné pour tout ce qui était beau, et il n'a jamais pensé à ce qui viendrait après sa vie si pleine de soleil et de foudres. Je me demande comment il a pu se faire que de ces deux natures si différentes ait pu sortir un être aussi calme que moi! Calme relativement à eux, entendons nous—oui calme et obstine, ou bête, à votre choix. Car enfin, les idées un peu superstitieuses de ma mère n'ont jamais eu prise sur moi. J'étais trop jeune lorsque mon père mourût pour pouvoir être influencée par ses pensées purement matérielles, il est vrai. Mais d'où donc me vient la foi innée que je porte en moi depuis ma plus tendre enfance, foi que rien n'a pu ebranler jamais, ni les livres les plus sceptiques, ni la morale des philosophes? Je ne peux donner aucune formule à ma foi, mais j'ai la ferme conviction que l'âme est immortelle et que tous les amours se trouveront un jour—les *grands amours* de quelque nature qu'ils soient, pourvu qu'ils s'en soient rendus dignes. Pour y parvenir, peut-être faut-il l'épreuve de plusieurs existences dans des sphères, des mondes graduellement plus beaux et meilleurs. Ne vous moquez pas de moi, theuerster Freund, je n'en sais pas plus long qu'un autre, et surtout je ne puis pas donner de forme arrêtée à mes pensées sur un sujet aussi difficile, aussi impossible à expliquer. Mais tout ce que je *sais*, c'est qu'il y a en nous une étincelle divine qui ne périt point et qui finira par faire partie de la grande lumière. Y croyez vous, mon ami? oh tâchez d'avoir comme moi la confiance, la foi—vous verrez comme c'est bon, comme c'est beau!—

le 2. Bonjour, cher ami. L'autographe d'hier est de Mme. Sand—vous l'avez sans doute deviné déjà.—On sonne le timbre qui m'annonce des visites —quel ennui de vous quitter! patience.

le 3. Wieder ein Tag vorüber, wo man mir keine Zeit gelassen hat Ihnen zu schreiben. Er hat sehr spät für mich angefangen, denn Louis hat mich gezwungen bis 11 Uhr in's Bett zu bleiben—ich hustete gestern gar zu schlimm—das nebligte Wetter war Schuld daran—es geschieht *sehr selten*, Gott sei Dank, dass mir etwas fehlt, aber wenn es einmal passirt, dann ist es sehr heftig. Aber da ich eine ziemlich *gesunde Gesundheit* habe dauert es nie lange—ich bin nie förmlich krank gewesen—die einzige Krankheit die ich je gehabt habe, ist Keuchhusten, und erst 10 Jahre her, in Russland—daher ist meine Kehle manch-

himself the seeds of death, I bear mine in me, and they are in my heart, which is too large—don't laugh, it is the literal truth—all the doctors (Dr. Hahnemann among the rest) have told me that I shall die of a rupture of the heart, and that I must guard against all violent emotions, etc.

Stuff and nonsense! one must live one's life, and be afraid of nothing except that which is evil. In any event, do not be anxious, dear friend, I do not suffer in the least—the only thing that annoys me a trifle is the stairs—when I climb them hurriedly, I feel the enemy's presence—or when I happen to be very *nervous* at the beginning of the opera, for instance in the first scene in Norma, my heart beats so wildly that I become quite breathlessly excited, as if it were about to burst—that, to be sure, is painful, but as I said it does not last long and seldom occurs. Why have I told you this? I am sorry, for your mind may dwell on it, and it is really nothing, I understand it better than the doctors, who have so often laid their ugly heads against my chest and back so as to discover or invent something unpleasant.

Berlioz came to see me to-day—he is very sick—body and soul are diseased. His wife is really too disagreeable! how could such a man marry such a woman! better to eat raw lemons all day and drink vinegar all night! dreadful!

Yesterday evening I played Liszt's *Orpheus*, *les Préludes*, and *Tasso*, with Luisette. *Orpheus* is the best by far, is it not? true, it sounds a bit airily-empty, but there is much that is pleasing in it—about the others, and especially the last, we had better say nothing. I covered up a certain *bust* with my handkerchief; afterwards, in order to be able to sleep with a clear conscience, we played the C-minor Symphony, and at the glorious *crescendo* in the final movement the ceremonial unveiling took place—and the bust did not look one bit cross because of our having played something by Liszt for it. I don't know whether the *Original* would have been so magnanimous.—So, you really can get angry? I haven't a doubt of it—but only for the first moment—and then lofty intellect immediately asserts itself, and the wrathful mood becomes speechless and powerless;—I do not believe that you are a *disciple* of Talleyrand, who said: "One should distrust his first impulse, for it is almost always good."

No, my friend, I should have neither the courage nor the will to try to tempt Liszt out of his febrile, wretched, empty environment into a higher sphere of existence. I love him very much, and think that he rather likes me, but there is no *true bond of sympathy* between us. Our ways are too divergent—we have met each other, but not *found* each other—that is the difference. . . .

The 4th. . . . As I foretold you, my friendship is passionate—and yet tranquil—for that reason it does me so much good. Love kills, when not *allowed* to burst into flame. To *extinguish* it—oh, that is a cruel torture—doleful, dreadful, deadly. Bereft of sacred friendship, I should have died long ago. By it alone have I been resurrected—like Lazarus. Without it I could not live; it is my salvation, the genial ray of my existence. And so you are now fully aware (are you not?) that a strand of my life is held in your hands. I do not shrink from the *responsibility* of a copartnership in other lives, for *I know* that I can bestow as much friendship—unwavering, self-sacrificing, unselfish, loyal, untiring friendship—as any human being can feel;—I can love more than I can say. Had I been born in the North, I should be a *phenomenon*—in my Southland the sun is warmer! The strange bringing-up that I had, so far to the north, endowed my romantic heart with stability and constancy—I should like to tell

mal angegriffen. Da ein jeder seinen tödtlichen Keim in sich trägt, so trage ich auch den meinen, und der liegt im Herzen, welches zu gross bei mir ist—lachen Sie nicht, es ist die reine Wahrheit—alle Aerzte haben mir prophezeit (D^r. Hahnemann unter andern) dass ich vor Herzbruch sterben werde, und mich von allen heftigen Emotionen hüten muss u. s. w.

Dummes Zeug!—man muss sein Leben leben, und sich vor nichts fürchten, ausser von dem schlechten. Uebrigens ängstigen Sie sich nicht, theurer Freund, ich leide garnicht—das einzige was mich ein Bisschen genirt, sind die Treppen—wenn ich sie schnell hinaufsteige, dann merke ich den Feind—dann wenn ich sehr *nervös* manchmal beim Anfang der Oper bin zum Beispiel im ersten Auftritt in Norma, dann klopft mir das Herz so wild dass ich ganz athemlos aufgeregt bin als ob es zerspringen wollte—das ist freilich schmerzlich, aber wie gesagt es dauert nicht lange und kommt selten vor. Warum hab ich das gesagt? Es thut mir Leid, denn vielleicht werden Sie darüber grübeln und es ist wahrhaftig Nichts, ich weiss es besser wie die Aerzte, die ihre hässliche Köpfe über meine Brust u. Rücken so oft gelegt haben um irgend was schlechtes zu spüren oder erfinden.

Berlioz war heute bei mir—er ist sehr krank—Leib und Seele sind angegriffen—Seine Frau ist gar zu unangenehm! wie konnte solch ein Mann eine solche Frau heirathen! lieber den ganzen Tag rohe Citronen essen und bei Nacht Essig trinken! schrecklich!

Gestern Abend habe ich mit Luisette *Orpheus, les Préludes* und *Tasso* von Liszt gespielt. *Orpheus* ist das Beste bei weitem, nicht wahr? es klingt zwar ein wenig luftig-leer, aber es hat viel hübsches drin—von den andern besonders von dem letzten wollen wir lieber nicht sprechen. Eine gewisse Büste habe ich mit meinem Taschentuch verdeckt—später, um mit einem reinen Gewissen schlafen zu können, haben wir die C moll Symphonie gespielt, und bei dem glorreichen crescendo im letzten Satz hat die Enthüllung feierlich stattgefunden—und die *Büste* sah garnicht böse aus dass wir ihr was von Liszt vorgespielt hatten. Ich weiss nicht ob der *Original* so grossmüthig gewesen wäre—Also grimmig können Sie sein? ich glaube es gern. . . aber nur in dem ersten Augenblick. . . und gleich nachher tritt die hohe Vernunft ein, und der Grimm wird stumm und machtlos—ich glaube nicht dass Sie ein *Disciple* von Talleyrand sind der sagte: "Il faut se méfier de son premier mouvement car il est presque toujours bon."

Nein, mein Freund, ich hätte weder Muth noch Wille den Versuch zu machen, Liszt aus seinem berauschten jammervollen leeren Lager in einem höheren Leben zu locken. Ich liebe ihn sehr, ich glaube er mag mich auch ein wenig, aber die *rechte Sympathie* existirt nicht zwischen uns. Unsere Wege sind zu entgegengesetzt—wir haben uns begegnet, nicht *gefunden*—das ist der Unterschied. . .

den 4ten. . . Ich habe es Ihnen vorausgesagt, meine Freundschaft ist leidenschaftlich—und doch ruhig—darum ist sie mir so wohlthuend. Die Liebe tödtet, wo sie nicht aufflammen *darf*. Sie *auszulöschen*, ach, das ist eine grausame Qual—schmerzlich, schrecklich, tödtlich. Ohne die heilige Freundschaft wäre ich längst gestorben. Durch sie allein bin ich wie Lazarus auferstanden—ohne sie könnte ich nicht leben, sie ist mein Heil, der wärmende Strahl meines Daseins. Also nicht wahr, Sie wissen jetzt ganz bestimmt, dass ein Theil meines Lebens in Ihren Händen liegt. Ich fürchte mich nicht vor der *responsabilité* auch andere Leben zu besitzen, denn das *weiss ich*, ich kann so viel Freundschaft, beständige, aufopfernde, uneigennützige, strenge, unermüdliche Freundschaft geben wie ein Mensch nur fühlen kann—unaussprechlich kann ich lieben. Wenn ich im Norden geboren wäre, wäre ich ein *Phenomen*—in meinem Süden

you something, but I am afraid that you do not yet know me well enough to hear it without prejudice. Do not be alarmed—it is nothing *bad*, it is only characteristic, and might possibly help you to understand much in me which may sometimes appear inexplicable. Shall I tell you?. . . no, not to-day; and yet. . . how I should like to—well, read over the first part of *Consuelo*; I shall see if you can discover the other similarity with me.

3 o'clock. Lewes[1] is open before me and my eyes fall by chance on this anti-Weimarian phrase: "Art is nothing but putting into shape!" This is, after all, not entirely correct, for the part done by the Lord seems too small from this angle of vision. Genius is not to be confined within a ready-made mould; it is a giant who cannot don the habiliments of a man of ordinary stature. He *must* be clad, I admit, according to the conventions of our civilization, but it is not indispensable that his costume should follow the prevailing fashion. All the dimensions being different, one may surely leave him the choice of material and form. To begin with, he will not let himself be clothed otherwise than suits his taste.—What a delightful metaphor! don't you find it quite worthy of Homer?—You will reply that fools, too, dress themselves to their liking, and by no means prove their genius by doing so.

By the way, have I ever told you that Homer is my passion? for me there is nothing more beautiful in the world—that, together with the *bas reliefs* of the Parthenon. It seems to me that there is no work in music which might be termed equivalent to those—a work which is the ideal expression of an entire people. Even painting seems inferior to me. Mozart, Raphael, these two divine artists, appear less colossal than Homer and Phidias. I tremble, lest you treat me as a heretic—so much the worse, I tell you what I think, ready for discussion with you to your heart's content. I love discussions, for they generally serve to fortify each *discusser* in *his own* opinion.

My children know Homer as other children know fairy tales and the stories of the Arabian Nights. Louisette knows the most inconsiderable episodes of the Odyssey and Iliad by heart—she has the German translations by Jacobi, and Monjé. Didie has named her wooden horse Balios! Isn't that delightful?

The long letter continues with friendly and tactful criticism of some unmelodic phrases in "Neumark," the opera which Rietz was just then composing and which was first performed at Weimar in 1859. The letter ends with an allusion to her approaching tour through England.

The next letter, the fourth of the autograph series of this year, is dated January 6. A remark of Rietz about the fifth symphony of Beethoven leads her to exclaim:

That is true, it all sounds so simply beautiful, so colourless in detail by reason of its simplicity, and so marvellously rounded and harmonious as a whole. It attempts no *pretty* effects (heaven be praised!), and so the lovely, reposeful euphony sinks down, down into the soul until the listener is quite overpowered by its charm. Great is the power of our divine art, and happy is he who can

[1]G. H. Lewes's "The Life of Goethe" (1855).

ist die Sonne wärmer! Die seltsame Erziehung die ich gehabt habe, ganz nördlich, hat Festigkeit und Ausdauer meinem schwungvollen Herz gegeben—ich möchte Ihnen etwas sagen, aber ich fürchte dass Sie mich noch nicht gut genug kennen um es ohne Vorurtheil zu hören. Fürchten Sie sich nicht—es ist nichts *böses*, es ist nur characteristisch und würde vielleicht helfen manches in mir zu verstehen was Ihnen zuweilen unbegreiflich vorkommen mag. Soll ich's sagen? . . . nein, heute nicht und doch. . . es machte mir Spass. . . lesen Sie noch einmal den ersten Theil *Consuslo*—ich will sehen ob Sie die andere Ähnlichkeit mit mir finden.

3 Uhr. Lewes[1] est ouvert devant moi et mes yeux tombent par hasard sur cette phrase anti Weimarienne "Die Kunst ist Nichts als Gestaltung!" Ceci n'est pas non plus tout à fait juste, car la part fa'te [!] bon Dieu est trop petite dans cette manière de voir. Le génie ne peut pas contenir dans une forme toute faîte déjà, c'est un géant qui ne peut entrer dans les vêtemens d'un homme de taille ordinaire. Il *faut* qu'il soit habillé, j'en conviens, d'après les règles de notre civilisation, mais il n'est pas indispensable que son costume soit à lui [?] de tout le monde. Puisque toutes les dimensions sont autres on peut bien lui laisser le choix de l'étoffe et de la forme. D'abord il ne se laissera pas habiller autrement qu'à son goût.—Quelle jolie comparaison, elle est digne d'Homère, ne trouvez vous pas?—vous me direz que les fous aussi s'habillent à leur goût et qu'ils n'en ont pas plus de génie pour cela—

A propos, vous ai-je jamais dit que Homère est ma passion? je trouve qu'il n'y a rien au monde de plus beau—cela avec les pas [!] reliefs du Parthénon. Il me semble qu'il n'y a pas en musique une œuvre qui soit l'équivalent de celles-là—une œuvre qui soit l'expression idéale de tout un peuple. La peinture même me semble inférieure. Mozart, Raphaël, ees deux divins artistes, me paraissent moins immenses que Homère et Phidias. Je tremble que vous ne me traitiez d'hérétique—tant pis, je vous dis ce que je pense, quitte à discuter avec vous tant que vous voudrez. J'aime les discussions parcequ'en général elles servent à fortifier chaque *discuteur* dans *sa propre* opinion.

Mes enfants savent Homère comme d'autres enfants savent des contes de fées et les histoires de Mille et une nuit. Louisette kennt auswendig die kleinsten Episoden der Odyssea u. Ilias—sie hat die deutsche Übersetzungen von Jacobi, und Monjé. Didie hat ihr hölzernes Pferd Balios genannt! ist das nicht schön?...

Es ist wahr, es klingt alles so einfach schön, so effektlos im Einzelnen wegen der Einfachkeit, und so wundervoll rund und harmonisch im Ganzen. Er sucht keine *hübsche* Effecte, Gott sei Dank, darum dringt die schöne, wohl-

wholly surrender himself thereto! But, like the God of the Bible, it is a jealous god, who straightway forsakes and chastises the transgressor who neglects him to run after strange gods.

I mean *idols:* is the word *Abgott* correct?

This uncertainty prompts her to remark:

. . . . However you may assure me that you understand everything in French, I always find it irksome to address you in that language. It always seems to me that I am not writing absolutely to you when I employ anything but your own language. For we have never spoken French together. To me you are a perfect type of the real German artist—so good, so noble, so childlike, and oh, so *ungainly* through and through! And just all that suits me so well—and the French language is not at all in keeping with it. You must have patience with my *salad* of tongues—I do the best I can—and am not attempting literary composition.

Her remark about Rietz's awkwardness must have worried her, for she hastens to add at eleven P. M., as a kind of antidote, some similar observations on her friend the great historian Henri Martin, whom she calls "physically the most awkward human being in all Creation," "who never knows what to do with his big hands and who has not yet learned how to shake hands properly, though I have given him lessons in that respect for the last fifteen years."

The continuation of the letter on January seventh is interesting for Mme. Viardot's opinion of her existing portraits and for her remarks about Julius Stockhausen's Bach choir:

I am vexed that there is no really good portrait of myself. The best of any is the one by Lallemand. To be sure, I have the steel engraving after the great oil painting by Ary Scheffer, but it is not well done (the steel engraving. Some time or other you will get it, to keep company in the portfolio with that of Norma, which, after all, is not so bad as it pleases you to say). In the lithograph by Lallemand I find an air of abstracted contemplation which displeases me. Some day, if I happen to be in the vein for drawing, I shall try to make a little sketch, which I shall send you in a letter[1]. . . .

Stockhausen told me recently that he intends to go to Leipzig in February. His Bachgesellschaft, very good for Paris, would be positively wretched for any German city. It comprises some fifty voices, almost all of which are poor, except about a dozen that belong to German throats. He takes extraordinary pains merely to attain the result that they sing true and in time. As for *shading* and delicacy, that is and always will be out of the question. I fear that S. will ruin his voice in the insane attempt to make the Parisians musical. At every rest he has to scream *"1, 2, 3, à nous!"*. . .

Did Mme. Viardot have occasion to greatly modify her views in later years? At any rate, Paris has never been famous for

[1]This she did on April 23d with the remark "Ce petit portrait n'est presque pas ressemblant—jetez le au feu." Unfortunately her color scheme defied reproduction.

Mme. Viardot-Garcia's
"Self-portrait," 1859

klingende Ruhe tief und tiefer in die Seele hinein, bis der Zuhörer ganz wonniglich bezaubert wird. Gross ist die Macht unserer göttlichen Kunst, und glücklich der, der sich ihr ganz hingeben kann. Sie ist aber wie der Gott der Bibel ein eifersüchtiger Gott, und verlässt, und bestraft sogleich den Frevler der sie vernachlässigt für einen andern Abgott.

Je veux dire *idoles*, ist das Wort Abgott richtig?

. . . bien que vous m'assuriez que vous comprenez tout en français, cette langue me gêne en m'adressant à vous. Il me semble toujours que ce n'est pas tout à fait à vous que j'écris quand j'emploie autre chose que votre propre langue. Wir haben ja nie französisch zusammen gesprochen. Mir sind Sie ja ein wahrer Typus eines echt deutschen Künstlers—so gut, so edel, so kindisch und ach, so durch und durch *ungeschickt*! Gerade das alles gefällt mir so sehr—und die französische Sprache passt gar nicht dazu. Sie müssen Geduld mit meinem *Salat* von Sprachen haben—ich helfe mich wie ich kann—et ne cherche pas à faire de la littérature.

Ich ärgere mich, dass es kein wirklich gutes Portrait von mir giebt. Das Beste ist noch das von Lallemand. Wohl habe ich den Stahlstich von dem grossen Oehlbild von Ary Scheffer, es ist aber nicht gut gelungen (der Stahlstich). Sie werden es doch einmal bekommen, pour tenir compagnie dans le carton à celui de Norma, qui n'est pourtant pas si mauvais que vous voulez bien le dire. Je trouve dans la lithographie de Lallemand un air d'observation distraite qui me déplait. . . Si un jour je me trouve en bonne veine de dessiner, j'essaierai de faire un petit croquis que je vous enverrai dans une lettre[1]. . .

Stockhausen hat mir neulich gesagt er beabsichtige in Februar nach Leipzig zu gehen. Seine Bachgesellschaft, sehr gut für Paris, wäre ganz miserabel für irgend eine deutsche Stadt. Er hat einige 50 Stimmen die fast alle schlecht sind, ausser ungefähr ein Dutzend die deutschen Kehlen gehören. Er giebt sich ausserordentliche Mühe um den einfachen Zweck zu erreichen dass man rein und im Takt singe. Von *Nüancirung* und Feinheit kann nicht, wird nie die Rede sein. Ich fürchte S. verdirbt seine Stimme in dem verrückten Versuch die Pariser musikalisch zu machen. Er muss bei jeder Pause 1, 2, 3 à nous! ausschreien. . .

choral societies. It is a puzzle for students of race psychology to solve why choral music flourishes quite naturally in some countries and in others not at all.

9th, 5:30. Good-evening, dear friend. Yesterday I had not a moment to spare for writing. I was away from home nearly all day, and at 6 o'clock we dined at Rossini's. He always has a diabolical wit. His wife told us how they had received that morning the visit of a lady who lamented that she had eaten onions. "What must one do, maestro, maestro, to rid one's self of that intolerable taste?" she asked Rossini. "Eat garlic!" he answered. The other evening a pianist and a violinist were deciphering a piece of Rossini's, written very recently. Each went his own way, without rhythm and without measure. Carafa said to him, "But, mio caro, do tell them to play together!" The maestro very placidly responded, "Mon cher, I have always loved liberty!"

At dinner there was a Belgian painter of some talent, Wappers, and the indispensable Carafa, whom you also doubtless know by name. He has composed some operas[1], which he has survived. Although he was an old friend of my father's, I never could bear him. In youth he was a libertine—at present he is sixty-three, and is an old libertine, that is all the difference. Peugh!

In the evening a great many people came—a very mixed company—some of our friends, too, such as Reber, M. Crémieux (the lawyer), M. Legouvé, the author—then a crowd of dreadful little tuppenny musicians. Rosenhain played three Bagatelles after his fashion—then a deformed young person meeowed "Voi che sapete"; after that—the mere thought makes me blush with indignation—a bad singer of comic chansonettes regaled us with the Lord knows what disgusting platitudes, intended to excite laughter. Yes, my friend, just imagine that in Paris there are people who have no other trade, who are paid for that, and who often win a larger audience and greater applause than serious artists. I felt affronted at meeting and hearing a creature like that at Rossini's! Mind you, while I was almost in tears with vexation, they were laughing and applauding frantically. Ah, it is hardly necessary to say that I felt outraged—I could not stand it any longer, and departed, so as not to witness further such an abasement of art. As for Rossini, this sort of magic lantern, all this crowd that passes through his salons as through a street, amuses him. It is my private opinion that he laughs to himself at everybody and everything—there are but very few people whom he regards with some little affection; I flatter myself that I am one;—he greatly liked my father, for whom he wrote several of his principal operas, the *Barbier, Otello, Donna del Lago,* etc.—and having known me since my childhood (he called me his "prima donna in erba" when I was eight), he has transferred to me a portion of that affection which dates from his dearest memories of youth. I never see him kiss any one except myself. To-morrow, or later, he wants to come to hear my organ. What shall I play for him? Bach, no doubt. But no, I think I shall do better to let him play himself; that will amuse him much better—and me, too. . . .

The rest of the letter is taken up by a minute schedule of her approaching concert tour through Great Britain and Ireland, from January to March. It has all the ear-marks of the "one-

[1]Some operas? Michele Enrico Carafa de Colobrano (1787-1872) composed 36 operas, not to mention his other *baggage.*

PAULINE VIARDOT-GARCIA
† 18. Mai 1910
Nach einer Lithographie von Ludwig Pietsch

As "Norma," 1858

9ten ½ *6*. Guten Abend, lieber Freund. Gestern habe ich keine Minute Zeit gehabt zum schreiben. Ich bin fast den ganzen Tag ausgeblieben, und um 6 Uhr haben wir bei Rossini dinirt. Il a toujours de l'esprit comme un diable. Sa femme a raconté que le matin ils avaient reçu la visite d'une dame qui se plaignait d'avoir mangé de l'ognon. "Que faut-il faire, maestro, maestro, pour en faire passer l'insupportable goût?" demanda-t-elle à Rossini. "Mangez de l'ail" répondit-il. L'autre soir, un pianiste et un violiniste déchiffraient un morceau de Rossini, écrit tout dernièrement. Chacun allait à son côté, sans rythme et sans mesure. Carafa lui dit "mais, mio caro, dis leur donc d'aller ensemble." Le maestro sans s'émouvoir répond "mon cher, j'ai toujours aimé la liberté."

Il y avait à diner un peintre belge de quelque talent, Wappers et l'indispensable Carafa dout le nom vous est aussi sans doute connu. Il a composé quelques opéras[1] auxquels il survit. Quoiqu'il fût un ancien ami de mon père je n'ai jamais pu le souffrir. C'était un libertin dans sa jeunesse—à présent il a 63 ans et c'est un vieux libertin, voilà toute la différence. Pouch!

Le soir il est venu beaucoup de monde—une société bien mêlée—Quelques uns de nos amis, aussi, comme Reber, M^r^. Crémieux (l'avocat) M^r^. Legouvé l'auteur—puis une masse de méchants petits Musikanten de quatre sous. Rosenhain a joué trois *Bagatelles* de sa façon—puis une demoiselle contrefaîte a miaulé "*Voi che sapete,*" puis. . . je rougis d'indignation rien que d'y penser, un mauvais chanteur de chansonettes comiques nous a débité Dieu sait quelles dégoûtantes platitudes, soi-disant pour faire rire. Oui, mon ami, figurez vous qu'il y a à Paris des gens qui ne font pas d'autre métier, qui sont payés pour cela, et qui ont souvent plus de besogne de public et des applaudissements que des artistes sérieux. J'étais indignée de rencontrer d'entendre un être comme ça chez Rossini! Eh, bien, tandis que j'en aurais presque pleuré de vexation on a ri, on a applaudi à outrance. Ah c'est bien le cas de le dire, j'étais *outrée*—aussi n'ai je plus pu y tenir, je suis partie, pour ne plus être témoin d'un tel avilissement de l'art. Quant à Rossini, cette espèce de lanterne magique, toute cette foule qui passe à travers ses salons comme dans la rue, l'amuse. Je pense bien qu'intérieurement il se moque de tout et de tous—il n'y a que très peu de gens pour qui il ait un peu d'affection—je me flatte d'en faire partie—il aimait beaucoup mon père, pour qui il a écrit plusieurs de ses principaux opéras, le *Barbier*, *Otello*, *Donna del Lago*, etc.—et m'ayant connue depuis mon enfance (il m'appellait *sa prima donna in erba* quand j'avais 8 ans) il a *reporté* sur moi une partie de cette affection qui remonte à ses plus beaux souvenirs de jeunesse. Je ne lui vois jamais embrasser personne excepté moi. Demain ou après, il veut venir entendre mon orgue. Que lui jouerai-je? du Bach sans doute. Mais j'y pense, je ferai mieux, je le ferai jouer lui-même, cela l'amusera bien plus et à moi aussi. . .

night-stand" campaigns of European virtuosos in our own country; and with a change of *locale* many of these, I fancy, have felt as did Mme. Viardot when she wrote:

You see, my friend, that I have a great task before me—not a very pleasant one, either—in England I like exceedingly to sing on the stage—that always animates me and interests me. But, except in the Gewandhaus, I hate concerts—and especially in England! good gracious, how can one call that *faire de l'art!*—I call it *faire de l'ar . . . gent!*

Sie sehen mein Freund, dass ich eine grosse Arbeit vor mir habe—u. auch keine angenehme—in England singe ich sehr gern auf der Bühne—das regt mich auf, interessiert mich immer. Aber ausser im *Gewandhaus* hasse ich Concerten—und besonders in England! ach du lieber Gott, wenn man das *faire de l'art* nennen soll!. . . Das nenne ich *faire de l'ar. . . gent!*

(*To be continued*)

ON THE CULT OF WRONG NOTES

By FREDERICK CORDER

I ORIGINALLY intended to devote this paper to an examination of the curious fact that the progress of our art has always been owing to the unmusical rather than to the musical—not the anti-musical, but those who are stronger on the intellectual than on the æsthetic side. But on second thoughts I prefer to let the reader develop this thesis for himself if he finds it acceptable, for there is little use in forcing unwelcome truths down people's throats; and there are plenty of more welcome ones to discuss, anyway.

Has it occurred to any one that the art of musical composition has during the last ten or fifteen years shown signs of decay? Or if not of decay, then of getting into a condition which is fast putting it out of reach of ordinary human sympathies? I fear there can be little doubt of it, and a brief survey of the progress of music during the nineteenth century will reveal some startling facts. Taking Germany first, the following is a list of the chief shining lights: Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms, Wagner, Richard Strauss, and a welter of undistinguished persons. Taking France next, we have: Auber (one ignores Meyerbeer), Berlioz, Gounod, Bizet, St. Saëns, Vincent d'Indy and the crazy crowd of whom Claude Debussy is the chief. In Russia the semi-French school of Rubinstein, Tschaikowsky, Borodin and Tanéiew has been followed by Rimsky-Korsakow and Stravinski, not to mention the unhappy Scriabine. In England, finally, our dull time in which Bennett and Macfarren afforded a feeble illumination was followed by the generation which included Parry, Mackenzie, Stanford, Cowen and myself. One cannot say we flourished, but we were graciously endured for a while, till Holbrooke, Cyril Scott and a raw band of amateurs found more favor in the eyes of the critics. One should not forget, moreover, that the nineteenth century critics, such as Davison, Chorley, Gruneisen, Hueffer and Bennett, were men of some slight technical knowledge, if of violent prejudices: their twentieth century followers, on the other hand, are young journalists, possibly intelligent, but in no sense musical, whose one idea is that all foreign music and musicians must necessarily be worthy

of respect. The consequence of this is that, during the period I have named, there has been a most unhealthy boom in freak-music—in whatever is extravagant and startling.

Freak-music began about the middle of the nineteenth century. It has always been the product of the unmusical musician. It may be news to some of my readers that fully half the persons who attempt to cultivate the art of music do so in the first instance without any reference to the sense of hearing, yet such is the fact. And strangely enough, as I began by stating, these non-hearing musicians are the men to whom all art-progress is due: Schumann, Auber, Henry Bishop—all these simply emptied out their sack; it is to Wagner, St. Saëns, Purcell that you must look for new paths. Such men always evoked bitter hostility in the minds of the early critics; this was only natural. But as time went on the number of those who wrote collections of sounds into which they read poetry, pictures, psychology—anything rather than music—increased. This was really because they gave the critics something to talk about and this acted as an advertisement. What can you say of a beautiful piece of music more than that it reminds you of so-and-so (the latest great man)? Whereas it is easy to fill half a column with speculations as to the inner meaning of compositions of the "A fool is bent upon a twig, but wise men dread a bandit" sort. Macfarren confessed to me that he had to write a long article in *The Musical World* upon H. H. Pierson's oratorio *Jerusalem*, in which he failed to discern one glimmering of sense. Yet Pierson was by way of being a great man in his day. I myself had to write a notice of Liszt's *Hamlet* under similar circumstances.

Just at the end of the nineteenth century, when Richard Wagner had revenged himself upon the press of the world by becoming thoroughly popular, Richard Strauss came to the fore. The verdict of musicians upon him was that he was a kind of German Berlioz, a brilliantly clever man without any ear. But the critics were in such mortal dread of repeating their predecessors' blunder over Wagner that they boomed him and insisted that all his lapses and crudities were just what the world was waiting for. Do I garble the facts, or would you like chapter and verse?

The first London performance of Richard Strauss's *Thus spake Zarathustra* was given by the famous Amsterdam orchestra under Mengelberg. In the opening a grandiose chord of C is built up gradually, ceasing suddenly at the twenty-first bar and leaving only the organ sounding. Behold! the organ was discovered thundering out a chord of D major at full blast. I was informed afterwards that there was a transposing keyboard to this instru-

ment, and one of the band, out of sheer mischief, had turned the key just before the concert. The conductor nearly fainted, but not a soul in the audience, except a very few who knew the piece, turned a hair! After this, the eccentric ending seemed nothing, but a blind pupil of mine asked me innocently why the basses played it *a semitone sharp*; when I explained that it was written so, he said, "Oh, that accounts for that funny chord in the opening!" When I further explained that this was a mistake, he said, "But how is one to know, then?"

Yet another example: when *Elektra* was in rehearsal with Beecham, one of the viola players brought me his part and asked what he had better do with a passage that ran down to bass C flat, there being no such note on the instrument. With some trouble I found a way in which the passage might be altered, but on enquiring afterwards, the player said "Oh, it was too much trouble to alter it in all the parts so we played C natural instead, *and it sounded all right.*" The point of this story lies in the fact that all the strings were in unison and *fortissimo*. When I myself heard the opera I was fain to agree with the viola player. What kind of music can that be, I ask, where such an alteration can make no difference?

Strauss, in fact, pursued to its extremity Beethoven's discovery (in his deaf days) that absolutely wrong notes can often be written with impunity for the orchestra. In the general flood of sound the effect is analogous to the misuse of the sustaining pedal by an excited pianist. It is indeed difficult to make an orchestra sound bad, whatever you write. This explains why the orchestration of a new piece is the one point a critic can safely praise. The cult of wrong notes now rapidly became a fashion: Mahler, Schillings and all the small Germans pursued the new path with enthusiasm. Strauss, too, had, of course, to see himself and go one better every time, till there was only one thing more left to do and that was to write a piece that should consist entirely of wrong notes, an idea that might have occurred to any one. To Arnold Schönberg belongs the proud distinction of having accomplished this feat.[1]

When the Schönberg pieces first appeared I derided them in the musical journals, giving quotations to prove my words. Everybody went into fits of laughter over their absurdity, but I found, to my surprise, that no one would believe that they were genuine samples: people thought that I was pulling their leg and

[1]It will interest the author as it will his readers to know that Dr. Egon Wellesz of Vienna has agreed to contribute an article on "Schönberg and Beyond."—*Ed.*

had invented the whole thing as a skit. How much greater, then, was my surprise when a critic told the public that I was a mere pedant and "academic," and that these silly things were masterpieces of art! And a well-known pianist actually performed them in public, amid the irrepressible sniggering of musicians but the profoundest interest of the bulk of his audience! I attempted to have my revenge by printing another effusion of Schönberg's both right way up and upside down, defying any one to tell me which was right. No one succeeded, but this only served to enhance Schönberg's fame and my own unpopularity.

The next step was that the critics took up the attitude that whatever was difficult to understand, or even incomprehensible, was *ipso facto* admirable. In the number of our leading musical monthly for April, 1914, there were four successive articles, covering twenty-five columns, all written by well-known people and all gravely discussing Scriabine's "Poem of Fire" and Schönberg's productions, all of which were supposed to illustrate "modern tendencies." It would have been useless at the time for any musician to point out that Scriabine's work was the product of a once fine composer suffering from mental derangement, and that Schönberg's lucubrations were simply nothing at all; you could not expect either a journalist or his public to see any difference between a lunatic and an idiot; but now that the entire public has plunged into a hysterical fit of hatred for everything German, one can speak the truth without fear of giving these things their desired advertisement. Finding the production of sheer nonsense both easy and profitable, Schönberg actually had followers in the persons of Bela Bartók and Leo Ornstein. The whole thing was an inevitable sequence, but, thank Heaven! it had soon to come to an end. The French "modern" music without any recognizable harmony but augmented triads, was bad enough in all conscience and exercised a most pernicious influence on many poor English strugglers who would fain be in the movement; but the productions of Ornstein and Bartók were mere ordure; it was impossible for a musical person to tolerate, much less pretend to admire them, yet in the columns of a leading London paper appeared a lengthy notice of some pieces by this last named freak-composer, from which I will quote a few sentences:

> It is, however, in the two Elegies and the tragic Marche Funèbre that Bartók arrives at his most subtle expression in pianoforte composition. The tragic intensity of the Elegies places them above the limitations of their technical structure and gives them a significance which is truly epic in spirit. . . . The Marche Funèbre is scarcely so much a

lamentation as a passionate protest against death and an apotheosis of that heroic spirit which transcends death by the perpetuation of achievement in the minds of collective humanity.

If, impressed by this and much more of the same sort of soulful utterance, the reader were so rash as to purchase any of Mr. Bela Bartók's compositions, he would find that they each and all consist of unmeaning bunches of notes, apparently representing the composer promenading the keyboard in his boots. Some can be played better with the elbows, others with the flat of the hand, none require fingers to perform nor ears to listen to. Yet you have to face the fact that audiences have sat, for the most part unmoved, while some one has gravely played the piano to them like a two-year old child. That men professing to be musical critics, while unable to compass the hypocrisy of pretending to comprehend this rubbish, have yet had the effrontery to encourage it, seems to me a shameful thing.

One can forgive people for believing that when an artist like Scriabine suffers from mental derangement his music becomes more admirable, though it is not really true and cannot be, but to pretend that the clotted nonsense of Schönberg and Bartók *must* mean something merely because it is printed in Germany is an insult to humanity. Still I want to know what kind of minds those people have for whom it is sufficient that a decently informed person shall remonstrate against an absurdity to set them earnestly and wholeheartedly admiring it. Heaven pardon me for saying it, but it almost reconciles one to the awful catastrophe of this European war to think that it will at least sweep away these cobwebs from people's brains, whatever others may take their place. The pretense that art has said its last word and that chaos must supersede it is as untrue with regard to music as with regard to painting. To pretend, as do the scribes, that any of the "Futurists" in any branch of art are men who have gone through all that is possible to be known and come out on the other side, simply proves that neither these men nor their admirers have any conception of what art means. But while the craze lasted I was appalled to discover how unmusical the unmusical could be.

Well, I fancy there is going to be a change. During the anxieties and terrors of war it is only natural that the graces of life, the arts, be temporarily thrust into the background. But when they re-emerge I think we shall blow the dust and cobwebs off them and to a cetain extent start fresh. That all countries will ignore their decadents and evolve a robuster school of composers, more worthy of great nations who have come through

a terrible experience, this we have reason to hope. But what of England in particular? Will the removal of the overpowering influence of foreign music encourage a native crop to spring up? Will the dawn of universal peace and goodwill cause music to blossom like the aloe—late, but glorious? Or will Commerce, like the Old Man of the Sea, ever ride on our shoulders as heretofore and prevent us from turning our looks or thoughts toward Heaven? Who shall say?

THE "IDEALIZATION" OF INDIAN MUSIC

By CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

"WHAT is gained if you young and misguided Americans overload your creative efforts with 'idealized ragtime,' or employ Indian folk-tunes as a partial basis for your compositions? Why that fear of turning out your orchestral works, your chamber music or your songs with a stamp 'Made in Germany'—'Made in France'?"

Thus Europe interrogates us, or at least, thus I was interrogated recently by a European musician.

Indeed, these very things are asked with even more vehe mence in our own country, though, I am sorry to say, in cynicism, with mistrust, and not without scorn. Still, the little "band of misguided idealists," happily unmindful, moves tranquilly on its pilgrimage.

And why? Because the little band is not trying to express *itself* so much as it is trying to express, in terms of tone, the spirit of the land in which it lives. But again comes a lifting of the eyebrows and: "It's perfectly absurd for you composers who have not a corpuscle of Indian, Negro, or other alien blood in your veins, to imagine that you are expressing anything of your national life by using such thematic material in your compositions."

It is indeed quite true that the brief span of years so far allotted our nation, with the physical and commercial struggle for survival and development, has not permitted any sudden outburst of folk-lore or folk-song that would embody the defeats, the victories, the achievements of our national life. Centuries upon centuries of happiness and suffering are necessary for that.

However, the folk-song that we *have* attempted to idealize has sprung into existence on the American continent. It is as much the heritage of America and Americans and of the musicians who live in America as the music of the barbaric hordes of Russia is the heritage of cultured Russians and Russian musicians. We could mention several ingenious members of the Russian school of music whose veins are without a drop of blood of those wild tribes and who have, nevertheless, caught and reflected the lilt, the life and the love of the strange and elemental peoples that make up the great Russian Empire. These gentlemen are respected by

their fellow musicians and their object of idealization is considered of some moment. Unfortunately, such a parallel cannot be drawn for America, yet it is evident that our composers have *some* justification for idealizing the only existent form of folk-song indigenous to American soil.

If the old life and unconquerable spirit of the red man were not wrapped up in the history of this continent, how strange that would be! One cannot live in the Great West without sensing it and thinking how it would "sound" in terms of rhythm and melody. The composer feels the very pulse of it in his contact with the awesome cañons, the majestic snow-capped ranges and the voiceless yet beautiful solitudes of the desert. And if the composer from his dream-height seems to feel these things calling to him, calling in plaintive cadences, in dynamic syncopation that strongly and strangely symbolizes the restless energy of his great land, he may be forgiven.

It is interesting to know that a few have tried to catch these big things. To have made a beginning is eloquent in itself.

On the other hand, if he finds aught of romance, of singularly primitive appeal and of mysticism in the music of those one-time enslaved and paradoxically jubilant people of the Southland, why deny him "for art reasons" the right to idealize it? Would you kill out every germ of national expression? No, the ridiculed idealist, though he may employ clumsy methods and though his results may seem awkward, is upon the right road. Before we run we must creep.

The chief objection of those who oppose the harmonizing and idealizing of Indian themes is based upon the assertion that the American Indian has no conception of harmony; that his tunes are homogeneous and accompanied only by the beat of a drum or the shaking of a rattle; since he has evolved no harmonic scheme in connection with his music it is therefore quite impossible for a member of an alien race with a definite harmonic concept to clothe the naked tunes in a manner that would intimately reflect the original content. "When you do this, you violate every rule of esthetics," they tell us. Now, I cannot see a solution of this problem from the standpoint of esthetics. Many an art-movement has run the gauntlet of "esthetics" and has reached the bright and hopeful road to success at the very moment when it looked doomed. With all due regard for esthetics and the esthetic principles involved, the matter is more elastic than many think.

That Indian theme dos *not* lose their native characteristics when harmonized and idealized intelligently is evidenced at least by one fact, brought out through the research work of several

ethnologists. I shall mention a striking example, which may be taken for what it is worth.

Say Alice C. Fletcher and Francis La Flesche in their book "The Omaha Tribe" (27th report of the U. S. Bureau of Ethnology, pp. 374 and 375): " . . . and in every instance the harmony given [the ethnologist had played the Indian's melodies with a simple four-part harmony for him] has been tested among the Omaha and been preferred by them when the song was played on the piano or organ"; and again: " 'That sounds natural!' was the comment on hearing their songs so played, even when it was explained to them that they did not sing their songs in concerted parts; yet they still persisted 'It sounds natural!' " Now, if inclined to treat this incident seriously, we might endeavor to analyze it in two ways: That the Indian's embryonic harmonic sense is a racial remnant of a once (in antiquity) highly musical system, or, that it was a still undeveloped feeling, nebulous, in a state of nascence, when the white man found him. But this is mere theorizing and can lead us to no conclusion, however interesting.

It is really true that no (primitive) race is more music-loving than the American Indian. If you talk with those at the head of any Indian school or those in authority on the many reservations scattered over the West and Southwest, you will find evidence for a firm conviction that Uncle Sam's little wards are in the main quite musical. I have seen Indian children who were slow in mastering the King's English exhibit surprising musical talent. The average Indian boy will show a preference for a musical instrument over any school study. This is no reflection on his unprogressiveness either, for it simply places him alongside of the average American child, and in a way is a convincing argument for a racial equality in musical feeling. The girl students show a singular aptness in the study of the piano and singing, and without a bit of urging on the part of their teachers.

The matter of the Indian's "thinking" an harmonic scheme to his simple melodies, subjective though the process may seem, is but a slight step forward, and the composer who idealizes his melodies follows the line of least resistance. We simply take up the process where the Indian dropped it, just as a European composer upon hearing a Scandinavian folk-song sung or whistled in the provinces and without other accompaniment would take down his folk-song and afterwards use it in an orchestral work, a chamber work, or a song.

The "idealizer," of course, in objectifying the folk-tune in terms of modern musical thought consonant with the present

musical system, would have to exercise intimate sympathy and understanding—in other words, would have to put himself *en rapport* with the native mind.

By sympathy and understanding is implied also a certain ethnologic knowledge. One should, if possible, be in touch with the Indian's legends, his stories and the odd characteristics of his music, primitive though they be, and one should have an insight into the Indian's emotional life concomitant with his naïve and charming art-creations. And while not absolutely necessary, a hearing of his songs on the Reservation amidst native surroundings adds something of value to a composer's efforts at idealizing.

Yet, above all, if the composer has not something to *express musically*, aside from the thematic material he employs, if he can not achieve a composition that is aurally pleasing and attractive, it is better that he abstain from the idealization of Indian themes. Music, interesting music and *good* music first, color afterwards, should be the watchwords for those who experiment with folk-themes.

When is a folk-theme well idealized and when is it badly idealized? We are upon dangerous ground, and I imagine no two composers will agree on this point.

One mistake in idealizing an Indian folk-tune is to lose sight of its original meaning. A war-song cannot be made to ring true if treated as a love-song, and vice versa. The composer should study the accompanying words of a song (if there be such, for sometimes there are nothing but vocables instead of definite words) and also, if possible, the song's connection with any particular phase of Indian life from which the song itself grew. I cannot here resist quoting the words of a certain friend who, though avowedly a propagandist for good music in America, sums up the Indian question thus: "There are those who think that by taking an Indian melody and pasting some chords to it and calling the stuff 'Sitting Bull's last Glimpse of his Squaw,' they have produced an American work of art." This is certainly hard on the folk-song enthusiasts, but there is a world of truth in it.

Indian music is essentially vocal, hence its idealization in song form is easier of fruition. But the themes do not lend themselves successfully to piano music, and little success has been achieved in this direction. Such attempts generally savor of "salon music." The best results have been obtained, first, through an orchestral medium, the song form next, and after that by choral treatment. It may be that the native quality, the mood or

the picture conveyed in subjective musical expression of the Indian, is more easily transmuted and made objective, as it were, through the orchestral palette. Who knows? Indeed, it may be pointed out that the best results obtained by the Russian school have been obtained in exactly this fashion.

A native tune fails to show a semblance of its aboriginal character (to the cultured musician) if treated to simple four-part harmony. This seems to "kill" it. On the other hand there is grave danger of over-treating or over-idealizing it.

I regard the "Indian Suite," by Edward MacDowell, an ideal guide for those who would build upon Indian themes. MacDowell has first of all given us charming music, fascinating and well-conceived music, aside from any color or atmosphere one may discover in its measures. It is not a mere ethnological report set to music. It is a distinct art-work and every movement conveys a definite picture of Indian life. The method of idealization is not abstruse. One can quickly discern the source of the themes: they are borrowed deftly from an ethnological paper by Dr. Theodore Baker, together with some other material. In the next place, MacDowell did not over-idealize or under-idealize (if these terms may be permitted) since there is a happy balance of musical values—of atmosphere obtained, of triumph, of dignity, even of melancholy, wedded to finely conceived contrasts and dynamics. Whether Mr. MacDowell ever seriously studied the subject of Indian folk-lore or folk-music I do not know. But I do know that he has had the genius to produce a work based on good thematic material, soundly worked out and withal pleasing to every musician and music-lover. And it rings *true*!

It is the best orchestral illustration extant, I think, of what may and what may not be done with Indian folk-tunes. It serves to show, too, that it *is* possible to write music which reflects the oddities, the characteristics of Indian rhythm and melody, and at the same time to create something that may be analyzed freely *as music*.

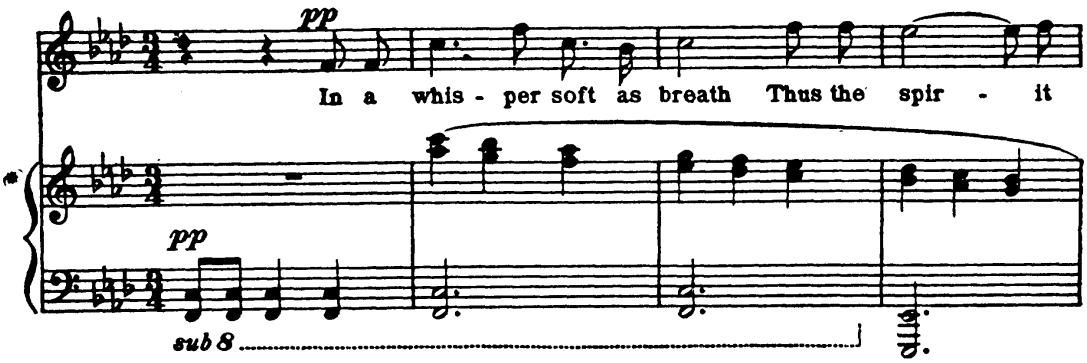
Only one-fifth of all Indian thematic material is valuable in the hands of a composer—is suitable for harmonic investment. It becomes necessary to choose an Indian song or chant that is attractive in its simplicity, one that will stand alone by virtue of its inherent melodic line, and is fairly good in symmetry; otherwise the idealizer is confronted with a formidable problem. When found, these themes are pure gold. And they exist, certain critics to the contrary notwithstanding.

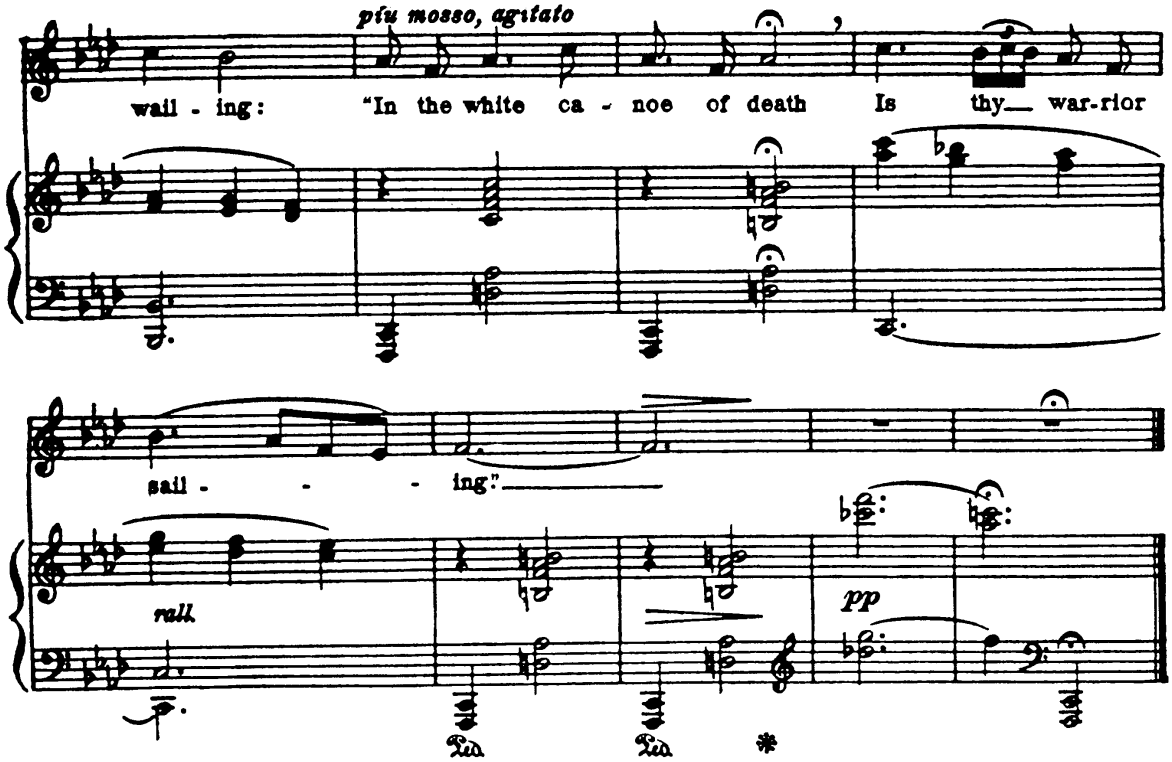
It is not the intention of the writer to draw comparisons here or to put forward in any way a set rule for the idealization

of Indian folk-themes. In the present period of musical activity in America the correct method and procedure for idealizing either Indian or Negro folk-songs cannot be definitely determined. The answer may be written a few generations hence. The present movement may grow to larger proportions and again it may wither like a blade of grass in a desert. I make no rash prophesies. We are surely too close to the movement to judge its possibilities, its weaknesses, its strength. And the illustrations which follow are entirely due to a request on the part of the Editor of this magazine, and are not meant as a criterion for others to follow. In the course of this article, and only for the purpose of illustrating certain points, it became necessary to inject the personal element; with this explanation I shall proceed to the first example.

Miss Frances Densmore, who has spent a number of years among the Chippewa, includes in her collection, published by the U. S. Bureau of Ethnology, a charming love-song. It struck me that this melody might be successfully adapted for a song. I saw that t was unwise to erect a too elaborate harmonic structure upon this already excellent foundation, so I treated it modestly, in fact rather homogeneously. Mrs. Nelle R. Eberhart of Pittsburgh, who has collaborated with me for some years, found, too, that the melody permitted a definite metrical form for singable English, hence her couplet written exactly to the melody. Not a note of the Indian love-song has been changed. It is as Miss Densmore heard it in the Chippewa country. Mrs. Eberhart used a Chippewa legend from the same book for the words of the song, and I have set the present accompaniment under it. The first verse is not quoted here, but the second part, which may or may not be interesting, serves as an illustration of what may be done with an Indian melody.

Second verse of "From the Long Room of the Sea"





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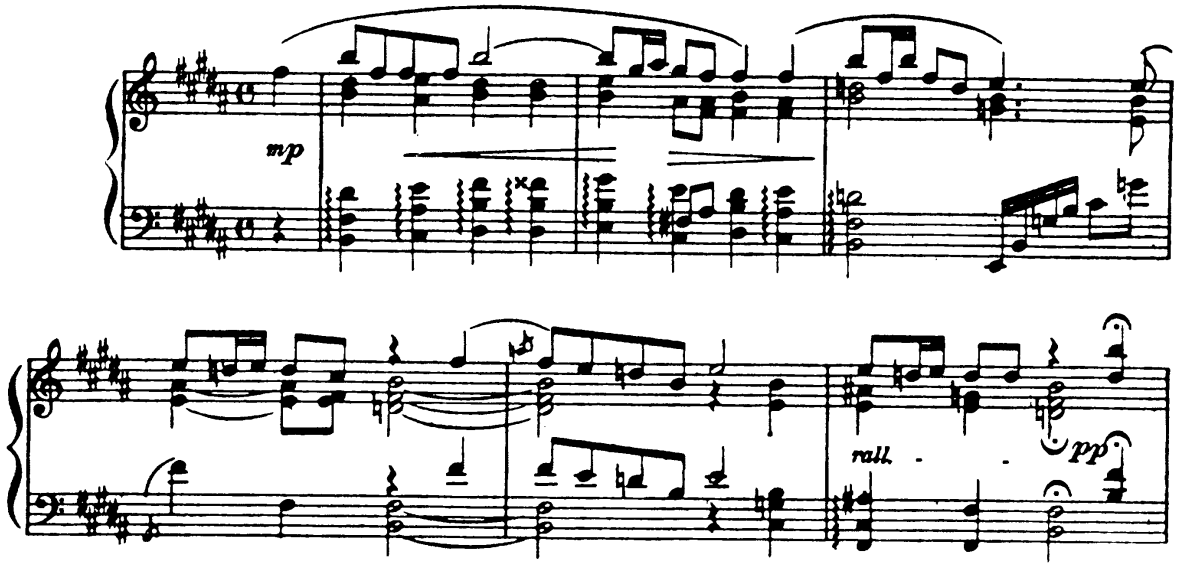
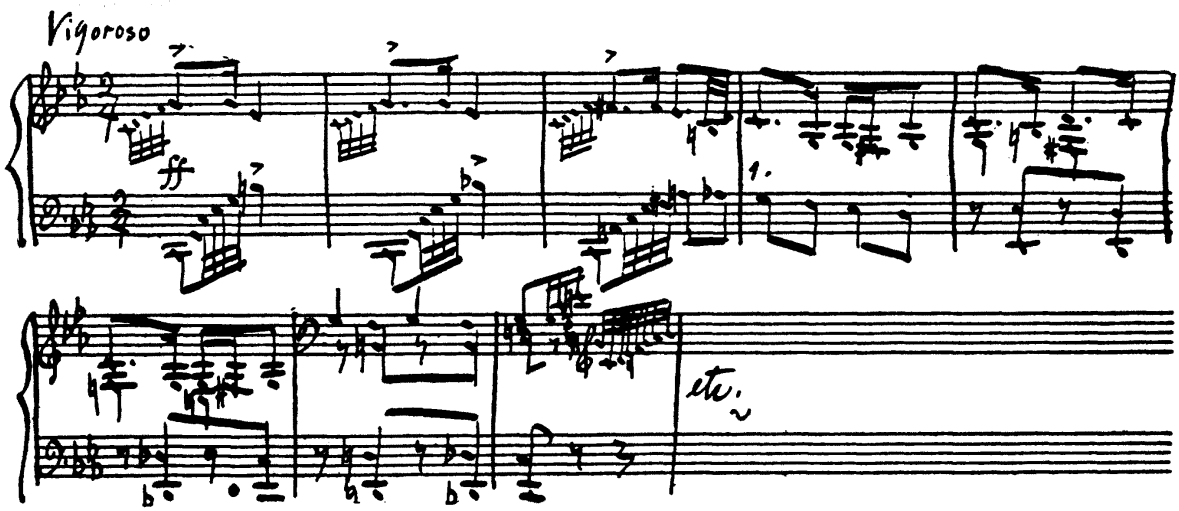
Many excellent melodies in the Omaha and Winnebago country were at one time played on a native flageolet. In 1909 I made a number of phonograph records of songs and flageolet love-calls in that country, through the courtesy of Francis La Flesche. I have used the following melody in a vocal and also in an orchestral manner for an episode in an Indian grand opera entitled "The Land of Misty Water," the libretto by Mrs. Eberhart and Francis La Flesche. Naturally it loses something when transcribed to the piano, but the melody itself is obvious. On account of its buoyancy it seemed to demand the key of B major.



The next theme taken from the aforementioned Indian opera was in its native form apparently vigorous in dimensions, hence its treatment orchestrally in the same spirit. It is essentially masculine and occupies such a position in the score. The "tune" is Omaha.



One composer who has had success with the treatment of Indian themes advocates a system with scale relationship as the main principle. He endeavors to ascertain through analysis of the melody itself a concomitant chord association with each note—of certain notes of what he deems the "Indian scale." As a matter of fact few scientists agree upon this question of scale, as there are so many inconsistencies in the related tribal songs and the manner of their rendering. On first consideration the theory of this composer (and he is quite sincere in it, which is necessary) sounds excellent, but if it were put to a too serious working process, I fear, it would subject the poor Indian melody to such a dressing-down as to ultimately destroy any spontaneity it might have had originally. Some melodies would lend themselves to this dogmatic treatment, others decidedly not. A whole collection of tunes idealized in the above manner would appear somewhat monotonous. So it is the composer himself (aided by his own fancy) who must see to it that this monotony does not occur in the treatment of folk-tunes of whatever nationality. Otherwise the use of folk-tunes is a menace. A composer should be absolutely unhampered in his creation of any kind of music. He should permit the themes he makes use of to call into being only their native qualities, attendant color or mood—but above all music that (when completed) is free in form or fairly so, original in design and

certainly pleasing to the average ear. The use of folk-themes is but the means and not the end of composition. The potentiality of a folk-theme is in direct ratio to the ability of the composer to idealize it.

I do not believe in the use of Indian themes or in fact of any other original folk-tunes save where the subject calls for it. For example, if one were picturing orchestrally an episode in the settlement of the "early West" with which the Indian is linked—if he were endowing a chamber work with a Southwestern romantic or historic element, say, something built upon a Joaquin Miller poem—the use of Indian themes would be just as excusable as Czech or Tartar themes for some Russian subject.

I do not contend that such a musical composition when finished is as "pure" or "absolute" as a composition in which every theme is of the composer's own invention, although even this is an open question if put to the esthetical test.

Nationalism is not necessary for the composing of healthy music, and yet what healthy, virile music with a dominantly human appeal exists to-day without a tinge of nationalism? Russian, French, Scandinavian, and Italian music, somehow, recall latitude and longitude. Each brings to mind a geographical *locale*.

So your little band of American dreamers is, after all, only trying to catch the color and the movement, the history and the ethnology and surely the sensation of rhythm related to the soil of America in the legends and tunes of our aborigines and transplanted Africans, who, although unwillingly, have been absorbed into the life and fabric of the American continent.

Perhaps the effort would come nearer to fruition by "reflecting" these folk-song ingredients rather than by using them baldly. This also might make for a truce with the zealots who decry the movement for "art reasons." There are quite a few ways of looking at the problem, and none in this age and generation may solve it. Evolution cannot be hastened one iota.

Every movement in art, science and literature, while in the process of making, must be fired with an ideal and an art-purpose mirrored for the moment or for all time in the history of mankind. This seems to hold good with reference to the various "schools of music" now in existence. As in older schools, so the beginnings of an American school of music must tie to a *tangible something*, and the trail-blazers have utilized the means at hand for their first "infant" expression of a music expressing the land which they call home. Cavil at them if you must, but respect their ideals even though you disagree with the legend upon their banner.

In conclusion, let every composer in America try to write music which is *good* music, whether it smacks of a European conservatory or of the broad, free reaches of the Far West. The essential thing is to make music which shall calm, shall inspire, shall call forth pure and ennobling thoughts, shall fill the needs of the present hour, but shall also point to the next hour as presaging something finer, something higher to strive for.

GLUCK'S LONDON OPERAS

By WILLIAM BARCLAY SQUIRE

WITH the conspicuous exception of Horace Walpole's letters, we are singularly deficient in social chronicles of the later years of the reign of George II. For contemporary accounts of the invasion of England by Prince Charles Edward in 1745, of his surprising march to Derby and the consternation it created in London—when the news arrived on a day long remembered as 'Black Friday'—Walpole's letters, which are our chief authority, have to be supplemented by reference to the newspapers of the day. Although London in 1745 did not, as at the present day, suffer from the plethora of papers—each anxious to go one better than the others in purveying 'news' of doubtful authenticity—enough can be gathered from the collection made by Dr. Burney and now preserved in the British Museum to show that the alarm in the South of England was very real. Stories of spies and of poisoned wells were rife then, just as they have been in our own time, but the chief scare raised successfully by the Hanoverians was that the return of the House of Stuart would mean the spread, if not actually the establishment, of the Roman Catholic religion. It seems impossible to realize that London should have believed that the English Catholics, after a century and a half of cruel suppression, were sufficiently numerous or powerful to be a real source of danger, but the metropolis—as in the time of the Civil War—was the headquarters of the bitterest form of Puritanism, and though it may not have been specially devoted to the House of Hanover, nor remarkably zealous in attending the churches of the Establishment, at least it was unfaltering and sincere in its hatred of Papacy. Charles Edward left Edinburgh on Oct. 31, and until the beginning of the retreat from Derby (Dec. 6) all London was in confusion and anxiety. Troops were enlisted for six months; detachments of the Guards and the Trained Bands were posted at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Royal Exchange, Devonshire Square, St. Dunstan's in the West and St. Sepulchre's; the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended for six months; £100 reward was offered for the arrest of every 'Popish Priest or Jesuit'; the barristers of the Middle Temple formed themselves into a regiment, with Lord Chief Justice Willes at their head, and a run on the Bank of England

was only stopped by the curious expedient of paying in sixpenny pieces.

One only has to turn to the newspapers of the day to realize how valuable to the cause of Hanover was the Papist scare; perhaps one of the most curious details is the advertisement (quoted by Walpole in a letter to Mann) to the effect that "Papists eat no meat on Wednesday, Friday, Saturday nor during Lent"—a statement which was doubtless intended to secure the loyalty of the cattle-breeders and butchers to the carnivorous House of Hanover. In the face of this strong Protestant feeling it is not to be wondered at that, though the theatres remained open, the opera-house in the Haymarket was closed "on account" as Burney says, "of the rebellion, and popular prejudice against the performers, who being foreigners were chiefly Roman Catholics."

Since 1741 the Italian opera had been under the directorship of a committee of noblemen and gentlemen, who are thus described by Horace Walpole:

> There are eight, Lord Middlesex, Lord Holderness, Mr. Frederick, Lord Conway, Mr. Damer, Lord Brook, and Mr. Brand. The five last are directed by the three first; they by the first and he by the Abbé Vanneschi, who will make a pretty sum.

The Earl of Middlesex, the figurehead of the undertaking, was Charles Sackville (1711-1769), the eldest son of the first Duke of Dorset; he was Lord of the Treasury, 1743-47, and Master of the Horse to the Prince of Wales, 1747-51. The undertaking was started in the most lavish way. To quote Walpole again:

> It is usual to give the poet fifty guineas for composing the books—Vanneschi and Rolli are allowed three hundred. Three hundred more Vanneschi had for his journey to Italy to pick up dancers and performers.

The original company included Monticelli, a male soprano, who was paid 1000 guineas; Visconti, the 'first woman,' also receiving 1000 guineas; Amorevoli (tenor) £850. "This," says Walpole, "at the rate of the great singers, is not so extravagant; but to the Muscovita (though the second woman never had above four hundred) they give six; that is for secret services." The editors of Walpole's letters do not seem to have identified the lady who combined the position of 'second woman' with that of mistress to Lord Middlesex: she was a Signora Panichi, an artist "without mark or likelihood," according to Burney. But, in connection with Gluck, the most interesting name in this list of Lord Middlesex's original staff is that of the Abate Francesco Vanneschi, as to whom

there is a good deal to be gleaned from various sources, but chiefly from Walpole's letters and Burney's History.

From Allacci we know that he was a Florentine, and (according to Ademollo's 'Corilla Olimpica') a burletta by him on the subject of the "Serva Padrona" was played at Florence in 1732. Ferdinando Sbigoli's "Tommaso Crudeli e i primi Framassoni in Firenze" describes him as "un tristo . . . che prestando agli Inglesi disonesti servigi, si faceva pagar la merce, non di rado scadente, troppo più del dovere." His librettos are "roba da chiodi e veramente scellerata." In 1741 Walpole met at Calais some of the principal members of the Italian Opera Company, among whom was Vanneschi. "What a coxcomb!" (he writes) "I would have talked to him about the opera, but he preferred politics." In 1742, Walpole (who had become a subscriber to the opera) wrote that "We keep Monticelli and Amorevoli, and to please Lord Middlesex that odious Muscovita; but shall discard Mr. Vanneschi"—an intention which does not appear to have been carried out. Burney states that he was employed by Lord Middlesex first as poet and then as assistant manager: "In process of time, from prime minister, upon his lordship's abdication, he assumed the sovereignty of the opera state." In 1743 Walpole wrote to Mann: "I don't know whether Vanneschi be dead; he married some low Englishwoman who is kept by Amorevoli; so the Abate turned the opera every way to his profit." But the married Abate was by no means dead, and until 1747 he continued to be employed at the opera-house. When he first came to England is uncertain. Allacci states that he wrote the libretto of 'Alessandro in Persia,' performed with Paradies's music at Lucca and as a pasticcio in London in 1741. He was in England, as Burney tells us, when Lord Middlesex assumed the direction of the opera, and he wrote (or arranged) for London the libretto of Galuppi's 'Scipione in Cartagine' (1742), and 'Enrico' (1743), 'L'Incostanza delusa' (altered from Vincenzo Cassani's 'Incostanza schernita')—a pasticcio (1745), Gluck's 'Caduta de' Giganti' (1745), 'Anibale in Capua'—a pasticcio (1746), 'Mitridate' (1746) and 'Bellerofonte' (1747)—both by Terradellas, 'Fetonte' (1747) by Paradies and 'La Comedia in Comedia' (1748)—an adaptation of a play (produced in Florence in 1741) by C. A. Pelli, with music by Rinaldo da Capua. In the autumn of 1748, "serious operas," as they were called, were discontinued and comic operas were given under the management of a Dr. Croza. This individual absconded from his creditors in 1750 and no operas were given until 1753, when Vanneschi again attempted the management. His forces, however, could not (to quote

Burney) "keep the manager out of debt, or hardly out of jail, till the arrival of Mingotti" in the autumn of 1754. In the following year Vanneschi's name again occurs in Walpole's letters. A supposed Gunpowder plot was discovered and Vanneschi and others were arrested. But the affair was hardly a nine-days' wonder and "a conclusion was made, that it was a malicious design against the Lord High Treasurer of the opera and his administration," and so "Vanneschi and others" were released. (*Walpole to Bentley, 6 May, 1755*). The engagement of Mingotti did not bring a long spell of prosperity to Vanneschi. Walpole says that although she was "a noble figure, a great mistress of music and a most incomparable actress," yet she "surpassed anything I ever saw for the extravagance of her humours." She refused to sing with Ricciarelli and quarrelled with Vanneschi, which led to as many disputes and feuds as those between Handel and Bononcini, or Faustina Hasse and Cuzzoni, thirty years before. The Duke of Cumberland supported Mingotti and the end came in 1756, when he assumed the direction of the Opera House, with Giardini as manager. Vanneschi became bankrupt and was imprisoned in the Fleet. Burney states that in the summer of 1756 he withdrew "*à la sourdine*, in the same manner as his predecessor Dr. Croza," and after this his name disappears from the annals of opera in England.

To return from this digression—for which the only excuse is that it deals with the career of the librettist of 'La Caduta de' Giganti'—it is beyond the subject of this paper to enter into details as to Lord Middlesex's management of the opera from 1741 until the closing of the King's theatre in 1745, owing to the Jacobite rebellion. After the retreat of Charles Edward from Derby, London could breathe again, and in order that there should be no doubt of the loyalty of the Papist musicians to the House of Hanover, it was decided to open the King's Theatre with an opera written specially to compliment the popular young Duke of Cumberland, whose advance across England had driven the Jacobites back to Scotland. (As a matter of fact, the rebellion was by no means crushed. Carlisle surrendered on December 30 and on January 2 Cumberland left for London, where it was believed that a French invasion was imminent. But on January 17 General Hawley was defeated at Falkirk and the Duke had to hurry back to Scotland, reaching Edinburgh on January 30).

Why the commission for this work was given to Gluck we do not know, but it may be conjectured with some plausibility that it was owing to his having studied for four years (1737-1741) with Giovanni Battista San Martini of Milan, whose brother Giuseppe

(known as 'San Martini of London') was first oboist at the opera so far back as 1729 and at a later date was patronized by Frederick, Prince of Wales. (It will be remembered that the Prince of Wales was for long in open opposition to George II: the latter supported Handel's operas, which ended disastrously in 1741; Lord Middlesex's management was patronized by the Prince of Wales). Giuseppe San Martini was a well-known figure in London, and many of his works, as well as those of his more talented brother Giovanni Battista, were published there by Walsh. Gluck, as has recently been pointed out by the Count de Saint Foix, owed much to the instruction of the Milanese San Martini and his early operas were produced with marked success in North Italy immediately after his studies at Milan were ended. 'Artaserse' saw the light at Milan in 1741, 'Demetrio' at Venice in 1742, 'Demofoonte' at Milan in 1742, 'Tigrane' at Crema in 1743, 'Sofonisba' at Milan in 1744, 'Ipermestra' at Venice in 1744, 'Poro' at Turin in 1745 and 'Ippolito' at Milan in 1745. This string of operas was sufficient to draw attention to the work of a pupil of a composer so well-known as San Martini, and moreover some of the singers engaged at the opera were already familiar with Gluck's music. Jozzi had sung in 'Artaserse' in 1741, Signora Imer in 'Demetrio' in 1742, and Amorevoli and Monticelli in 'Ippolito' in 1745, so it is evident that Gluck's name was by no means unknown in London, at all events among musicians. What little has been hitherto known about the production of 'La Caduta de' Giganti' has been confined to Burney's short account and to the advertisements in the General Advertiser, where it was announced as follows (on January 4):

> Hay-Market. At the King's Theatre in the Hay-Market, on Tuesday next, will be perform'd a Musical Drama, in Two Parts, call'd *La Caduta de' Giganti*, The Fall of the Giants. With Dances and other Decorations entirely new. Pit and Boxes to be put together, and no Persons to be admitted without Tickets, which will be delivered that Day at the Opera-Office in the Hay-Market, at Half-a-Guinea each. Gallery 5s. The Gallery to be open'd at Four o'clock. Pit and Boxes at Five. To begin at Six o'clock.

This advertisement was repeated on January 7, with the addition: "By His Majesty's Command no Persons whatever to be admitted behind the Scenes." Burney says that the opera was performed before the Duke of Cumberland—whether at the first or at some subsequent performance it is not very important to decide.

So far the details we have given as to Gluck's first appearance as a composer in England have been gathered together from accessible sources of information, most of which were used in M. Wot-

quenne's excellent Thematic Catalogue, published in a German translation in 1904, with an appendix issued in 1911, but a recent discovery has fortunately brought to light fresh facts about both 'La Caduta de' Giganti' and 'Artamene.' The appointment last year of a new Keeper of the Department of Printed Books in the British Museum was followed by a complete overhauling of various obscure corners and shelves of the library, with the result that, among a great accumulation of worthless books and papers, there was found a large and valuable collection of librettos, dating from the end of the 17th century to about 1830. How these came to the Museum, why, having come there, they had been put on one side and forgotten, it is impossible to say. The later volumes seem to have belonged to William Ayrton, a well-known writer on music, who was connected with the Italian opera in London in the early 19th century, and as the series includes an almost complete set of librettos of operas performed at the King's Theatre, the whole set—or at least those printed in England—may well have passed from the opera-house into Ayrton's possession. For our present purpose, however, the importance of the find lies in the fact that it included the librettos of Gluck's two London operas, 'La Caduta de' Giganti' and 'Artamene,' both of which were hitherto believed to be lost. The libretto of 'La Caduta de' Giganti' is a small octavo of fifty pages, with the Italian text and the English translation printed on opposite pages. The title-page is as follows:

La/ Caduta de' Giganti./ Drama,/ per il/ Teatro di *S. M. B.*/ Di F. Vanneschi./ *Imperium est Jovis/ Clari Gigantæo triumpho.*/ Horat. Lib. III. Ode I./ *Londra,* MDCCXLV./ [Price One Shilling.]

Over this has been pasted another title, with the slight alteration: "La/ Caduta de' Giganti, o La/ Ribellione Punita./ Drama" etc. (as above)—evidently an afterthought, adopted in order to connect the opera definitely with the defeat of the Jacobites. The English version of the argument is as follows:

The Giants having rebell'd in order to dethrone Jupiter in the Skies and deprive the other Gods of their Freedom; whilst they are piling Mountain upon Mountain, Jupiter darts Thunder from Olympus, and takes due Vengeance on their daring Attempt, by burying them under the ruins of the Mountains they had rais'd. Juno's Jealousy, and Jupiter's Amour with Iris, are introduc'd merely as Episodes.

The cast follows:

GIOVE	Il Sig. Monticelli
GIUNONE	La Sig. Imer
IRIDE	La Sig. Pompeati

MARTE		Il Sig. Jozzi
TITANO	Giganti	Il Sig. Ciacchi
BRIAREO		La Sig. Frasi

Musica del Sig. Gluck.

It is curious to learn that Frasi appeared in a male part, as one of the Giants, but in her earlier days, in London at least, this was not at all uncommon: probably her commanding figure accounted for her appearance as a "male impersonator," and in those days, when heroic characters were filled by male sopranos, there would be nothing incongruous in a female singer's appearing as a giant. Frasi is now best remembered by the story of her telling Handel that she was going to learn thorough bass in order to accompany herself, which brought upon her the sarcastic comment: "Oh! vaat may we not expect!"

'La Caduta de' Giganti' is in two acts—called 'parti'—and follows the conventional form of Zeno's and Metastasio's librettos, each scene consisting of dialogue (in verse) ending with a lyrical number. The following is a summary of the book:

PART I

SCENE 1

The scene is an "Atrio della regia di Giove nell' Olimpo." Jupiter tells Mars and Juno that he is sending Iris to report on the rumours of insurrection on earth: if she cannot find out, he will go himself. This rouses Juno's jealousy. The scene ends with a song for Juno (1) "Tra tanti dubbi."

SCENE 2

Iris reports to Jupiter that the giants are in revolt. He decides to descend to earth and sings: (2) "Se si accende in fiamme ardenti."

SCENE 3

Mars, left alone with Iris, makes love to her and sings (3) "Care pupille, amate."

SCENE 4

Iris, left alone, confesses her love for Mars in a song: (4) "Vezzi, lusinghe, e sguardi."

SCENE 5

The scene changes to Earth—a "Luogo di Spelonche." Titan and Briareus discuss their enterprise.

SCENE 6

Jupiter and Mars, both disguised, watch Titan, who sings: (5) "Chi mai non vide fuggir le sponde."

SCENE 7

Iris, followed by the Demi-Gods, joins Jupiter and Mars. They seat themselves in the cavern on stones round Jupiter, who calls them to arms. Mars responds by singing: (6) "Conserva a noi il contento."

SCENE 8

Jupiter, left alone, is joined by Juno. He tries to allay her jealousy and sings: (7) "Tornate sereni."

SCENE 9

After Jupiter has gone out, Iris re-enters: she denies Juno's accusations of an intrigue with Jupiter. Juno sings: (8) "Di, che rival mi sei."

SCENE 10

Briareus finds Iris alone and warns her of the coming danger in a song: (9) "Se in grembo all'erbe, e ai fiori."

SCENE 11

Jupiter and Iris, ending with a short love-duet: (10) "Ah! m'ingannasti, quando dicesti."

PART II

SCENE 1

The scene is "A rural prospect, in which is a wood, whence come forth Titan, Briareus, followed by giants." Titan defies Jupiter, though Briareus points out that the help promised by the Demi-Gods has not arrived. Titan *exit* after singing: (11) "Pensa che trema il ciel."

SCENE 2

Mars (disguised) tries in a song: (12) "Dal tuo destin vedrai," to persuade Briareus to abandon the revolt.

SCENE 3

Briareus, left alone, indulges in a fit of boasting: (13) "Non è ver, non sei mendace."

SCENE 4

The action (!) returns to the love-affairs of Jupiter, whose song (14) "Placido Zeffiretto" is overheard by Juno. He persuades her it was intended for her; she sings; (15) "Mai l'amor mio verace" and *exit.*

SCENE 5

Iris and Mars bring news of the rebellion and how the Giants have piled Pelion on Ossa. Mars *exit,* whereupon Jupiter makes love to Iris in a song (16) "Si, ben mio, farò, se il vuoi."

SCENE 6

Juno returns and Jupiter runs away from her. Iris tells Juno that her husband is in danger: (17) "Volgo dubbiosa il passo" (Iris).

SCENE 7

Juno resolves to go to Jupiter's aid: (18) "Se dell' onde il dolce moto."

SCENE 8

The scene changes to "A pile of mountains. A view of mount Olympus, which the Giants ascend in order to invade the skies. As they advance, thunder darts from thence, which disperses them; when, the mountain opening that instant, the Giants are buried in the ruins. Titan, Briareus,

follow'd by arm'd Giants, as prepar'd to scale the skies. These come forth with fury, a warlike symphony sounding." After some short speeches the symphony is repeated, "they advance hastily towards the mountain; in the midway of which, they are stopt by thunder, and struck down."

SCENE 9

"The Giants being thunder-struck, the mountains disappear; when, on a sudden, the palace of Jupiter opens; and, a cloud descending, the celestial Demi-Gods are seen. At the opening of the palace the warlike symphony changes to a joyful one." A short chorus, with solos (19) follows: "Tua mercè monarco invitto." Short speeches by Jupiter, Mars, Iris and Juno precede a song for Jupiter: (20) "E uguale ad un tormento" and the opera ends with a chorus (21):

Non vi è piacer perfetto
Non vi è grandezza, onore
Che alletti, o piaccia al core,
Senza la libertà.

Which is thus freely translated:

Hail, Liberty! without thy charms,
The brightest regions are unblest.
O! keep thine ALBION from alarms,
And lull her pangs to balmy rest.

It is hardly to be wondered at that this precious farrago met with but little success. The opera-nights in 1746 were on Tuesdays and Saturdays, and the work (produced on Saturday, January 11) was only repeated on the 14th, 18th, 21st and 25th. On the 28th it was replaced by 'Il Trionfo della Continenza,' by Galuppi, which ran until March 4, when Gluck's second London opera, 'Artamene,' was produced.

Very little of the music of 'La Caduta de' Giganti' has survived, and that only in the shape of a set of "Favourite Songs," published by Walsh (advertised as just issued on March 13). This gave M. Wotquenne the names of six of the songs in his thematic catalogue (Nos. 3, 4, 6, 10, 16, and 20 of the above summary) and three more (Nos. 11, 15, and 17) were supplied by the programme of an "Entertainment of Vocal and Instrumental Musick" given for the benefit of the Fund "for the support of decay'd musicians or their families" at the King's Theatre on March 25, as announced in the General Advertiser for March 14. From these sources M. Wotquenne and Herr Liebeskind point out that (3) "Care pupille," (4) "Vezzi, lusinghe" and (16) "Si, ben mio" were taken from "Tigrane," as produced at Crema in 1743; (6) "Conserva a noi il contento" is an adaptation of "Perdono al crudo acciaro" from

'Ipermestra' (Venice, 1744); (15) "Mai l'amor mio verace" is also from 'Ipermestra'; and (10) "Ah! m'ingannasti" is from 'Ippolito' (Milan, 1745). The discovery of the libretto enables us further to trace (5) "Chi mai non vide fuggir le sponde" to words by Metastasio used in "Sofonisba" (Milan, 1744) and again in 'Issipile' (Prague, 1752); (7) "Tornate sereni"—also words by Metastasio—to 'Sofonisba'; and (9) "Se in grembo" to 'Tigrane' (Crema, 1743). Thus, of the twenty-one vocal numbers in 'La Caduta de' Giganti,' no fewer than nine were taken from Gluck's earlier operas!

The history of 'Artamene' has been a good deal complicated by the curious mistake made by some of Gluck's biographers in stating that he wrote an opera with this title which was produced either at Crema or Cremona in 1743. This work figures in M. Wotquenne's catalogue, published in 1904, and to it the learned librarian of the Brussels Conservatoire attributed various excerpts preserved in the Conservatoire at Paris. But in the ninth volume of the Sammelbände of the International Musical Society, Signor Francesco Piovano showed conclusively that this early work, produced at Crema in 1743, was called 'Tigrane.' The libretto (slightly imperfect) is preserved in the library of the Accademia Sta. Cecilia at Rome[1] and Signor Piovano showed that eleven of the excerpts M. Wotquenne gave as belonging to the mythical 'Artamene' of 1743 came from 'Tigrane'; six more were from a pasticcio, 'Arsace' (Milan, 1744), to which Gluck contributed, while three could not be identified. These important corrections were embodied in Herr Liebeskind's Supplement (1911) to Wotquenne's catalogue. Although M. Wotquenne was mistaken in accepting the statements as to an 'Artamene' having been produced by Gluck in 1744, he was right in surmising that, if the libretto of the London 'Artamene' was ever discovered, it would prove to be quite different from that of the work performed at Crema—which, as Signor Piovano has shown, was called 'Tigrane' and had nothing to do with 'Artamene.' The libretto, which has now been found in the British Museum, is not quite perfect: pages 5 and 6, containing the names of the Italian cast and the text of scene 1 and part of scene 2 of the first act, being unfortunately missing. The title-page is as follows:

Artamene./ Drama,/ per il/ Teatro di *S. M. B./ Saxa ferasque lyrâ movit Rhodopeius Orpheus.*/ Ovid. Art. Amat. Lib. III./ [Printer's device.]/ *Londra,* 1746./ [One Shilling.]

[1]A complete copy is in the Library of Congress.—*Ed.*

It is noticeable that no author's name is given. As a matter of fact, the book is altered from the 'Artamene' of Bartolommeo Vitturi, which was produced with music by Tommaso Albinoni at Venice in 1740. (M. Wotquenne says that it had been previously set by Ignazio Fiorillo in Milan in 1738, but Signor Piovano shows that this opera was 'Artimene,' quite a different work.) It was a very common thing in the 18th century for composers to lay their hands on librettos which had already been set by other men; in these cases alterations were generally made by the 'poet' attached to the theatre where the new work was to be produced. In this case it would be Vanneschi who altered Vitturi's work. A copy of the latter is preserved in the Schatz Collection in the Library of Congress, but an opportunity has not occurred of comparing it with the London libretto, so it is not possible to say at present how much the two differ beyond the change of the name of Akbar, the Mogul Emperor (in Albinoni's opera) to Ormontes in Gluck's 'Artamene.' It would be tiresome and superfluous to give a summary of the three acts of 'Artamene,' as has been done in the case of 'La Caduta de' Giganti'; the following is a list of the vocal numbers, as given in the libretto:

ACT I.

(1). Se crudeli tanto siete. (Padmane.)
(2). Se in campo armato. (Artamene)
(3). È maggiore d'ogni altro dolore. (Tamur.)
(4). T'intendo ingrato. (Sandalida.)
(5). Il suo leggiadro viso. (Cosru.)
(6). Nobil onda. (Artamene.)
(7). Non vi piacque ingiusti dei. (Padmane.)

ACT II.

(8). Caro tu solo sei. (Sandalida.)
(9). Troppo ad un'alma è caro. (Tamur.)
(10). Pensa a serbarmi o cara. (Artamene.)
(11). O sciogli i lacci miei. (Sandalida.)
(12). Or del tuo rè la sorte. (Ormontes.)
(13). La speranza non m'inganni. (Cosru.)
(14). Mesti augelli, che cantando. (Artamene.)
(15). Disperato in mare turbato. (Sandalida.)
(16). Se fedel cor mio tu sei. (Duet, Padmane and Artamene.)

ACT III.

(17). Perfida non ascolto. (Ormontes.)
(18). Rasserena il mesto ciglio. (Artamene.)
(19). Per lei fra le armi. (Sandalida.)
(20). Presso l'onda d'Acheronte. (Padmane.)
(21). Già presso al termine. (Cosru.)
(22). Da noi gli affanni fuggono. (Chorus.)

In addition to the above, a manuscript note in the libretto informs us that No. 13 was sung in the 3rd scene of Act II instead of in scene 2, where the words were printed. As in the case of 'La Caduta de' Giganti,' Walsh published (on March 18) a selection from the songs in 'Artamene,' and from this source we know that Monticelli appeared as Artamene, Jozzi as Cosru, Signora Pompeati as Padmane and Signora Frasi (again in a male rôle) as Tamur. Signora Imer was therefore probably the Sandalida and Ciacchi the Ormontes. The songs printed by Walsh are: (1) "Se crudeli," (3) "È maggiore," (5) "Il suo leggiadro viso," (10) "Pensa a serbarmi," (18) "Rasserena il mesto ciglio" and (21) "Già presso al termine." From Wotquenne we know that of these the words of No. 3 are from Metastasio's 'Issipile' and the music from 'Sofonisba' (Milan, 1744); No. 5 is from 'Demofoonte' (Milan, 1743); the words of No. 10 are from Metastasio's 'Ezio'; No. 18 is a new setting of words from 'Tigrane' (Crema, 1743) and the words of No. 21 are from Metastasio's 'Adriano in Siria.' The libretto enables us further to trace the following: No. 2, words from Metastasio's 'Catone,' music from 'Sofonisba'; No. 4, from 'Demofoonte'; No. 6, words from Metastasio's 'Siface,' music from 'Sofonisba'; No. 7, words from Metastasio's 'Siroe,' music from 'Sofonisba'; No. 8 from 'Sofonisba,' No. 9, from 'Tigrane'; No. 12, words by Metastasio (altered), music from 'Ipermestra,' No. 15, words by Metastasio, music from 'Demetrio'; No. 16, words from Metastasio's 'Orti Esperidi,' music from 'Sofonisba'; No. 19, words by Metastasio, from 'Demofoonte'; and No. 20 from 'Tigrane.' Thus of the twenty-two vocal numbers in 'Artamene,' no fewer than twelve were derived from Gluck's earlier operas! The introduction of so many songs with words by Metastasio alone shows, without actually comparing the two librettos, how much Vitturi's work must have been altered for Gluck's use.

'Artamene' was more successful than its predecessor, for it was repeated on March 8, 11, 15, 18 and 22 and April 1, 5, 8 and 12. On March 11 (according to the General Advertiser) it was announced that "Madem. Violette, a new Dancer from Vienna, will perform this Day, for the first time," which enables us to correct a mistake of Burney's, who says that in 'La Caduta de' Giganti' "the new dances by . . . the charming Violetta, afterwards Mrs. Garrick, were much more applauded than the songs." The omission of Tuesday, March 25, in the record of the run of 'Artamene' is explained by the fact that a concert was given that night. On April 12 the song "Rasserena il mesto ciglio" was sung by Mrs. Arne at Drury Lane as an "Entertainment in the Orphan" "for

the benefit of Mr. Arne," "being particularly desired by several Ladies of Quality," and on April 14 Gluck appeared at a concert in Hickford's Great Room, Brewer Street (which is still in existence) and played a concerto on the Glasharmonica "a new instrument of 26 glasses": this was repeated at the King's Theatre on April 23, shortly after which he must have left England, for there is no further record of him or his music until a selection from 'Alceste' was performed at the King's Theatre on April 10, 1780, with Signora Bernasconi in the part of Alceste.

In conclusion a correction must be made of a statement to be found in Fétis and Grove and their numerous followers, to the effect that Gluck, when in England, had a share in the music of a pasticcio called 'Piramo e Tisbe.' There is no trace of such a work to be found either in the advertisements of the time or in the British Museum series of librettos. 'Artamene' was succeeded on April 15 by a revival of Lampugnani's 'Alessandro nell' Indie' and this (on May 13) by Galuppi's 'Antigono,' which ran until the end of the season (on June 24). The only explanation that can be hazarded for the misstatement is that Lampe's 'Pyramus and Thisbe' was being played at Covent Garden in February, when Gluck was in England.

ACOUSTICS:

SUGGESTIONS IN BEHALF OF AN UNPOPULAR SUBJECT

By LOUIS C. ELSON

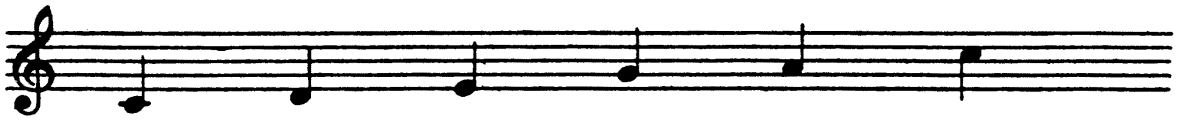
WHEN the wonderful advance of the musical curriculum in America is taken into consideration, it is astonishing how little attention is given to the foundation subject of Acoustics. Many conservatories which insist upon Musical History, Solfeggio, Harmonic Analysis, and many other accessory studies, are entirely innocent of any attempts in the direction of the physical basis of Sound and Music, and make no effort to include the topic in their course. Many an advanced musician while stating facts in instrumentation to his class is yet unable to explain the causes of these facts. It is the object of this article to indicate a few of the points in which acoustics may be a direct aid to the teacher.

There are many myths in music which the scientifically trained teacher will at once proceed to demolish. In the first place, musical progressions have, as far as is yet discovered, no real foundation in Nature. It is true that Nature gives us a chord, whenever any tone is sounded, yet she gives us no connection whatever of one chord with another, but presents these chords isolated and disconnected. It is possible that some of the most fiendish effects of ultra-modern music may seek an apology in the discords which the different chords of Nature make when sounding simultaneously, although in Nature they are sounded so faintly as to be inaudible to the average ear, while your true modern insists upon giving them fortissimo!

The teacher who has studied acoustics will be able to demonstrate to his pupils that music is an artificial product, of which the crude materials only are natural. Nature gives us regular vibration (in a tone), a simple chord (in the overtones), and a sense of rhythm. From these materials man evolves melody, connection of chords (harmony), uniting of melodies (counterpoint), and a certain arrangement of material in set progressions (scales or tonalities). He does this about as arbitrarily as he created languages from isolated and meaningless

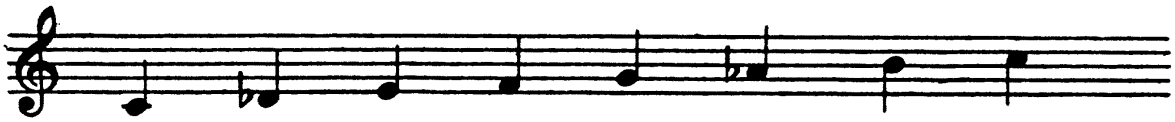
sounds. His scales differ about as much as languages differ. There is no such thing as a scale of nature. Here are a few of the arrangements of tones which constitute the scales of different races:

CHINESE OR OLD SCOTTISH



represented by the melodies of "Auld Lang Syne," "Bonnie Doon," etc.

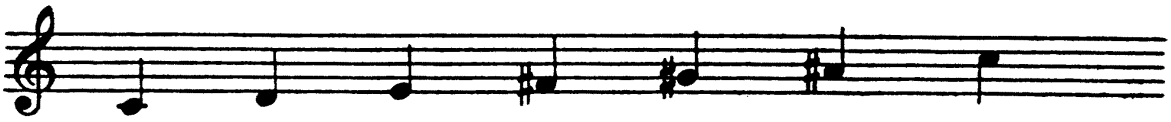
BYZANTINE OR COPTIC



HUNGARIAN GYPSY

used by Paderewski in his opera "Manru."

SIAMESE



which brings us very close to M. Debussy and his school. And many other progressions might be cited, the Gregorian, the hexachordal, etc., while the Hindoo divides his scale into smaller intervals than can be represented in our notation, which, several Englishmen have assured us, although seemingly out-of-tune at first, become pleasing to the ear after it has heard them several times. The ever-changing style of music is but a proof that it is as much an artificial product as language itself.

Another myth which the acoustician may bowl over is the frequently made statement that animals are fond of music. We doubt whether a spider, a mouse, a horse or an elephant would be

moved in any great degree by Wagner, or Beethoven, or Bach, but a well-marked two-step, or a swingy march might have some effect. In short it is the *rhythm*, not the substance, of music which charms the lower creation, when it is not the steady vibration of tone itself. The music of the snake-charmers of India might be scientifically investigated with this thought in mind.

Another false idea in music could be taken up by the teacher who is versed in acoustics. The statement made by many musicians and composers that tone represents color has no tangible foundation. The half-informed ones here intrench themselves behind the incontrovertible fact that tone is vibration and color is vibration also. The scientist must inform them that *everything* is vibration or motion of some sort, and that the vibrations of light are essentially different from those of tone. Also that the vibrations which produce the impression of color begin at about 460 trillions per second, while the vibrations of tone cease to be audible at about 38,000 per second, a gap which is almost too large for the human mind to span. Also that the human brain cannot perceive a single octave of color, while it can appreciate over eleven octaves of pitch. Also the rather important fact that, while many composers are very positive in their assertion that certain keys suggest certain colors, scarcely any two of them agree upon which color each key represents!

But it is not only in the spirit of destruction, or contradiction, that the musician should study his acoustics. Let us suppose the case of a violin teacher giving a pupil his first instruction in pizzicato-playing. He tells the student not to pick the string at the place where he has been in the habit of bowing, but further away from the bridge. The investigating student asks (and very properly)—"Why?" The teacher probably responds—"Because it gives a better tone"—and if the pupil put in another "Why?" he would probably remain unanswered.

The teacher should have the primitive knowledge that, with every tone that is sounded, there blend fainter, higher tones, which make the quality of the tone. He should know that while these occur in a certain fixed order they may differ greatly in power; that if they are too weak a "dead" or muddy tone is the result, while if they are too strong an irritating, aggressive, "tinpanny" tone is caused. He should understand that the plucked string gives the overtones more strongly than the bowed one; that the nearer to the centre we pluck the string, the more important overtones we destroy, thus making the tone duller; that we correct its over-brightness by this process.

Reasoning further upon the same line he will find that this is why the harper plucks his string in the centre; he may investigate a little further and find that the quality of the piano would greatly deteriorate if we put the hammers at some other proportion of the length of the string than just where they strike now. He might, by experiment, find out that if he plucked a string with his fingernail it would sound much brighter than if he used his finger-tip, and thus learn that plucking with a hard substance shivers the string into many small segments and produces many of the high overtones with inordinate power, thus making the irritating tone above mentioned. And thus he would be led to the subject of quality of tone and discover that in a rich and mellow tone the lower overtones must be rather full and the upper overtones faint, but clear.

Following out this line of inquiry he might discover that the delicacy of a tone depends upon just this preservation of the faint upper overtones, and this might reveal to him why his violin tone is "dead" in a damp and muggy hall, while it is delightful in a bright, clear atmosphere. The upper overtones are smothered out in the heavy air. This might reveal the cause of the almost celestial tone of the zither when heard on the high Alps. It might also reveal to him why he is never quite satisfied when he hears a great violinist's tone reproduced upon any of the records on any of the machines of gramophonic variety. The faint, high overtones cannot record themselves upon the wax, and the quality of the tone suffers because of this.

Still pursuing this train of thought he might understand why the mandolin is the brightest of all the stringed instruments, noting that it is plucked with a pick instead of by finger-tips. And now he might suddenly grasp the cause of the deep sound-box with which the instrument is provided. He would readily judge that it is the function of the gourd-shaped box to mellow a tone which might otherwise be far too bright, and he might verify this by listening to the modern invention which supplies the mandolin with a flat sound-box.

This subject would certainly lead him on to note other sound-boxes. He would then understand why the banjo, having not a sound-box, but merely a sounding-board, and that of calf or sheepskin instead of wood, must naturally be inferior to the guitar, in the quality of its tone.

And now, fairly launched upon the subject of sounding-boards and boxes, he would find another interesting point. Ascertaining that all sound (or tone) is merely vibration of the air,

he would note that a mere string, swinging to and fro, can move but an infinitesimal amount of atmosphere; therefore the stringed instrument must have its tone magnified exceedingly by the sounding-box, or, in the piano, by a large sounding-board. Should he pursue this interesting branch much further he would learn that Nature itself has made sounding-boards and boxes. There is a model sound-box in every human ear, and once a cloud (taking the right shape, angle and consistency), forming over Rio Janeiro, sent the sound of bells 200 miles out to sea.

He might study the materials of the sounding-board and find that certain varieties of pine-wood are best for this purpose, since their cells and fibres are almost of the character of a stretched string, and susceptible of far more vibration than those of other woods. He might also notice that a sound-box, be it ever so humble (as on a drum, for example) must needs have a sound-hole (sometimes two) to allow the air in the box to vibrate freely and not to form a cushion to prevent the free vibrations of the front board. He would find that even the sound-box in his ear had an excellent sound-hole in the Eustachian tube.

And now his investigations might lead him to other stringed instruments. If, perchance, he heard a viol d'amore he would be astonished to find that in addition to the seven strings above the finger-board there were seven tiny wires below it, never to be touched by the bow. In seeking to know the secret of these unplayed strings he would come upon the most beautiful law of Nature connected with music, the law of synchronism. The strings below the finger-board resound when their tone, or any of its overtones, is given by the string above. Whatever, in the universe, vibrates, will be set in motion if its own rate of vibration or that of any of its overtones is in the air and comes in contact with it.

This matter of contact leads our investigating violinist back to his instrument for a few new acoustical discoveries. He sees now that the bridge leads the vibrations of the strings to the sounding-board, and that the sound-post, under the bridge, leads these vibrations to the back-board, so that his whole sound-box is in vibration when he plays on the string above.

He now begins to broaden out his research into harmonics. He knows that if he touches a string lightly at any equal part of its length he produces one of the overtones alone. Possibly he also knows that this is caused by his dividing the string into several shorter strings of one half, one third, one fourth, etc., of its length (Paganini could divide his strings, made very thin, into twelfths)

and that this number of tiny strings is giving the high tone, all sounding together, and in unison.

But by and by it dawns upon him that it is not only strings that can subdivide in this way, but any column of air, and now he is on the road to the mystery of almost all of the brass instruments. He finds that the column of air in a cornet, a trombone, a horn, divides just as his violin string divided, and that the player, by managing his breath and his lips can produce the overtones one by one; he discovers that a plain tube, as a tallyho coach-horn, for example, can produce, not only a single tone, but several overtones, by symmetrical division of the column of air. Finally, still pursuing this branch of the subject, he discovers that the cornetist, the trombone-player, the horn-player, the trumpeter, holds not one tube, but seven, in his hands, when he is performing, that these tubes are all of different lengths and are made so by the three keys which (singly and in combination) cause each tube to be longer than the other, and that each tube gives its own series of overtones.

By this time our musician ought to be convinced that the study of acoustics is not a mere theoretical but an intensely practical one for him and for all musicians. Many further lines of study and investigation lie before the enthusiast. The mysteries of architectural acoustics will lead him to many strange discoveries about successes and failures in concert-halls and opera-houses. The tremendous force which lies latent in synchronism, or sympathetic vibration, is a very fascinating topic to pursue. The great discoveries of analysis and synthesis of tones upon which we are verging, the wonderful results of different shapes of vibrations, will be only a few of the many points of interest beyond those that we have enumerated, and he will find both practicality and poetry in the musical fairy-tales of Nature as revealed in the study of acoustics.

THE IMPRESS OF PERSONALITY IN UNWRITTEN MUSIC

By PERCY GRAINGER

EXTREMES ATTRACT

IT seems to me a very hopeful sign that the present widespread interest in unwritten music (be it European or Afro-American folk-songs and dances or native music from any quarter of the globe) apparently does not emanate from any reaction against the latest iconoclastic developments of our written art-music, but that, on the contrary, it is mainly in the ranks of the most highly cultured musicians (men whose depth of heart and brain makes them equally capable of appreciating the glorious creations of the great classics and the no less thrilling achievements of the most extreme modernists of to-day) that we meet with the keenest interest in this "back to the land" movement. Among those who have recently devoted themselves most ardently to the labor of actually collecting so-called "primitive" music of various kinds or in whose creative work direct or indirect contact with it has proved the most fruitful we find the names of such advanced composers as Stravinsky, Debussy, Ravel, Albeniz, Granados, Cyril Scott, Vaughan Williams, Balfour Gardiner and Ferruccio Busoni, while the great Frederick Delius (to my mind perhaps *the* rarest and most precious musical genius of our age) owes the fact of his becoming a composer at all to the inspiration he received from hearing Negro workers sing on his father's plantation in Florida, which determined him to give up a commercial career in order to study music in Leipzig; a debt to unwritten music that he has fittingly repayed by basing three of his loveliest works on themes of "primitive" origin: "Appalachia," on a Negro-American tune, "Brigg Fair" on the English peasant song of that name from my collection, and his recent "On hearing the first cuckoo in spring" on the Norwegian "I Ola Dalom "(published in Grieg's Op. 66).

In an essay in "The North American Review" for February, 1913, full of insight and rare understanding, by that champion of Russian and other modern music, Mr. Kurt Schindler, on "Boris Godounoff; and the life of Moussorgsky," we read how incalculably much the inspired art of that composer owed to close contact with both the life and the music of Russian peasants.

Primitive Music is too Complex for Untrained Modern Ears

While so many of the greatest musical geniuses listen spellbound to the unconscious, effortless musical utterances of primitive man, the general educated public, on the other hand, though willing enough to applaud adaptations of folk-songs by popular composers, shows little or no appreciation of such art in its unembellished original state, when, indeed, it generally is far too complex (as regards rhythm, dynamics, and scales) to appeal to listeners whose ears have not been subjected to the ultra-refining influence of close association with the subtle developments of our latest Western art-music.

The case of Grieg is typical. For over thirty years his popularity has been almost universally accredited to "national" traits supposed to have been drawn by him from Norwegian folk-songs; but few indeed, at home or abroad, can have taken the trouble to study these elements in their native purity, or they would have discovered for themselves what has been left to Grieg's greatest and most sympathetic biographer, Mr. Henry T. Finck, to point out often and ably: how much more the Norwegian genius owed the unique originality of his music to the strength of his own purely personal inventiveness than to any particular external or "national" source whatever. They would also have been in a position to more fully realize the generosity with which Grieg threw the richness of his strong personality into the task of making the wonders of the peasant music accessible in such avowed "arrangements" as Op. 30, 66, and 72. In these volumes (still strangely little known) we find some of the most inspired examples of his harmonic daring; the more extreme methods of to-day being foreshadowed, again and again, some twenty years ago, with the prophetic quality of true genius.

Well Diluted Folk-music

As a rule folk-music finds its way to the hearts of the general public and of the less erudite musicians only after it has been "simplified" (generally in the process of notation by well-meaning collectors ignorant of those more ornate subtleties of our notation alone fitted for the task) out of all resemblance to its original self. Nor is this altogether surprising when we come to compare town populations with the country-side or "savage" folk to whom we go for the unwritten material.

Uncivilized Lives Abound in Music

With regard to music, our modern Western civilization produces, broadly speaking, two main types of educated men. On the one hand the professional musician or leisured amateur-enthusiast who spends the bulk of his waking hours making music, and on the other hand all those many millions of men and women whose lives are far too overworked and arduous, or too completely immersed in the ambitions and labyrinths of our material civilization, to be able to devote any reasonable proportion of their time to music or artistic expression of any kind at all. How different from either of these types is the bulk of uneducated and "uncivilized" humanity of every race and color, with whom natural musical expression may be said to be a universal, highly prized habit that seldom, if ever, degenerates into the drudgery of a mere means of livelihood.

Mental Leisure and Art

Mental leisure and ample opportunity for indulging in the natural instinct for untrammeled and uncriticised and untaught artistic self-expression; these are the conditions imperative for the production and continuance of all unwritten music. Now primitive modes of living, however terrible some of them may appear to some educated and refined people, are seldom so barren of "mental leisure" as the bulk of our civilized careers. The old ignorant, unambitious English yokel, for instance, had plenty of opportunities for giving way to his passion for singing. He sang at his work (plough-songs are very general) just as the women folk sang when "waulking" wool. I need hardly mention that "work-songs" of every description form a very considerable part of the music of primitive races the world over.

Life Encroaching Upon Art

Not only does the commercial slavery of our civilization hold out to the average man insufficient leisure for the normal growth of the habit of artistic expression (unless he shows talents *exceptional* enough to warrant his becoming a professional artist) but the many decorums of modern society deny to most of us any very generous opportunities for using even our various (unartistic) life-instincts to the full; "sich ausleben" as the Germans so well put it. It is therefore not surprising that with us art frequently becomes the vehicle of expression for accumulated forces, thoughts and desires,

which, under less civilized conditions, more often find their normal outlet in actions. This state of things no doubt in part accounts for the desire of the composers of programme-music to cram their scores with passages reflecting psychological conflicts or depicting Fate or windmills or critics (I am not cavilling at this, for I adore Strauss's Symphonic Poems) and also accounts for the everlasting presence of erotic problems (of which Bernard Shaw has written so deliciously in his Prelude to "Plays for Puritans") in most modern literature.

Art Encroaching Upon Life

In short, with us moderns life is apt to encroach upon art, whereas with uneducated or primitive folk the reverse seems more often to be the case. Their lives, their speech, their manners, even their clothes all show the indelible impress of a superabundance of artistic impulses and interests. A modern Scandinavian has said of the old Norsemen: "They were always ready to throw away their lives for a witty saying"; and much the same literary attitude towards every-day speech may be observed in the queer old illiterate cronies from whom we get the English peasant songs or sea chanties. They show little or no keenness about money or desire to "better" themselves, but they love to be "wags," and crowd every moment of the day with quaint and humorous sayings and antics. When finishing a song they will add: "No harm done," or some equally abstract remark. One of the best folk-singers I ever knew, who had had the varied career of ship's cook, brick-maker and coal merchant, won a prize ("a fine silver pencil") for dancing at the age of 54, performing to the playing of his brother, who was a "left-handed fiddler," i. e., bowed with his left hand, and fingered with his right. There is a ballad called 'Bold William Taylor' found all over Great Britain that tells how Sally Gray, abandoned by her faithless lover, William Taylor, dons "man's apparel" and follows him to the wars, where she is informed that "he's got married to an Irish lady," whereupon the two concluding verses run:

And then she called for a brace of pistols,
A brace of pistols at her command;
And there she shot bold William Taylor
With his bride at his right hand.

And then the Captain was well pleased,
Was well pleased what she had done;
And then he made her a great commander
Aboard of a ship, over all his men.

One of the best songsters I ever met, whose name happened to be Joseph Taylor (of Saxby-All-Saints, Lincolnshire) had picked up this ditty on a short absence from home when a young man. On his return he found his mother in bed and her new-born baby beside her. "What shall we call him?" he was asked, and being just then full of the newest addition to his repertoire of "ballets" (as they are called by the rural singers) he replied: "Christen him Bold William Taylor," and his advice was followed. I wonder how many babies of the educated classes have been named after a song?

H. G. Wells, the novelist, who was with me during a "folk-song hunt" in Gloucestershire, on noticing that I noted down not merely the music and dialect details of the songs, but also many characteristic scraps of banter that passed between the old agriculturalists around us, once said to me: "You are trying to do a more difficult thing than record folk-songs; you are trying to record life"; and I remember the whimsical, almost wistful, look which accompanied the remark.

But I felt then, as I feel now, that it was the superabundance of art in these men's lives, rather than any superabundance of life in their art, that made me so anxious to preserve their old saws and note their littlest habits; for I realized that the every-day events of their lives appealed to these dirty and magnificently ignorant rustics chiefly in so far as they offered them opportunities for displaying the abstract qualities of their inner natures (indeed, they showed comparatively small interest in the actual material results involved), and that their placid comments upon men and things so often preferred to adopt the unpassionate *formal* and *patterned* habits of "art" (so familiar to us in rural proverbs) rather than resemble the more passionate unordered behavior of inartistic "life."

Personal Ownership of Songs

I need hardly say that natural artists of this order sing or play without self-consciousness of any kind, and anything resembling "stage-fright" seems unknown to them. When such a one refuses to let himself be heard, it is, more often than not, because he regards his tunes as purely *personal property*, and does not wish to part with them to others any more than he would with his pipe or his hat. I recall the case of a rustic singer, who, in his anxiety to acquire a song from a fellow-folksinger of this sort, had to hide himself in a cupboard in order to learn it, as its owner would never

have consented to sing it if he had dreamt his performance were being listened to by a rival; and I have myself had to get under a bed in order to note down the singing of an old woman equally chary of passing on her accomplishments to any "Tom, Dick or Harry."

This feeling of personal ownership of songs is still more strongly shown by many primitive non-European races, notably by the North American Indians. That inspired and inspiring collector of their music and devoted champion of their cause, Miss Natalie Curtis, wrote in an article, "The Perpetuating of Indian Art," in the "Outlook" of November 22, 1913: "Some songs are owned by families, even by individuals, and so highly do the Indians hold them that a man in dying may bequeath his own personal song to another, even as we bestow tangible possessions." Striking individual instances of this attitude on the part of the Indians will be found in the same author's touching and impressive tribute to aboriginal American life and art, "The Indians' Book" (Harper & Bros., New York).

The Impress of Personality: Unwritten Music is not Standardized

The primitive musician unhesitatingly alters the traditional material he has inherited from thousands of unknown talents and geniuses before him to suit his own voice or instruments, or to make it conform to his purely personal taste for rhythm and general style. There is no written original to confront him with, no universally accepted standard to criticize him by. He is at once an executive and creative artist, for he not only remoulds old ditties, but also weaves together fresh combinations of more or less familiar phrases, which he calls "making new songs." His product is local and does not have to bear comparison with similar efforts imported from elsewhere.

I once let an old Lincolnshire man (a perfect artist in his way) hear in my phonograph a variant of one of the songs he had sung to me as sung by another equally splendid folk-singer, and asked him if he didn't think it fine. His answer was typical: "I don't know about it's being fine or not; I only know it's *wrong*." To each singer his own versions of songs are the only correct ones.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the extent to which such traditional singers embellish so-called "simple melodies" with a regular riot of individualistic excrescences and idiosyncrasies of every kind, each detail of which, in the case of the most gifted

songsters at any rate, is a precious manifestation of real artistic personality; so much so that a skilled notator will often have to repeat a phonographic record of such a performance some hundreds of times before he will have succeeded in extracting from it a representative picture on paper of its baffling, profuse characteristics.

What Seems Vocal to Folk-singers

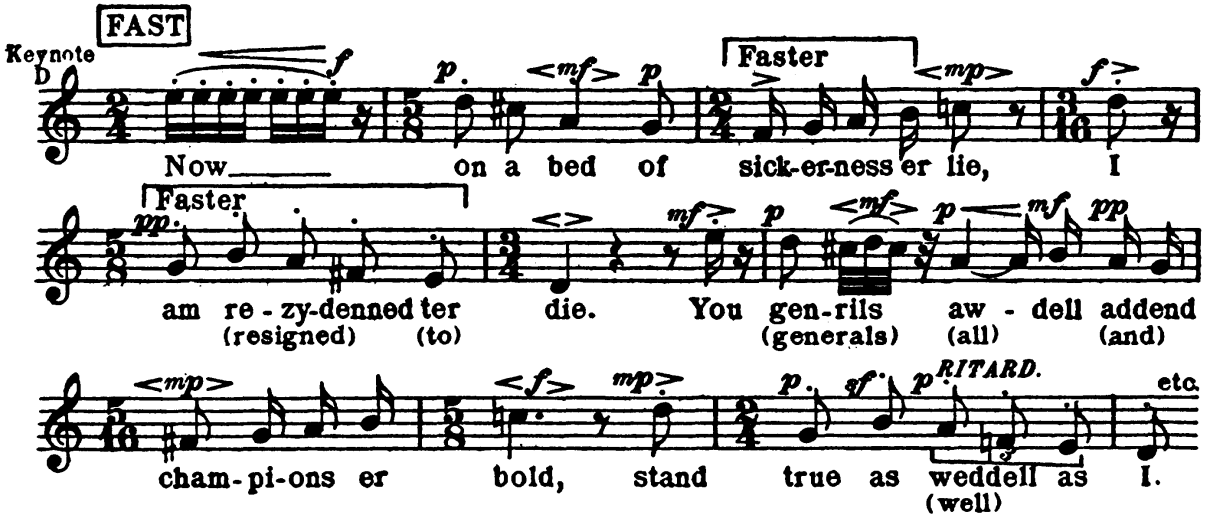
Many of these singers retain the ringing freshness of their voices until such advanced ages as seventy years and over, when they still enjoy a command of certain phases of vocal technique which even our greatest art-singers might try (as they certainly will not do) in vain to imitate, notably an enormous range of staccato and pianissimo effects. They seldom aim at attempting anything resembling a genuine legato style, but use their breath, more as do some birds and animals, in short stabs and gushes of quickly contrasted, twittering, pattering and coughing sounds which (to my ears, at least) are as beautiful as they are amusing. Somewhat similar non-legato tendencies may be noted in the fiddling of British and Scandinavian peasants, who are as fond of twiddles and quirks as are the old singers, and do not try to exchange the "up and down" physical nature of the bow for the attainment of a continuous tone.

The Complexity of Folk Music

Returning to the folk-singers: rhythmical irregularities of every kind are everywhere in evidence, and the folk-scales in which their so-called "modal" melodies move are not finally fixed as are our art-scales, but abound with quickly alternating major and minor thirds, sharp and flat sevenths, and (more rarely) major and minor sixths, and whereas the sixth of the scale occurs usually merely as a passing note all the other intervals are attacked freely, either jumpingly from one to the other, or as initial notes in phrases.

At least, this is my experience after an exhaustive examination of my collection of close on 400 phonograph records of such tunes. Some singers evinced a rooted objection to singing more notes than syllables, and to avoid this add "nonsense syllables" to and in between their words (according to a definite system that seems to obtain throughout Great Britain) rather than "slur" two or more notes, occasioning such sentences as: "For to cree-oose (cruise) id-den (in) the chad-der-niddel (channel) of old Eng-ger-land's (England's) fame." The following scrap from one of the

"Marlborough" songs is typical of the ornate style of many English traditional singers:



All Unwritten Music Exhibits Certain Common Traits

The whole art is in a constant state of flux; new details being continually added while old ones are abandoned. These general conditions prevail wherever unwritten music is found, and though I may never have heard Greenland or Red Indian music I feel pretty confident that as long as it is not too strongly influenced by the written music of our Western civilization it will evince on inspection much the same general symptoms as those displayed by the folk-music of British, Russian or Scandinavian peasants, or by natives of the South Seas, and we may always be sure that the singing of (let us say) an unsophisticated Lincolnshire agriculturalist of the old school will in essentials approximate more closely to that of Hottentots or other savages than it will to the art-music of an educated member of his own race living in a neighboring town.

Communal Polyphonic Improvisation

Even when natives have been exposed to the influence of European music long enough to have acquired from it the habit of singing in parts, sometimes the unmistakable characteristics of unwritten music will survive to a surprising extent and color all their harmonic habits. This has been brought home to me very forcibly by five phonograph records of the improvised part-singing of Polynesian natives from Rarotonga in the South Seas, which have come into my possession through the warm generosity of a very remarkable collector, Mr. A. J. Knocks, of Otaki, North Island, New Zealand.

Description of Rarotongan Part-singing

These choral songs, which were sung as thank-offerings by the Rarotongans in return for gifts they received from the Maoris of Otaki, are more full of the joy of life than any other music (art or native) it has yet been my good fortune to hear, though they also abound in touching and wistful elements. The polyphony displayed by the four to eight singers was prodigious, and as the whole thing went prestissimo (Polynesian languages lend themselves very readily to speed) it reminded me of nothing so much as of a seething, squirming musical ant-hill, bursting into furious song for sheer joy and high spirits. No doubt the habit of harmony here displayed had been caught long ago from missionary hymns (Rarotonga was "converted" before many of the other islands of the South Seas), yet the use made by these brilliant musicians of their foreign accomplishment was completely native in its application and was throughout governed by the individualistic dictates of Unwritten Music. Their procedure followed habits rather than laws.

Each part-song consisted of a succession of small sections, each lasting some fifteen to twenty seconds, and separated one from the other by a brief moment of silence.

A short solo began each section, consisting of a curving, descending phrase, starting off on the fourth, fifth or sixth of the diatonic major scale and ending on the tonic below. As soon as the first singer reached the keynote the other voices would chime in, one after the other or in a bunch, according to the free choice of each individual concerned, while the first singer kept up a stirring hammering and highly rhythmic patter (which in the phonograph closely resembles the twang of banjos or rattle of small drums, though actually no instruments at all were used) on the tonic until the end of the section.

These other voices also sang curving, descending diatonic phrases (never twice quite alike, but always bearing a sort of family likeness to those of the first singer), which were repeated by each singer several times before the end of the section, which was heralded by a growing lassitude in all the voices—often fading away in an indolent sort of "dying duck" wail—whereas each new section was attacked in the most vigorous manner.

The various melodic lines as well as the whole character of the performance showed great variety during the course of a longish chain of such sections, while the harmonic and polyphonic happenings were kaleidoscopic in their everchanging aspects.

It will be seen that a great range of personal choice was left to all the members of this Rarotongan choir, in each of whom a highly complex, delicate and critical sense for ensemble was imperative. Each of these natives had to be a kind of improvising communal composer, and to a far greater degree simultaneously creative and executive than is the case with peasant songsters in Great Britain or Scandinavia, though a somewhat similar gift for complex improvised part-singing is displayed in the wonderful Russian choral folk-music so admirably collected and noted by Madame Lineff.

The Lack of Harmonic Consciousness

Attractive as are the passionate warmth of vocal color, the savage exhilarating rattle of the rhythms, and the often almost wistful sweetness of the melodic phrases heard in this Rarotongan music, most fascinating of all to a modern composer are the Bach-like gems of everchanging, euphoniously discordant polyphonic harmony which throughout surprise, baffle and soothe the ear; patches of concords alternating with whole successions of discords—mainly seconds.

To us moderns the results of this free polyphony makes a seductive *complex harmonic appeal*, but I doubt very much if the Rarotongans themselves hear their own music in this way, and I am more inclined to believe that they attain their unique results precisely because their exceptionally developed individualistic polyphonic instincts are still free from the kind of harmonic consciousness which art-musicians have gradually built up through the centuries.

Quarter Tones and Inexact Unison

It is, of course, widely known that many races use quarter-tones and other divisions of the scale smaller than those hitherto in vogue in Europe, and Ferruccio Busoni's illuminating pamphlet "A New Esthetic of Music" contains some very clear-sighted suggestions for the use of third-tones and other close intervals—suggestions which I fondly hope the near future may see carried into practice.

My own experience with such small intervals has been in the "waiatas" and chants of the Maoris of New Zealand. Here all sorts of very close intervals are used in an indefinite, gliding sort of singing, which is very effective; but it is not my impression that these intervals are fixed as are those of our art-scales. When

several Maoris sing such chants together, great variations of intervals occur in the different voices, constituting a kind of "careless" or "inexact" unison also noticeable in Egyptian singing and pipe-playing and in much Eastern music, which has a charm all its own and might with great advantage be used in our art-music. In this sort of ensemble the musicians do not seem to make any attempt to attain an exact unison, and here also one is inclined to imagine that the ear of the native listener follows the path of each performer separately, and is not conscious of the discords that result from this "loose fit" in a harmonical or "horizontal" way, as we would be.

Musical "Treasure Islands" in the Pacific and the Richness of African Rhythms

The South Sea Islands must simply teem with complex improvised choral music, which, according to R. L. Stevenson, Pierre Loti, and many other sojourners in the "Gentle Isles," accompanies both their ceremonies and their most ordinary actions, and makes their every-day existence constantly melodious.

Africa appears to be the home of the richest developments of what may be termed "rhythmic polyphony," in which players upon every variety of drums and percussion instruments display in their treatment of intricately contrasted and independent rhythms a gift for communal improvisation comparable with that of Polynesian singers. Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, in his valuable and engrossing book on "Afro-American Folksongs," says of the war-dances of the Dahomans (pp. 64, 65):

> Berlioz in his supremest effort with his army of drummers produced nothing to compare in artistic interest with the harmonious drumming of these savages.

Mr. Krehbiel's description of their music is exciting to a degree, and should be consulted in its entirety.

The Electrifying "Clef Club of the City of New York"

A distant echo of the habits of unwritten music can be traced in the marvelous accomplishments of the colored instrumentalists and singers who make up the New York "Clef Club," an organization which could not fail to electrify Europe if presented

there, and to hear which it is more than worth one's while to travel across the Atlantic. The compositions they interpret are art-music, and reveal the strict harmonic habits of the written art, but the ease with which those members of the Club who cannot read musical notation learn and remember intricate band and choral parts by heart (often singing tenor and playing bass) and many individualistic and rhapsodical traits in their performances suggest the presence of instincts inherited from the days of communal improvisation. These qualities are nowhere more in evidence than in their exhilarating renderings of two fascinating choral numbers by that strangely gifted American composer, Will Marion Cook—"Rain-song" and "Exhortation"—in themselves works of real genius and originality that deserve a worldwide reputation.

Musicians who have been thrilled by the passionate but always artistically refined percussion playing of the "Clef Club" can the more easily picture to themselves the overwhelming effect of the Dahoman drumming described by Mr. Krehbiel.

The Possibilities of Massed Declamation

The war-dances of the Maoris of New Zealand strike a certain note of savage, elemental force and passion which, it seems to me, is foreign to most European music with the exception of certain heroic and violent outbursts in Beethoven. These "hakas," as they are called, consist solely of spoken declamations of highly rhythmic poems for solo and chorus, accompanied by handclapping, weird quiverings of the body and threatening gestures and grimaces.

It is hard to realize that such simple means as these can be responsible for an impression so *musically* pregnant and emotionally overwhelming as that produced by these graceful ex-cannibals.

Some of the Lessons of Unwritten Music

What life is to the writer, and nature to the painter, unwritten music is to many a composer: a kind of mirror of genuineness and naturalness. Through it alone can we come to know something of the incalculable variety of man's instincts for musical expression. From it alone can we glean some insight into what suggests itself as being "vocal" to natural singers whose technique has never been exposed to the influence of arbitrary "methods." In the reiterated physical actions of marching, rowing, reaping, dancing, cradle-rocking, etc., that called its work-songs, dance-music, ballads and

lullabies into life, we see before our very eyes the origin of the regular rhythms of our art-music and of poetic meters, and are also able to note how quickly these once so rigid rhythms give place to rich and wayward irregularities of every kind as soon as these bodily movements and gestures are abandoned and the music which originally existed but as an accompaniment to them continues independently as art for art's sake. In such examples as the Polynesian part-songs we can trace the early promptings of polyphony and the habits of concerted improvisation to their very source, and, since all composing is little else than "frozen inspiration," surely this latter experience is of supreme importance; the more so, if there again should dawn an age in which the bulk of civilized men and women will come to again possess sufficient mental leisure in their lives to enable them to devote themselves to artistic pleasures on so large a scale as do the members of uncivilized communities.

Then the spectacle of one composer producing music for thousands of musical drones (totally uncreative themselves, and hence comparatively out of touch with the whole phenomenon of artistic creation) will no longer seem normal or desirable, and then the present gulf between the mentality of composers and performers will be bridged.

The Tyranny of the Composer

The fact that art-music has been written down instead of improvised has divided musical creators and executants into two quite separate classes; the former autocratic and the latter comparatively slavish. It has grown to be an important part of the office of the modern composer to leave as few loopholes as possible in his works for the idiosyncrasies of the performer. The considerable increase of exactness in our modes of notation and tempo and expression marks has all been directed toward this end, and though the state of things obtaining among trained musicians for several centuries has been productive of isolated geniuses of an exceptional greatness unthinkable under primitive conditions, it seems to me that it has done so at the expense of the artistry of millions of performers, and to the destruction of natural sympathy and understanding between them and the creative giants.

The Price of Harmony

Perhaps it would not be amiss to examine the possible reason for the ancient tendency of cultured musicians gradually to discontinue

improvisation, and seek some explanation for the lack of variety with regard to scales, rhythms and dynamics displayed by our Western art-music when compared with the resources of more primitive men in these directions. I believe the birth of harmony in Europe to have been accountable for much; and truly, the acquisition of this most transcendental and soul-reaching of all our means of musical expression has been worth *any* and *every* sacrifice. We know how few combinations of intervals sounded euphonious to the pioneers of harmonic consciousness, and can imagine what concentration they must have brought to bear upon accuracies of notation and reliability of matters of pitch in ensemble; possibly to the exclusion of any very vital interest in individualistic traits in performance or in the more subtle possibilities of dynamics, color and irregular rhythms.

The Possibilities of "Pure Line"

With the gradual growth of the all-engrossing chord-sense the power of deep emotional expression through the medium of an unaccompanied single melodic line would likewise tend to atrophy; which perhaps explains why many of those conversant with the strictly solo performances of some branches of unwritten music miss in the melodic invention of the greatest classical geniuses—passionately as they may adore their masterliness in other directions—the presence of a certain satisfying completeness (from the standpoint of pure line) that may often be noticed in the humblest folk-song.

It always seems to me strange that modern composers, with the example of Bach's Chaconne and Violin and 'Cello Sonatas as well as of much primitive music before them, do not more often feel tempted to express themselves extensively in single line or unison without harmonic accompaniment of any kind. I have found this a particularly delightful and inspiring medium to work in, and very refreshing after much preoccupation with richly polyphonic styles. Now that we have grown so skilful in our treatment of harmony that this side of our art often tends to outweigh all our other creative accomplishments, some of us feel the need of replenishing our somewhat impoverished resources of melody, rhythm and color, and accordingly turn, and seldom in vain, for inspiration and guidance to those untutored branches of our art that have never ceased to place their chief reliance in these elements. I have already referred to the possibilities of "inexact

unison" evinced by Maori and Egyptian music. Similar rich and varied lessons might be learned from Red Indian, East Indian, Javanese, Burmese, and many other Far Eastern musics.

Our Sprouting Powers of Appreciation

Being, moreover, the fortunate heirs to the results of those centuries of harmonic experiment in which ever more and more discordant combinations of intervals came to be regarded as concordant, we are now at last in a position from which we can approach such music as the Rarotongan part-songs and similar music of a highly complex discordant nature with that broad-minded toleration and enthusiastic appreciation which our painters and writers brought to bear on the arts of non-Europeans so many generations before our musicians could boast of an equally humble, cultured and detached attitude.

The Modern Tendency to Take "Hints"

Out in nature, however, men have long known how to enjoy discordant combinations. A telegraph wire humming B flat, a bird piping a flat B natural and factory whistles chiming in with notes resembling D and F sharp; the mournful appeal of such accidental ensembles has frequently awakened emotional response. But a musician in 1890 would have been inclined to enjoy such sounds as merely part of "nature" and with no bearing upon his "art," whereas we to-day are more apt to find compositional hints in such occurrences; not, I most sincerely hope, because we have any desire to "copy nature," or because we could willingly contemplate exchanging, for however brief a moment, the precise choice and formal arrangement of artistic procedure for the choicelessness of "life," but simply because a greater number of discordant harmonic combinations happen to charm our ears to-day than they did in 1890.

Probably Beethoven was one of the first of the "moderns" to find such suggestions in every-day sounds. The trumpet behind the stage in the third "Leonora" seems an instance of this, while the premature entry of the horn in the first movement of the "Eroica" and the belated notes of the bassoon in the Scherzo of the "Pastoral" show his generous readiness to perpetuate in his scores hints derived from the mistakes of the rehearsal room and the happy-go-lucky ensemble of tavern "Musikanten."

excerpt from "Random Round" by Percy Grainger

8va

Glockenspiel

Resonaphone

Mandolines

Violin

Cello

Bell

cresc

Voices

Tenor

Mandola

Guitars

mf

Piano

8vo basso

Harmonic Emancipations

Nowadays we not only hear whole sequences of what would formerly have been considered impossibly harsh discords with rare delight, especially when they are as poetically treated and as delicately scored as they are in Schönberg's "Five orchestral pieces," but we are able to listen to two pianists simultaneously improvising passages of chords in different keys on two pianos, each quite independently of the other and to enjoy the crossing paths of these chord-groups in much the same way as we appreciate the intertwining of single parts in older music. Here is an instance of such freely moving chord-groups: (*See facsimile.*)

Two entrancing examples of this pleasure in "double-chording" may be studied in Ravel's "Le Gibet" (in which passages in A major and modulations bristling with G sharps, A naturals, B naturals and C naturals pass over and under and through a continuous bell-like organ-point on B flat [A sharp] in the middle of the keyboard which is heard chiming from the beginning to the end of this pianistic gem) and in that famous passage in Strausss' "Rosenkavalier" which accompanies the entry of the silver rose and occurs again at the close of the final duet, in which strings and voices sustain the tonic and major third while a slow cascade of foreign and remote chords of every degree of concordance and discordance are given out by flutes, harp and celesta; constituting, to my mind, a stroke of the highest genius and accounting for one of the tenderest and most touching effects ever conceived.

The "Wrong Note Craze" Succeeds the "Right note Craze"

Modern geniuses and primitive music unite in teaching us the charm of "wrong notes that sound right." Indeed, Frederick Delius has aptly referred to the wave of discord that is at present sweeping over the world of civilized music as "the wrong note craze." The innovations of such pioneers as Debussy, Ravel, Strauss, Schönberg, Stravinsky, Cyril Scott and Ornstein open up the possibility of modern musicians being capable of combining the communal improvisation of South Sea Islanders with the harmonic consciousness of our written art-music.

An Experiment in Concerted Partial Improvisation

Realizing this, I set out, some three years ago, to embody some of the experience I had gleaned from familiarity with the

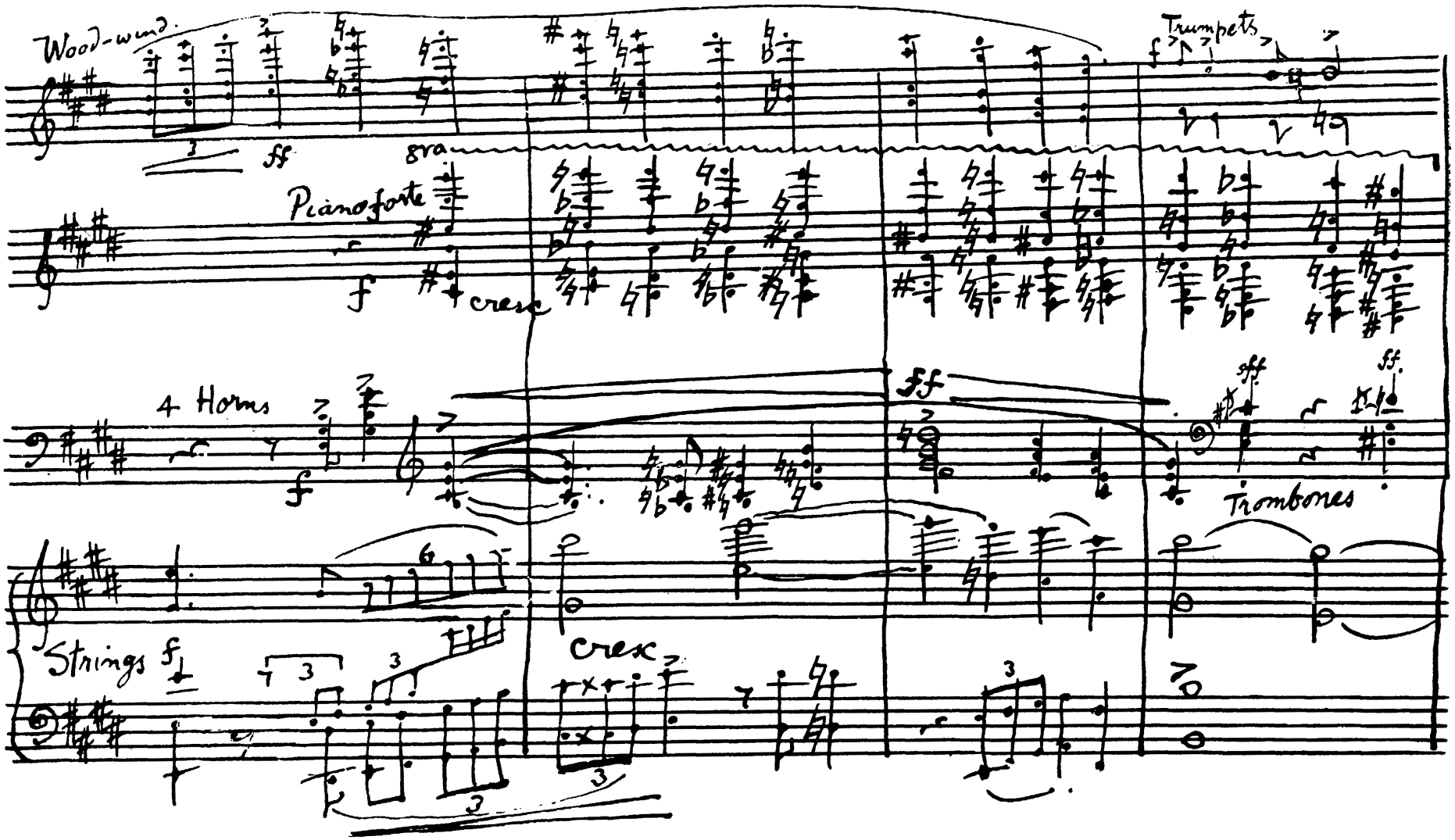
primitive polyphony of the Rarotongan part-songs in a composition entitled "Random Round," which was planned for a few voices, guitars and mandolins, to which could be added (if available) mandola, piano, xylophone, celesta, glockenspiel, resonaphone or marimbaphone, strings and wind instruments. It consisted of sections (A, B, C, etc.), each of which was again divided into as many as 10 to 20 variants (A1, A2, etc.), some quiet, some noisy, some simple, some complex; each bar of each variant being composed in such a manner that it would form some sort of a harmonic whole when performed together with any bar of any or all of the other variants of the same section.

The guitars formed the background for all the rest, and as soon as they got going with section A any or all of the other players and singers could fall in, when and how they pleased, with any of their variants of section A, provided their beats corresponded to those of the guitars. For instance, one voice might be heard singing the second measure of its A3 while another voice was engaged on the seventh measure of its A9. Before section B was to begin, a Javanese gong would be beaten, whereupon the same sort of canonical intermingling of the different variants of B would be undertaken that had just occured with the A variants; and so on with C, D, etc., to the end.

It will be seen that a fairly large range of personal choice was allowed to every one taking part, and that the effectiveness of the whole thing would depend primarily on the natural sense for contrasts of form, color and dynamics displayed by the various performers, and their judgment in entering and leaving the general ensemble at suitable moments.

Thus one player, by intruding carelessly and noisily at a moment when all the rest were playing softly, would wreck that particular effect, though, on the other hand, such an act, if undertaken intentionally in order to provide dynamic variety, might be very welcome. Last summer in London some fifteen of us experimented with this "Random Round," and the results obtained were very instructive to me personally. Several of those taking part quickly developed the power of merging themselves into the artistic whole, and whereas at the outset the monotonous babel produced somewhat "resembled a day at the Dog's Home, Battersea" (as a leading critic once described Albeniz' marvelous and touching piano piece "Jerez" when I first introduced it to London audiences some years ago), after a little practice together the whole thing took on form, color and clarity, and sounded harmonious enough, though a frequent swash of passing discords was

Excerpt from a March for Piano and Orchestra by Percy Grainger



noticeable also. I look forward to some day presenting to English and American audiences a performance of this blend of modern harmonic tendencies with experiences drawn from the improvised polyphony of primitive music, although, of course, my piece represents only the veriest beginnings of what may ultimately be evolved in the realms of concerted improvisation.

In the meantime I cannot refrain from giving a tiny example of the sort of combinations that resulted from the individualistic use on the part of the various performers of the somewhat elastic material I had provided them with, remarking, however, that the effect of the actual performance was far warmer and less harsh than it appears on paper, largely owing to the transparent quality of the plucked sounds of the guitars, mandolins and mandolas, and the illusive and "non-adhesive" tone of the brighter percussion instruments. (*See facsimile.*)

Primitive Music is a Closed Book to Most Musicians

When we consider how meagre the generally available records of unwritten music are, it is surprising that it should have already exerted so noticeable an influence upon contemporaneous composers.

Experience of primitive music is not in any way thrust upon the budding musician. When I was a boy in Frankfort my teacher wanted me to enter for (I think it was) the Mendelssohn Prize for piano playing, and I remember asking him: "If I should win, would they let me study Chinese music in China with the money?" And his reply: "No, they don't give prizes to idiots." No doubt many a young musician is feeling to-day what I felt then —a longing to escape from the inefficiencies of theoretic teaching and to know something about the myriad musics of the various races, and to be able to track some of the creative impulses to their sources. But he will not find much exhaustive material accessible. For instance, though it may be already widely appreciated how much such delicious pieces as Debussy's "Pagodes" and "Reflets dans l'eau" (and indeed, the whole modern French school) owe to some acquaintance with Javanese music yet we still have to journey to the Dutch Indies if we wish to hear the "gamalan."

Let all the World Hear all the World's Music

But I believe the time will soon be ripe for the formation of a world-wide International Musical Society for the purpose of making

all the world's music known to all the world by means of imported performances, phonograph and gramophone records and adequate notations. Quite small but representative troupes of peasant and native musicians, dancers, etc., could be set in motion on "world tours" to perform in the subscription concerts of such a society in the art-centres of all lands. One program might consist of Norwegian fiddling, pipe-playing, cattle-calls, peasant dances and ballad singing, another of various types of African drumming, marimba and zanze playing, choral songs and war dances, and yet another evening filled out with the teeming varieties of modes of singing and playing upon plucked string instruments indigenous to British India; and so on, until music-lovers everywhere could form some accurate conception of the as yet but dimly guessed multitudinous beauties of the world's contemporaneous total output of music.

Our Debt to the Past and Our Duty to the Future

Quite apart from the pleasure and veneration such exotic arts inspire purely for their own sake, those of us who are genuinely convinced that many of the greatest modern composers (by no means all, however—not Schönberg or Strauss or Fauré, for instance) owe much to their contact with one kind or other of unwritten music, must, if we wish to behave with any generosity toward the future, face the fact that coming generations will not enjoy a first-hand experience of primitive music such as those amongst us can still obtain who are gifted with means, leisure, or fighting enthusiasm. Let us therefore not neglect to provide composers and students to come with the best *second-hand* material we can. Fortunes might be spent, and well spent, in having good gramophone and phonograph records taken of music from everywhere, and in having the contents of these records noted down by brilliant yet painstaking musicians; men capable of responding to unexpected novelties and eager to seize upon and preserve *in their full strangeness and otherness* just those elements that have least in common with our own music. We see on all hands the victorious on-march of our ruthless Western civilization (so destructively intolerant in its colonial phase) and the distressing spectacle of the gentle but complex native arts wilting before its irresistible simplicity.

Everywhere men and women whose forebears were untaught individualistic musicians are inevitably finding their own expression

(or not finding any at all) along the more precise and sometimes narrow paths of the written art. Soon, or comparatively soon, folk-music on Southern plantations, or in Scandinavia, Great Britain, Russia and Spain will be as dead as it already is in Holland and Germany, and many native races will have exchanged their song-lit "savage" modes of living for the (musically speaking) comparatively silent early stages of "commercial prosperity" or commercial want. Against that day—which, however, we may confidently expect to find compensatingly more gloriously rich in art-music than any previous age—let us make noble efforts to preserve, for the affectionate gaze of future eclectics, above all adequate printed records of what now still remains of a phase of music which, in the nature of things, can never be reborn again, and which comes down to us so fragrant with the sweet impress of the personality of many millions of unknown departed artists, men and women.

OPERA AS A "SPECTACLE FOR THE EYE"

By FAUSTO TORREFRANCA

HISTORIANS of music, when speaking of an opera-libretto of the seventeenth century, generally have in mind that scenic complex of dramatic absurdities and sentimental banalities which, after straying from the path of the refined and Hellenistic libretto followed by Rinuccini or Salvatori, and after losing itself later in the labyrinth of a revival of historic deeds and personages, was beginning—toward the end of the century—to be reformed by Apostolo Zeno. This is the pith of all that we know concerning this artistic product. And it is not enough; because, in my opinion, the libretto ought to form the foundation of the history of opera—more especially, as I shall show, in the seventeenth century. However, such is, naturally, not yet the case; for historians approaching this subject find themselves confronted by one of the most difficult problems which the history of Italian literature can present. And being, for the most part, not Italians, and having (except in rare instances) no thorough knowledge of our country's language and literature, they have subconsciously decided the question in the manner which struck them as most obvious and easy. However conscientious and serene it may be, there is no mind which, when confronted by problems of too great complexity and demanding immediate solution, is not prompted to do them violence, quite unconsciously, in order to simplify them and subject them to a clear and comprehensive systematization.

Thus it has been observed, and not without acumen, that the seventeenth-century libretto *in toto* might be reduced to an elementary formula which we shall simplify still further: The personage A loves the personage B, who, in turn, loves C; continuing similarly till the final X is reached, who, naturally, loves the initial A. The complications which may result do not alter in the least the fundamental banality and absurdity of this scheme; nor does the latter prevent the final solution from being the best possible in the best of possible worlds—the so-called "happy ending." This observation is exact; but it can only serve to prove that the libretto of the seventeenth century affords but meagre

human interest, or, to put it more plainly, psychological interest. And this, after all, very naturally; for these librettists were neither romantics nor the sons of romantics. But that does not preclude their work from furnishing an interest of another sort and of a highly esthetic nature.

Let us turn to another observation which has been made, and frequently repeated, about the seventeenth-century libretto. It has been said that, in the hands of the Venetians, in theatres nearly all of which were built by the great dogal families and by them thrown open to the public (such as the [Teatro] Grimano of S. Giovanni Grisostomo, the Vendramino of S. Salvatore, the theatre of the family of Tron di S. Cassiano, the Giustiniano di S. Moisè, and others), the *favola per musica*, with its mythological and therefore aristocratic plot, became the "opera," with its historical and therefore popular plot.

But this observation has a wholly secondary and collateral value. In point of fact, I shall show that this predilection for historical plots derived simply from the circumstance that they brought into prominence the most vital element of seventeenth-century opera, namely, the picturesque and mechanical (or, in one word, plastic) element which was manifested in the luxury of scenic decorations, in the richness and variety of the settings, in the extravagance of flying mechanisms, etc. Hence those are mistaken who believe that the transition from the myth to history denotes a tendency, in the libretto, toward a more psychological and realistical content. To convince one's self of the contrary, one has only to read any such work of the period between 1550 and 1590. On the other hand, the historians have not perceived that the abandonment of mythological plots in favor of historical ones, although it is an indication of the predominant importance of the scenic element in the opera, likewise includes a genuine and characteristic reaction against the tenuous, academic Hellenism of the Florentines, and (as will be proved) constitutes a kind of miniature *Sturm und Drang* of the *opera in musica* in opposition to the famous Aristotelian law of the unities in time, place, and action; etc. Such a *Sturm und Drang*, let it be understood, as the seventeenth century could afford; one which in itself was, at bottom, as academic and literary as the Hellenism that it opposed, but which, all the same, rested upon an absolutely Italian base of culture—a plastic culture. The opera of the seventeenth century is not, in fact, classic in the sense affirmed by Dent, who is, by the way, the sole author who has perceived, after a fashion, the importance (but not the predominance) of the scenic element in opera,

at least with regard to the period of Scarlatti. It is, on the contrary, anti-classic; that is, a reaction against the antiquarian classicism of the Florentines.

Finally, it has also been observed that the characters in the libretto with an historical base are totally unhistorical in their language, their customs and their actions—in everything, except their names. Not even their garb was historical; in this matter the costumers of the time permitted themselves the most absurd liberties. All this, too, has been exaggerated in the condemnation proceeding from the modern (and, because modern, wrong) point of view concerning historical revivals; and it has not been noticed that the majority of the libretti take care to distinguish the historical portion from the fantastic in the "Arguments" prefixed to the poetic texts—a sign that the poets knew what they were doing. But it was, in reality, hardly worth while to make note of such an obvious fact, for it is perfectly natural; there being no reason whatever why these characters should be different from the mythological personages of whom we have already spoken. Both are children of the same period; and that period had neither the eyes, nor the feelings, nor the nerves, to appreciate what we term the "psychology" of the dramatic person.

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Thus the seventeenth-century libretto presents a very slight psychological and dramatic interest. And the historians, who as yet have neither thought out nor divined what is the real foundation of the *opera in musica* (namely, scenography), and what served to render it popular, have all been led to wreak themselves on the music for the delusion suffered on reading certain libretti of that period.[1] And because the *opera in musica* arose (or, at least, is said to have arisen) with and from a musical innovation—the so-called invention of the song for one voice (monody) in contradistinction to song for several voices (the madrigal)—they said: Here we have the truly human element in the seventeenth-century opera—the music; monody. But this is an illusion produced by their romantic culture, more or less impregnated with Wagnerian prejudices. That same Monteverdi whom they exalt so high (and as might be expected, as a seventeenth-century Wagner!) was, to my thinking, far greater as a writer of madrigals and

[1] I say certain, rather than many, because the history of the libretto is still to be written, and the historians of music are acquainted with it only at second hand—either through historians of literature (Belloni, Solerti, etc.), or through a few *résumés* furnished by Ambros (Vol. IV).

canzonette (these latter often monodic) than as an opera-composer.

I shall be confronted with the unique "Lament of Arianna"; but this is, after all, such an isolated and exceptional case[1] that G. B. Doni himself considered it "the very principal part (of 'Arianna'), and perhaps the loveliest composition of our time in this style," whereas he thought the other operas of the period "of lesser worth." But this very lament is a further proof of the fact that the monody of the seventeenth century inclined toward a realization of abstract sentiments, rather than feelings ascribed to some dramatic personality, expressing them by musical exclamations and by cadences imitating those of emotional speech. In this its strength and its universal character are rooted; but herein also lies its dramatic weakness, characteristically Italian. The lament of Arianna, which did not fail to be sung in every house where there was a cembalo or a theorbo,[2] is inapproachable in style as a lament, and remained an unsurpassed model for its epoch. But, if we would consider it as an expression of Arianna's grief when abandoned by Teseo (that is, from an individualistic, romantic, modern point of view), it suddenly seems decidedly weak. Its sentimental and realistic value is great, but its dramatic value is very slight. For the words most strongly accentuated by the music are those in the outcry "Lasciatemi morire!" (which is wholly instinctive), and not those others which ought to have brought out musically what we call to-day the "psychological situation."

In conclusion, while deferring to a more fitting opportunity the complete historic and esthetic demonstration, I do not hesitate to affirm that the musical content of the melodrama, if thus examined by and for itself, does not possess the value which writers have liked to attribute to it. And this was, for the rest, a reflected value, not an immediate one, and hence better appreciated by the intellectuals of the period than by the general public—at least until Cavalli began to compose music evidently inspired by models (dances, more especially) which the various species of *canzoni* for solo voice, and of music for the lute, had made common property. Let us not deceive ourselves; seventeenth-century opera-music had much the same importance as the music which to-day accompanies the devolution of kinematographic films. That is to say, it was meant to be suggestive rather than dramatic, entertaining rather than emotional; and, above all, it had to be easily and instantly comprehensible. And the people had a craving for

[1] See G. B. Doni's "Trattato della Musica Scenica," Cap. IX; in Solerti, "Origini del Melodramma," p. 139.

[2] See S. Bonini, "Discorsi e Regole sopra la Musica," in Solerti, *op. cit.*, p. 139.

easy and instinctive music, precisely because they themselves no longer succeeded in creating such. Indeed, I believe the fact has not received due notice that, whereas in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries we know that the musical life of the people was most vigorous, and while, in the sixteenth century, we find a whole literature of popular origin (that of the *villanelle*), in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the musical originality of the people diminished. And exactly during this period the opera provided them with a substitute for that which they could no longer create; and the operatic forms speedily became models whence popular song drew its inspiration, as in the *villote* (folk-songs in several parts), and the *canzonette di battello* (boat-songs). This came to pass when monodic song completed its transformation into *musica ariosa*, or the *aria:* terms which had, for the contemporary mind, no further signification than *canzonetta a ballo* (dance-song).[1]

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But monody possessed a far higher importance from the standpoint of scenic technics. And it is this peculiar importance —which the historians have not yet thought to set in proper relief—that we conceive to be fundamental: as having made the musical drama possible. Meanwhile, this song for solo voice permitted a character to be self-sustaining, even musically, and not to require the support of other voices, nor to be obliged, like the characters in Vecchi's 'Anfiparnaso,' to abstain from appearing on the stage. This last predicament would for ever have barred the way to the spread of the *opera in musica*, because (as cannot be too often repeated) the Italian people of that period had not yet arrived at the status of a nation of musical persons, of *auditors*, but formed a population educated esthetically by the plastic arts rather than by music, a nation of *visualists*.

However, monody—or, preferably, all the styles of music included in this form, so opportune for the scenic realization of the actor-singer—had a further high value from the viewpoint of the scenic movement. And the theatre-folk immediately became aware of this value. In fact, the "social" career of the *favola per musica* had hardly begun with the opening, to the paying public, of the first Venetian theatre of S. Cassiano (1637), when the librettist of Sacrati's 'L'Ulisse Errante,' the Venetian patrician

[1] See Giulio Caccini, Preface to "Le Nuove Musiche," in Solerti, *op. cit.*, and also compare two passages on pp. 58 and 65.

Giacomo Badoaro, did not hesitate to assert, when writing a generic criticism (already by this time a criticism!) of the Opera, that "to allow more time for the Changes of Scene we have introduced Music in which we cannot escape an inverisimilitude" (page 12). And he adds, that another inverisimilitude in opera was the singing of two or three persons together. Fifty years before Saint-Evremond, the critique of the opera, and more particularly of song for solo voice and for several voices together, had been written from the realistic viewpoint of "verisimilitude!" So it is quite natural that Badoaro, convinced of the supreme importance of the scenic decorations over all else, should mention (on page 17) the scenographer of his 'Ulisse Errante,' and speak of him in this wise: "We have for our manager of machines and of scenes our most ingenious Torelli, who, by his incomparable services in years past, has won universal gratitude and popularity." Just before him, to be sure, he mentions the musician Sacrati (whom we know to have been one of the best of his time, although all his music has been lost); but he does so in terms which, however courteous, are far below the superlatives chosen for Torelli: "We enjoy in his stead [that is, instead of Claudio Monteverdi, who had died some time previous] the glorious efforts of Signor Francesco Sacrati; and of a truth it was needful that, to behold the splendors of this Moon, that Sun [Monteverdi] should first have set."

Let us take note, too, that these first years of the public theatre at Venice were certainly one of the most splendid periods of seventeenth-century stage-setting. However, as Badoaro points out, Torelli had already been engaged in Venice for several years; we know, in fact, that he had mounted 'La Finta Pazza' in 1641, 'Bellerofonte' in 1642, and 'La Venere Gelosa' in 1643. The scenes of 'La Finta Pazza' may still be viewed among the engravings in the Cabinet of Prints in the National Gallery at Paris and the Galleria Corsini at Rome; those of 'Bellerofonte' were inserted in the libretto, as was then the custom, and are preserved in Paris (Res. Yd. 55) in a copy which perhaps is unique; and some in the 'Venere Gelosa,' reprinted in Paris, are also to be found in the Cabinet of Prints at Paris (Tbb. 1), and are often offered for sale both in ink and in colors, adorned with titles and stage-directions. Some of these appear to be identical with those of 'La Finta Pazza,' in all but a few unimportant details. It is entirely possible that the expense of the scenic preparations prompted the directors of the *Novissimo* to adapt at least some scenes in 'La Finta Pazza' for 'La Venere Gelosa.' This very thing was done at Paris when the stage-settings of 'Orfeo,' by Luigi Rossi, which had been devised

by the aforesaid Torelli, were adapted for Corneille's 'Andromède.' In fact, the scenes in 'La Finta Pazza' had gained such celebrity that Cardinal Mazzarini was moved to call Torelli to Paris and entrust to him the mounting of Rossi's 'Orfeo' and Caproli's 'Nozze di Teti e di Peleo.' Concerning Torelli's sojourn in Paris, Prunières[1] furnishes many interesting documents; which relieves me of the necessity to speak of it more at length.

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We may find confirmation of the importance of scenography and the scenographer in the fact that, from the very beginnings of public stage-plays in Venice, we note three scenographers who are explicitly mentioned in the libretti. Among the best of the many celebrities which the century could boast were two: Giovanni Burnacini, the father of Ludovico, the scenographer of 'Il Pomo d'Oro' (Vienna, 1666), and Torelli; while the third was a certain Gasparo Beccari, the scenographer of 'La Ninfa Avara' and 'L'Amore Innamorato' (theatre of S. Moisè). But above all others, the spectacles produced in the theatre of SS. Giovanni e Paolo were long cherished in the memory of the Venetians, since De Boni, Ivanovich, *et al.*, kept them in remembrance. Ivanovich, the author of the earliest "Memorie teatrali di Venezia" now extant,[2] though he barely mentions the other theatres, discourses thus eloquently touching the theatre of SS. Giovanni e Paolo:

> In this theatre are produced, during the Carnival, musical works with marvellous changes of scene, majestic pageants, the finest machinery, and miraculous flights, while one may generally view the splendors of the Heavens, Deities, Seas, Kingdoms, Palaces, Groves, Forests, and other beauteous and delightful displays. The Music is always exquisite, selection being made from the best voices of the City, and bringing others from Rome, Germany, and other places, especially women, who with their beauty of face, the richness of their costumes, the charm of their singing, and the action proper to the personages whom they represent, cause amazement and admiration. The effects are similar in the theatres of S. Salvatore and S. Cassiano.

And on page 388, comparing the theatres of Venice with those of ancient Rome, Ivanovich proves that he, like all his contemporaries, perfectly understands wherein the difference existing between these two epochs actually lies: that is to say, not at all

[1] H. Prunières, "L'Opéra en France avant Lully." Paris, 1914.
[2] See Minerva al Tavolino, at end of book.

in the effect of the *nuove musiche*, but most decidedly in the mode of employing the scenographic art. He remarks, in fact:

> So to-day theatrical performances with music have been introduced as a solace for the spirit, and as a most artistic recreation wherein are displayed Machines of great ingenuity, suggested by the Drama, forming a grand attraction amid the Pomp of the Scenes, and costumes, which gratify in full the universal curiosity. Thus there have been seen, on the stage, real Elephants, live Camels, Chariots drawn majestically by Wild Beasts and by Horses, Horses likewise in the Air, Horses which dance, the most superb Machines, displayed in the air, on the ground, on the sea with extravagant contrivances, and with admirable inventions to bring down from the Air Royal Halls, with all the Personages, and Musicians, as illuminated by nighttime, and to make them reascend in most astounding fashion, and a thousand other things, which being printed in the Dramas, it is superfluous to describe them with particularity, all persons being able to inform themselves fully by reading the same, which will serve as a pleasing and at the same time profitable diversion for *Geni virtuosi* [or, as we should say to-day, the intellectuals].

These quotations from Ivanovich will show that it was thus early recognized that the perusal of the libretti evoked visions of scenico-plastic display (or, of plastic virtuosity) rather than poetic images;—a fact which adds weight to my thesis, and all the more because no mention whatsoever is made of the importance of the music—which we, wrongly, suppose to have been great. Ivanovich, it should be noted, was no non-professional in the life of the theatre, being the author of sundry libretti, some of which he himself names: 'L'Amor Guerriero,' 'La Circe,' 'Il Coriolano,' 'La Costanza Trionfante'; consequently, his observations have a very material historic and psychological value.

We shall not dwell on the importance ascribed by him to the scenographic element; that stands out clearly from the context. But notice the importance of the phrase "the Music is always exquisite, selection being made from the best voices." The exquisiteness of the music—and, in the language of the period, *isquisitezza* has nearly the same meaning as *grazia* for the Florentines of the earliest melodramas,[1] that is to say, ingratiating force and inspiration at one and the same time—this exquisiteness is a characteristic emanating from the voices, or depending on the interpreters. The composers of the music are not even named. Nor is this all; beauty of face and richness of the costumes present themselves to the writer's mind in precedence to the "charm of the singing" and the acting; such was the importance then

[1] See the adaptations of Peri by Caccini, the essay by Della Valle, and the other documents published in Solerti, *op. cit.*, *passim*.

attached to everything decorative, conspicuous, sensuous. Theatre-goers went to see beautiful scenes and beautiful women, and to hear beautiful voices. The libretto was the peg on which to hang "scenes" and "changes of scene"; whereas the music served to bring out beautiful voices. And, while discussing this point, it should be observed that there was not one famous and popular opera of the seventeenth century which, during its peregrinations, did not suffer modifications in the libretto and the music (more frequently in the latter than the former), either, as the phrase went, "to adapt it to the present taste," or to "satisfy the taste of messieurs the musicians." And this "taste" signifies nothing but caprice, pretext, pose, fashion. 'Dori,' 'Giasone,' 'Alessandro vincitor di sè stesso,' etc., etc., all shared this fate, as may be traced in the successive editions of the libretti. But we can rest assured that these cases represent only a very small part of those which actually occurred, and which, so to say, escaped publication.

The audiences, then, were so little exacting in musical matters (even in the case of well-known and oft-repeated operas), that they were not in the least disturbed by the alterations inflicted on the musical text by the hands of (not infrequently) second-rate composers. On the contrary, we can boldly assert that they took pleasure in them. It were useless to be scandalized by this, and wrong to make the deduction that the level of musical culture was then very low. Unquestionably, it was not so high as in the sixteenth century. Still, one ought to call it different, rather than lower. The musical culture of the sixteenth century was an aristocratic culture; the dilettanti of that period, both men and women, were accomplished musicians; they could read a madrigal at sight, accompany a solo voice on the lute with a sight-arrangement of the other parts for the instrument, or execute extemporized *diminuzioni* and variations. But it must be remarked that they were, for the most part, gentlemen and gentlewomen of the courts.[1] The common people had their own popular songs—those popular songs whereof we see a clear reflection in the *frottole*, and in that more distinctively sixteenth-century product, the *villanelle*. Besides, they listened with devotion and respect (possibly not lacking in a certain obtuseness) to the music which accompanied the sacred ritual in the churches—the organ-music of a Gabrieli or a Luzzaschi, and the vocal compositions of a Palestrina or a Nanini. But in the seventeenth century the musical culture of the courts was on the wane (so we are assured, for example, by

[1] See B. Castiglioni, "Il Cortegiano," Lib. II, § XI-XIII.

Giustiniani), and music, through the medium of opera, began to hold sway over the people in an easy and seductive form, precisely because it was supported by scenographic and choreographic spectacles of great magnificence, and by the spell of exquisite voices, lovely forms, and rich costumes. The level of seventeenth-century musical culture was, therefore, as compared with that of the sixteenth century, neither higher nor lower, but merely different. In reality, it is impossible to institute a comparison between two epochs so diverse the one from the other. The reason for this circumstance is not simply musical, but general, and it does not properly belong to the history of music, but rather to that of general culture. In fact, while the sixteenth century was still attuned to the grace, to the eurythmy, to the transparence wherein, for instance, the paintings of the fifteenth century found their inspiration, the seventeenth turns wholly toward a new principle—the principle of boldness of movement, of restlessness, whose realization we view in baroque architecture and the paintings of the Bolognese school. Every species of mutation or transformation was sure to please. Variety had become the patroness of Art. And thus scenography became, in its turn, the true Muse of the melodramatic stage.

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The public, which did not require much of its favorite composers (it sufficed if the music moved them more or less and suited the singers, and was calculated to show off the beauty and agility of the voices), was, on the other hand, very exacting in the matter of scenography—precisely because the stage-settings gave them an opportunity to raise hymns and burn incense to the goddess of the period: Variety.

Variety required that the characters should be numerous; there were no less than thirty-three in the opera 'Le Fatiche d'Ercole per Deianira,' the libretto by Aurelio Aureli, set to music by P. A. Ziani, and produced in the Teatro Grimano in 1662. It presents allegorical personages, gods, demigods, heroes, and—as if this were not enough—this vast Olympus is encircled by seven full choruses. Twenty-five years of social existence had sufficed to make of the opera nothing but a "spectacle for the eye," enhanced by song and sound. If eighteenth-century opera could be called a "concert" constituted of a series of arias and ensemble-pieces interrupted by long recitatives, the opera of the seventeenth

century should be considered as a "spectacle." When the opera is for the eyes, the music occupies second place. Aureli himself confirms this by words whose meaning is indisputable; for, after taking such pains to set in motion so great an array of characters, he feels the need of asking the indulgence of the public in the few traditional lines dedicated by "The Author to the Reader" (page 5):

> At the present time the people of the City of Venice are become so fastidious in their taste for the Drama that they no longer know that they desire to see [N.B., not to *hear*], nor can the intellect of the author devise any invention to win himself the applause of the spectators, or to meet the wishes of the greater part (it being impossible to please all).

One extremely curious detail occurs in the citation which follows; it shows clearly how erroneous is the opinion held by those who think that the compilation of a seventeenth-century libretto was one of the easiest and most commonplace matters pertaining to the literature of that period. Aureli himself remarks:

> I hope you will recognize, having regard to the pains I have taken with Ercole, the difference there is between writing in haste and composing with a mind at ease, and at one's leisure. I confess that, as to these (pains), I have exerted myself more than in my other Dramas to gratify your taste . . . I beg you to bear in mind, that there is no composition more difficult than that intended for the Stage.

The "composition" of a libretto was, therefore, considered such a difficult matter that one of the best librettists of the time (for such Aureli really was) could venture to say so without fear of incurring ridicule. And, nevertheless, such a difficult piece of writing received scant appreciation, if any; so scant, at any rate, that we must place some reliance on the sagacious sentence in which, shortly before, the poet declares that he is not writing "with ambition to immortalize himself in opera, which, being entirely set to music, has no other foundation than the air" (in the physical, not in the musical sense).

Hence, the libretto of the 'Fatiche d'Ercole per Deianira' is opulent in scenic show. And in any event, the exigence of the public with regard to staging and machines must have increased inordinately; for, in the libretto of 'Il Gran Macedone,' set to music by Boniventi and produced at the theatre of S. Cassiano in the year 1690, the poet (or rather the impresario), thinking that he had not sufficiently provided for the spectators in offering them eleven scenes in three acts and with three machines, considered it

expedient to excuse himself by printing, at the conclusion of the libretto (page 69), the following notice:

> Most benevolent Reader. Should you observe that in the Opera, during one and the same Scene, like that of the ruins of the Galleries [*Loggie dirupate*], certain Personages appear more than once, we crave your indulgence, there being no device whereby the changes of Scene could be redoubled [*sic!*].

Matters had reached such a pass, then, that (the text is ambiguous and capable of various interpretations) with each change of scene not more than one person might enter, or that the same person might not enter more than once.

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In the libretti of that period we find many names interesting for the history of scenography, although they are far less numerous than we should expect. Indeed, it is a legend that the scenographer's name was not rarely mentioned in preference to the musician's. This happened only (seldom, even then) when the composer's name might naturally be omitted, seeing that everybody knew it (for instance, in 'Alessandro vincitor di sè stesso,' by Cavalli). In fact, the composer is named in but five out of twenty-six libretti relating to Cavalli, as catalogued by Wotquenne. The truth is, that the musician's name won lasting popularity through some song distinguished above the rest for its beauty and facility, and passed from mouth to mouth, so that there was no need of printing it; whereas it was proper that the scenographer, changing with each change of theatre, should be mentioned. And yet, after examining several hundred libretti of the seventeenth century, we can affirm that, except in a few isolated cases, the name of the scenographer is, as a rule, accompanied by that of the musician. Contrariwise, it very often happens that the musician, and not the scenographer, is named; and, for one case in which the musician is ignored, there are at least ten where the scenographer is left out. And, on the other hand, the dedications and prefaces were almost always written and signed by the librettists; and seventeenth-century litterati while generally recognizing the practical importance of scenography as a lure for the public, were not especially inclined—somewhat out of jealousy, somewhat from academic *morgue*—to recognize the esthetic value as an integral part of the melodrama, let alone the historical value. With the exception of a fugitive note by Marco da Gagliano[1] and a few others, and in

[1] A. Solerti, op. cit. p. 82.

the eighteenth century only by Arteaga and Planelli, by Martelli and Algarotti, do we find *la Prospettiva* (as the scenographic art was then called, in agreement with essayists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries) definitely considered as an essential part of the melodrama. Innocent of ideologisms, of romanticisms, of futile contempt for the art of the past, the *Gesamtkunstwerk* already stirs the intuition of Italians in the eighteenth century, and produces a Jomelli and a Gluck.

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Scenography assumes, therefore, a place of the highest importance in the history of opera, and more especially, it seems to us, in the seventeenth century; for during that period it passes from the fairly schematic simplicity of Alfonso and Giulio Parigi's Florentine scenes into the architectonic exuberance of Ferdinando Bibiena. But the history of seventeenth-century scenography is, unhappily, still to be written. In Italy we possess a good book on the history of scenography, which we owe to Professor G. Ferrari, himself a scenographer.[1] And this is the sole work of its kind now in existence, so far as I know. But it is singularly deficient in historical and bibliographical names and data concerning the scenography of the seventeenth century—a circumstance which need cause no surprise; for only a specialist in music-history and, furthermore, one who is not ill-informed in the history of painting, could carry out such an undertaking. We also have Wotquenne's catalogue of libretti, adorned with stage-scenes borrowed from the libretti. The material is valuable, but insufficient, because (for example) it does not include a single scene by Torelli or Domenico Mauro, nor does it illustrate the extraordinary architectonic fancy of Ferdinando Bibiena, of whom it is related that he exaggerated, in theatrical architecture, the baroque style of Borromini, the great emulator of Bernini. Moreover, Wotquenne frequently neglects to cite, in his catalogue, the names of the scenographers (for instance of "Fortune di Rodope e Damira," 1657; "Nerone," 1681; "Erismena," 1655; "Artaxerse," 1669; "Avvenimenti d'Orinda," 1659; "Coriolano," 1669; and many others), which shows that he did not attach too great importance to the scenographic portion of the libretti. And this finds confirmation in the fact that he always fails to record the Changes of Scene, which, on the contrary, are never omitted in the libretti.

[1] G. Ferrari, "La Scenografia. Cenni storici dall' evo classico ai nostri giorni." Milan, 1902.

Wishing to demonstrate the importance of seventeenth-century scenography, even from a strictly documentary point of view, I have carried out long and patient researches beginning, not with an examination of the libretti (which, in the Italian collections consulted by me, are very often minus illustrations), but with the material treasured in the collections of prints. I have scrutinized the prints relating to theatrical matters contained in the collections at Rome, Florence, Paris, London, in the Theatrical Museum at La Scala in Milan, and in the libraries of the Liceo Musicale of Bologna, the Conservatorio of Naples, of S. Cecilia and Casanatense. I have succeeded, frequently with much trouble, in identifying nearly all (I may say, practically all) the prints preserved in the above collections. I have also had the good fortune to discover much new material, and the pleasure of recognizing that this material, all deriving from the libretti of the epoch, is, though not very abundant, at least considerable. Excepting Burnacini *fils*, who can be studied only in Vienna, and the Bibienas, of whom, apparently, not many scenographic reproductions for use in libretti are extant,[1] this material is adequate to illustrate a history of scenography and scenographers in the seventeenth century. And, as I have indicated, the names of the scenographers can be gleaned, at least in part, from the libretti and also from short histories and local monographs of theatres, academies, etc. But this is not the time for drawing such a sketch, which I shall leave for subsequent publication.

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Before closing, however, one matter still remains to be explained, namely, the assertion (which many probably thought strange) that the favor enjoyed by the scenography of the seventeenth century resulted from a reaction against the academic and antiquarian type of the Florentine libretto *à la* Rinuccini or Salvatori. In point of fact, from about 1640 onward we find, in libretti like 'L'Ulisse Errante' by Badoaro, with music by Sacrati (1644), or 'La Sincerità Trionfante' (1639) by Ottaviano Castelli, with music by Cecchini, dissertations against the Aristotelian laws and in favor of a liberty of imagination which strike us as an anachronism, although they are not an anachronism.

[1] The *scenari* of two operas were reproduced in rough cuts, with which Bibiena himself was dissatisfied, in a miscellanea, "Disegni delle scene che servano alle due opere che si rappresentano l'anno corrente nel Reggio Teatro di Torino, ecc." (date?) quoted by Ferrari, *op. cit.*, p. 124.

Other poets, though protesting against the laws, still feel under the necessity of citing the authority of Spanish dramaturgists, or simply appeal to the "spirit of the times." Thus Busenello, in defiance of the Aristotelian law of the unity of time, declares shortly that he suits his own convenience:

> This opera ('Didone,' 1641) is influenced by modern views. It is not made as the ancient rules prescribe, but according to Spanish usage; it represents years, not hours. He who writes, gratifies (his own) taste.

A Florentine would not have dared make this assertion; nor would he have confessed to Spanish influences—a circumstance which we consider highly important, and which has hitherto escaped the notice of historians. These poets discuss esthetics in such wise as their age permits, but—as may seem very strange to many—they eschew academics. Later, however, the discussions of the differences subsisting between libretto and tragedy will assume an academic aspect. And in so far the famous reform of Metastasio must be considered, from the standpoint of modern freedom, to be a retrogression, when confronted with this much-abused, and yet so free and brilliant, libretto of the seventeenth century. And, as already remarked, one need only read the lengthy preface (The Publisher to the Reader) of Ferrari's 'Andromeda' (that is to say, of the very first opera played before a paying audience) to comprehend that the Venetian melodrama instantly differentiated itself from the Florentine not merely, as has been incessantly repeated, from the day on which it possessed a libretto with an historic basis ('L'Incoronazione di Poppea,' set to music by Monteverdi), but rather from the day when it had, in 'Andromeda' (1637), a libretto in which the resources of scenography were given the most prominent place—far more than was the case with the *Intermedi* at the close of the sixteenth century and in the first decades of the seventeenth. Even in the music of 'Andromeda' one can perceive a sign of reaction against the excessive Hellenistic scruples of the Florentines. At the end of the first two acts they actually sung, not something in the shape of a monody, but "madrigals in several parts, concerted with various instruments." And the preface of 'Andromeda' is, at bottom, a long description of scenes and machines, interspersed with eulogies of the singers, all of whom are named, whereas (N.B.) the scenographer is not mentioned.[1] To tell the truth, the scenes changed only from

[1] I think I have identified him as Giovanni Burnacini.

Boschereccia to *Maritima* (woodland to maritime views), and *vice versa*; but the machines, and the flights of machines and personages, suffice to reveal the tendency underlying the development of the Venetian libretto. Though this libretto favored historical plots in the end, this was not at all due either to a stronger human interest on the part of artists or public, or (much less) to any historical instinct; which latter, as we might prove, was lacking in the Italian consciousness, and constituted (and still constitutes, to a great degree) the chief deficiency in the national life. History, or—to be more exact—the historical background of a fact, had the advantage, to be sure, of presenting names like Cæsar, Nero and Scipio, or regions (in the Orient, more particularly), which impressed the Venetian spectators as being closer to their life and therefore more intelligible than the gods of Olympus and the heroes of Greek mythology. But the principal advantage (one to which the historians' most careful consideration is invited) was the opportunity afforded for lavish display and, above all, a vast variety of scenographic tableaux, such as the world of mythology with its realms of Pluto, its feasts of the gods, its Ionic or Corinthian temples, and its Homeric duels, was quite incapable of presenting. The pictorial and plastic sense of the Italians, made keen by training, and finally excited and exacerbated by four centuries of uninterrupted florescence, as manifested by the numerous regional schools in all parts of Italy, had early discarded the too tenuous and colorless mythological world wherein, on the contrary, the Florentine melodrama had sought refuge to dream a life of Hellenistic illusions—a Calypso's grotto, as it were, of literature and culture. In its origin the melodrama is the fruit of a belated humanisticism, and likewise of a humanisticism having a musical character which is essentially anachronistic, because it occurs at the time when Italian musical culture, after Palestrina, was exhibiting signs of decadence. Hence, the study of and the love for the ancients, which have left so many traces on the plastic arts and the architecture of Italy, have had no important influence on what relates to the intrinsic substance of theatrical music.

Most profound differences subsist between the Greek tragedy and the Italian melodrama; and there is certainly no such ideal nexus as we find, for example, between antique sculpture or architecture and those of the Renaissance.

Monody, in my opinion, did not attain its highest expression in the melodrama, but in instrumental music, aided therein by that musical revolution which liberated the lower voices from polyphonic

subjection—Viadana's intuitive perception of the bass as an independent and continuous part, the so-called *basso continuo*. Possibly the *basso continuo* was of far greater importance than monody for the modern epoch. Indeed, we should reflect that monody, sooner or later, would inevitably have resulted from Viadana's innovation; whereas we never could have obtained the opposite result—the evolution, through the means of a free high voice (monody), of another free low voice.

Now, this observation substantiates the preceding one: because instrumental music is the flower of our civilization, it is precisely that which differentiates our epoch from the Hellenic epoch; it is the antithesis to the conception of art and of life which was held by the Greeks.

(Translated by Theodore Baker)

VOICE CULTURE PAST AND PRESENT

A General View of a Perplexing Subject

By DAVID C. TAYLOR

I

THERE are probably few fields of human endeavor in which so wide a diversity of both theory and practice is to be found as in the art of voice culture. People who take a serious interest in music are usually well aware of this fact. Indeed the tendency is rather to exaggerate the confusion than to recognize the fundamental points of agreement which all present theories and practices embody. Voice culture is looked upon by those acquainted with conditions from the outside as a sort of Donnybrook fair, in which everybody is at war with everybody else. But the state of affairs is not quite so hopelessly confused as that. Two or three main lines of thought are clearly defined. By separating these, and viewing each one in its relation to the others, a fairly clear idea of the whole complex subject is readily obtained.

To one who approaches the subject from the theoretical side, with no previous experience of actual singing, it seems at first beautifully simple and clear. A perusal of any standard work on vocal training gives the impression that there is a definite and well-established science of voice culture. A method of instruction in singing founded on scientific principles seems adapted to be readily grasped and applied without difficulty. Every authority on scientific voice culture describes the vocal organs as consisting of three parts—the breathing mechanism, the larynx, and the resonators. Each of these performs its particular function in the production of voice. The lungs furnish the motive power, by which the vocal cords are set in vibration. To determine the pitch of the tone, the vocal cords are brought to the proper degree of tension by the action of the laryngeal muscles. The tone thus produced is increased in power and modified in quality by the reinforcement of the resonating cavities —the chest, pharynx, mouth, and nasal passages.

This is all perfectly clear. So also is the next step which our supposed investigator makes in his study of his first selection

among the various vocal authorities. Each of the three parts of the vocal mechanism has one, and only one correct mode of operating. The lungs must be filled by a certain muscular action, and the expiration must be governed by the diaphragm and its assisting muscles in some particular way. In order to obtain the correct working of the vocal cords, the larynx must be held in some defined position; the cords themselves must vibrate in their whole length for the lower notes or chest register, must gradually shorten and at the same time increase their tension to ascend the scale in the medium register, and must vibrate only on their inner edges for the head voice. Further, the influence of the resonating cavities must be adapted to the tone. For the lowest notes of the voice the influence of the chest resonance must be most pronounced. To increase the power of the tone the mouth-pharynx cavity must be expanded so as to provide a greater reinforcing space. In order to secure the proper placement of the high notes, the nasal cavities must exert their influence in a marked degree.

A scientific method of voice culture would thus be found by our student of the subject to consist of a set of rules and directions for managing the three portions of the vocal mechanism. Everything would seem to be complete, with each principle resting on assured scientific facts. If he should decide to stop there he would be utterly unable to account for all the uncertainty and confusion of practical methods. Suppose him, however, to continue his theoretical studies, and to read all the standard works on vocal science. The second book he reads will surely contradict his first authority on some points. So with every succeeding author he consults, each one will be found to disagree to some extent with all the others. By the time he has finished with the entire list, he will be acquainted with four or five systems of breathing, with at least ten theories regarding laryngeal action and registers, and with an almost equal variety of doctrines concerning the management of the resonating cavities.

It might of course be possible for a patient investigator to weigh the scientific support given to each doctrine, and to decide which authority makes out the best case. Thus a set of principles might be established which could justly claim the adherence of all people of scientific mental habits. But even if this were done, our student would not by any means have cleared up all the difficulties of scientific voice culture. Only by actually training his own voice in the manner prescribed by his chosen authority could he come to a satisfactory conclusion as to the sufficiency of the method. To apply the doctrines which seem theoretically sound, and to see

how they work out in practice, that is the only way to determine their validity.

Very little time would be needed to reveal a wide gap between several of the theoretical doctrines and their practical application in vocal management. It would soon be found that knowing how the vocal organs should operate is one thing, and making them operate in this manner is something entirely different. In the matter of laryngeal action, for instance, no satisfactory connection between theory and practice has been made in any scientific method. All laryngoscopic observers of the vocal cord action are agreed on one point—that for the production of low notes the entire length of the cords is in vibration. But it is impossible for the singer consciously to make his vocal cords vibrate in any prescribed way, or even to know what they are doing. So also with regard to the influence of the resonating cavities, it is out of the singer's power to cause or to prevent reinforcing air vibrations.

Breathing is the only topic in which the scientific doctrine can be directly adopted into practice. A few days of practice will suffice for the mastery of any well authenticated system of breath management. But all the laws of laryngeal action and resonance have this in common, that they do not provide the means by which they can be applied in actual singing.

It is thus seen that a theoretical study of vocal science does not suffice to give a complete grasp of actual methods of instruction. Serious gaps are left between the scientific theories and their practical adaptation, and these gaps have had to be filled by the vocal teachers. It is a curious fact that the whole theoretical groundwork of modern voice culture has been laid by people who were neither singers nor musicians. They have considered their special work to consist only of formulating the laws of the vocal action. How these laws are to be utilized in the training of voices is a matter which the theorists have left entirely to the teachers of singing. Confusion is the inevitable result of this division of responsibility. The vocal teachers have striven to deduce materials of practical instruction from the scientific doctrines, but at the best they have succeeded only in hitting upon rather unsatisfactory makeshifts. There is really very little connection between the practical directions for management of vocal cord action and resonance, and the scientific theories of these actions. Yet the scope and purpose of actual instruction can only be grasped when the attempted connection of the theory with its application is understood. Every practical rule and direction which the vocal teacher gives to his pupils has reference to some one of

the three elements of tone production. A wide range is covered by instruction of this kind, but the subject need not be perplexing when the nature and function of the vocal organs are borne in mind.

Modern vocal methods conform as a rule to a fairly definite standard. Minor points of difference would no doubt be found between any two methods which might be examined. But the system now to be described may be taken as fairly representative of the course followed by the overwhelming majority of teachers, both in this country and in Europe.

Vocal training usually begins with instruction in the management of the breath. Breathing exercises are practised at first without tone, as simple gymnastics, in order that correct habits of breathing may be formed. Exercises in singing, designed to secure the correct breath management in the production of tone, follow in due course. These are combined with the first studies used to secure the proper vocal cord action. A rather indefinite form of instruction for this purpose is inevitable, in view of the fact that no direct conscious influence can possibly be brought to bear on the workings of the vocal cords. The preliminary exercises consist of the singing of single tones on the vowel *ah*; each tone is to be started with a clear attack, without scooping or slurring up to the note, no breath being allowed to escape before the start of the tone. A settled conviction of most vocal teachers is that a tone once started wrong cannot be made right.

When the vocal cord action in the medium register of the voice has been brought under control by the exercises just described, the lower and higher registers are developed, by practice on scales and arpeggios. To insure the proper action in these registers, care is taken to produce the correct quality of tone. The chest voice is full and round, the head voice light and brilliant. To blend the registers at the notes where they join, exercises in swelling the tone and in descending scale passages are most favored.

Several different forms of resonance are described by the theorists, and each of these receives separate attention from the teachers. For acquiring command of chest resonance the deeper vowels, *oh* and *oo*, are favored, single tone and descending scale exercises on these vowels being widely used for the purpose. Although chest resonance is held to be specially adapted to reinforcing the chest register, its influence is believed to be necessary for all powerful tones throughout the entire range of the voice.

To secure control of mouth-pharynx resonance *ah* is considered the best vowel, as it secures the position of the tongue and lips best adapted for the widest expansion of the cavity. Mouth-pharynx resonance favors especially the medium notes of the voice. To swell a single tone the cavity is increased in size by the gradual opening wider of the mouth and the sinking of the base of the tongue and the larynx. Another important feature of mouth-pharynx resonance is the securing of the proper placement of the tone in the front of the mouth. Certain consonants, notably *p*, *b*, *t*, *d*, and *l*, are supposed to bring the tone forward into its proper position. Single tone exercises on syllables such as *pah*, *bah*, *tah*, etc., are used for this purpose.

Some authorities absolutely prohibit the use of nasal resonance, on the ground that it inevitably gives an unpleasant nasal sound or twang to the voice. To prevent this influence they declare that the soft palate should always be raised, so as to cut off the access of the tone to the nasal cavities. Nevertheless the overwhelming majority of vocal teachers are firm believers in nasal resonance. According to the generally accepted idea, the influence of the nasal cavities is necessary to give point, brilliance, and carrying power to the voice. The objectionable nasal tone is variously ascribed to the total absence of nasal resonance or to its excessive prominence.

The narrow vowels, especially *ee*, are held to be peculiarly adapted to acquire command of nasal resonance. So also are the nasal consonants, *m*, *n*, and *ng*. Exercises on the syllables *mee*, *nee*, etc., are generally used to this end. Nasal resonance finds its most important employment in the production of the high notes, the so-called head register, yet its influence is generally held desirable throughout the entire compass.

Much attention is paid to the sensations which the singer experiences in producing correct tones in the various parts of the voice. A chest tone properly sung conveys a feeling of vibration of the walls of the chest cavity. A tone which receives the proper influence of the mouth-pharynx resonance enables the singer to feel an expansion of this cavity. A tone placed in its forward position in the mouth should be felt to vibrate at the front teeth. In the same way, a vibration can be felt high up in the head when the tones receive the influence of nasal resonance in due measure. Advantage is taken of these characteristic sensations to enable the student to secure the proper action indicated in each case. In practising exercises designed to impart control of any element of correct tone production he is instructed to feel the appropriate

sensation, in the belief that this will induce the desired vocal action.

II

Back of all the practices of vocal methods, back even of the theoretical groundwork of modern voice culture, lies a doctrine which requires to be brought out into the light and examined. Although obscure and in most cases only vaguely apprehended, this doctrine is the point from which the whole stream of present voice culture springs. It would indeed be more accurate to speak of a tacit assumption rather than of a doctrine, for the idea has never been expressly stated by any authority on scientific voice culture. Something is taken for granted in all theoretical study of the voice, as well as in all the practical instructions of vocal teachers. This is the assumption that the activities of the vocal organs require to be consciously guided and directed by the singer. It is everywhere assumed that the voice cannot operate correctly without intelligent direction and oversight. The correct use of the voice is believed to depend on the conscious management of the muscular actions of the vocal organs. Until quite recently this belief could be described as practically universal. It is not by any means confined to vocal teachers and students of singing. Almost everybody shares the idea that in order to sing artistically it is necessary for the singer to "do something" for the purpose of making the vocal organs act in the correct manner.

Most of the energies of teachers and students of singing are devoted to the quest of this "something," this way of inducing the vocal organs to act properly. Yet it is no injustice to the vocal teachers to say that they do not approach the problem of vocal management altogether in the scientific spirit. This could hardly be expected of them. A teacher of singing must first of all be a capable musician, and the scientific turn of mind is not fostered by musical education and environment. Vocal science is a highly specialized branch of technical knowledge. To approach it properly a student must be equipped with a thorough grounding in anatomy, acoustics, and mechanics. At least two years of special preparation in these sciences would be required to fit the average college graduate competently to undertake a solution of the vocal problem. A preliminary education of this kind cannot reasonably be expected of a vocalist.

Vocal teachers approach their problem from the practical side. Experience soon teaches them that technical facility in the use of the voice can be acquired in only one way—by daily practice

in singing scales, exercises, and vocalises. Another lesson of experience is that everything depends on how an exercise is sung—how the student handles his voice in practising. There is some one way of singing which is favorable to the development of the voice. Students who hit upon this manner of singing make steady progress, and have no difficulty in acquiring a perfect vocal technique. But there are a vast number of vocal students who experience great difficulty in finding out how to influence their voices in the correct way. Many unfortunate young people go on for month after month, studying and practising with all diligence, and yet finding that their voices do not progress at all.

This is the practical problem of voice culture, as it confronts the teacher of singing: How can the vocal organs be brought under the subjection of the will and made to act in the manner conducive to progress? For a solution of the problem they feel that they are limited to an application of the doctrines of vocal science. What they really desire is a means of inculcating a certain manner of singing—a mode of vocal utterance which experience has shown them to be correct. The only current conception of this manner of handling the voice is that it consists of some particular management of breath, laryngeal action, and resonance. But the insufficiency of the scientific method to instruct the student on the vital point of tone production is a matter of common knowledge. If the scientific doctrine were sound and its application complete, all voices should derive equal benefit from the system. But this is far from the case. Exactly the same course of instruction in breathing, register formation, and tone placement puts some voices in the position to profit by further technical study, and leaves others little better off than when they began. The vocal problem thus interposes itself as a barrier to the progress of countless ambitious students. No one questions that it must be solved along accepted lines, to this extent at any rate, that the student must learn consciously to direct the operations of his vocal organs.

A complete summary of modern vocal methods demands the mention of a number of systems which stand somewhat aloof from the main line of thought. The only orthodox system, the one sanctioned by the vocal scientists, is that described in our foregoing section. But outside this main group are a number of teachers, each one of whom has some specialty or panacea for bringing the voice into subjection. Their object is indeed that of the orthodox teachers, but they adopt peculiar, almost fantastic devices for the purpose. It would be impossible to enumerate all these systems, as every year brings forth new ones and witnesses the death of old ones.

In view of present conditions it is no wonder that the minds of vocalists are so frequently turned toward the old Italian method. During the life of the old system, roughly speaking from about 1600 to 1855, there was no uncertainty about vocal training. Students of singing entered on their studies with the same prospects of acquiring command of their voices as students of the piano and violin have of mastering their chosen instrument. Provided the necessary talent and industry were applied, progress was steady and uninterrupted, and ultimate technical mastery of the voice was assured.

That many modern teachers claim to follow the old Italian system need not be thought to confuse the present situation still further. This claim is in most cases unfounded. Any teacher whose method deals with breathing, tone placement, the singer's sensations, the expansion of the throat, etc., does not represent the old school. So long as there is any idea, even unexpressed, of consciously influencing the actions of the vocal organs, the spirit of the modern system is evinced.

Many attempts have been made to reconstruct the old system, and to find out in particular what means it used for imparting the correct management of the vocal organs. But almost every investigator of the subject has started with the preconceived belief in the necessity of conscious management of the vocal activities. Nothing has resulted beyond various theories that the old masters advocated some particular type of breathing, register formation, or tone placement. So firmly is the scientific idea established that no one has thought to find in the old method anything but a set of rules for the control of the mechanical operations of the voice. Only one conclusion can be reached by investigation along this line. It would have to be admitted that the old masters knew more about the science of voice production than we do. But this is utterly at variance with the facts. Almost nothing of a scientific character was known about the vocal mechanism until the invention of the laryngoscope in 1855. The old masters did not even know that the voice is produced by the pressure of the expired breath setting the vocal cords in vibration. Scientific principles could not have formed the basis of the old method.

Yet the fact remains that the old masters had some way of imparting the correct use of the voice, superior to the devices contained in modern methods. There is, however, nothing to prove that they considered vocal management the most important topic of instruction in singing. On the contrary, a study of the few books written by masters of the old school might lead

to the conclusion that they simply relied on some natural facility which the voice possesses to guide it in the right path. Not only did they ignore the scientific principles of voice production—they even went further than this, and failed to recognize any necessity for the conscious management of the voice's activities.

On one aspect of this subject all investigators of the old system are in substantial agreement. There is no question that the old masters based their course of instruction on the natural use of the voice. They built up on that, and led from natural singing to the perfect technical command of all the vocal resources. The desire to sing is not an artificial acquirement, like the taste for olives or tobacco. Everybody who possesses a good voice and a musical ear loves to sing. Children in particular are forced by their very instincts to find a pleasure in singing. They never think of the voice as a musical instrument, composed of an air chamber, a pair of vibrating reeds, and a resonating apparatus. Theirs is a purely natural form of singing, prompted by their instincts and emotions, and giving them a spontaneous and unreasoned pleasure. Before starting on a course of vocal cultivation, every student without exception has been in the habit of singing in this natural manner throughout his whole previous life. It was this form of singing which the old masters took as their starting-point in vocal training. The modern idea is to discard natural singing as inherently incorrect, and to substitute for it an artificial manner of managing the vocal organs. This is the direct opposite of the old system, which followed the plan of refining and developing the natural manner of singing.

Modern voice culture takes almost no account of any natural provision for the vocal organs. Yet it is obvious that the use of the voice is a purely natural function. Nature's plan of vocal control is worthy of consideration, even if it do no more than suggest a possible interpretation of the old Italian method. It may be found that the natural form of vocal control contains everything necessary for the purposes of artistic vocal cultivation. In that case there would be a strong presumption in favor of the belief that this manner of vocal management was the foundation of the old Italian system.

Nature's provision for the guidance of the singer's vocal organs is the singer's own ear. This is a fact of such obvious truth that its bearing on the scheme of voice culture may easily be overlooked. Yet its significance is at once apparent, when the extent of the ear's control over the voice is seen. Let the reader strike a note on the piano, and then sing a tone of the same pitch.

He will see that the vocal organs respond instantly to the demand of the ear for a tone of a certain pitch. No thought whatever is required, no knowledge even that the pitch is determined by the degree of tension of the vocal cords. A few tones might be sung on various vowels, *ah*, *ee*, *oh*, etc., and the same instantaneous response of the voice to the ear will be seen. Any desired quality of tone can be produced in the same direct way, without thought of the vocal mechanism or its operations. We can sing tones expressive of joy or of sorrow, harsh tones or tones of beautiful quality, loud tones or soft, just as we will. In every case the ear directs and the voice obeys automatically

This is Nature's mode of vocal guidance. It has of course its physical basis, although we cannot be conscious of what takes place. There is in the brain a connection between the cells which receive impressions of sound from the ear and those which direct the muscular operations of the vocal organs. A sound may be heard and reproduced by the voice at once, or it may be stored up in the memory and produced at some later time. In either case the imaginative function of the sense of hearing serves as the medium in transmitting to the vocal organs the demands of the will. It need hardly be said that we can summon up in imagination any sound with which we are familiar. What may be called the mental ear is the monitor which Nature has given us for the guidance of the voice.

For the production of vocal tones of any kind, the desired sounds are first conceived in the mind; a message is instantly carried from the brain to the muscles of the vocal organs, instructing them what movements are necessary to produce the tones demanded by the ear. There is an instinct by which the muscles concerned in voice production are guided, but this instinct is too mysterious for us to fathom. An equally mysterious process is involved in the muscular adjustments of the eyes. Indeed for fineness in degree of contraction the tiny muscles of the vocal cords are equalled only by the muscles which focus the eyes and contract and dilate the iris. It is of no importance to the singer that the instinct by which the muscular operations of his voice are guided is beyond his knowledge and control. We do not even know, except in very broad outline, what takes place in the larynx. But we do know that Nature has provided us with an instinct through which the vocal organs are enabled to respond directly to the demands of the ear, and that is sufficient for us.

This is the psychological law of vocal management. In its practical bearing on the training of the voice it is really of vastly

more importance than the physiological and acoustic laws of the vocal action. Why the psychological principle of the voice should have been so completely ignored by the vocal scientists is easily seen. Scientific investigation has been carried on only by throat specialists and acousticians. Each one has been concerned only with his own specialty, and the psychological laws of muscular control have lain outside their province.

There is of course nothing new about the guidance of the voice by the ear. Children have always learned to talk in this instinctive manner. Our tendency in childhood to imitate with our voices all the sounds we hear is a matter of common observation. Vocal imitation depends absolutely on the instinctive connection between the voice and the ear.

All the information available tends to support the opinion that the old masters relied on purely instinctive processes for their scheme of vocal management. This was not, however, a course arrived at by reason or philosophy. That the voice responds to the demands of the ear was to them too simple and obvious a matter to call for analysis. They never thought of questioning the ability of the vocal organs to meet any demands imposed on them by the ear. To us, brought up in the belief in the necessity of conscious vocal management, it would seem, at first thought, impossible to train the voice along instinctive lines. But there is every reason to believe that the old masters would have been equally puzzled by our modern doctrine. Why attempt to supplant or even to assist Nature, when she is fully capable of managing the voice in her own way? Instead of trying to strike out a new path, the old masters seem simply to have followed the lines laid down by Nature. They based their method on the instinctive action of the vocal organs.

III

Modern authorities on the voice devote their attention almost exclusively to the anatomy of the vocal organs, and to the acoustic laws bearing on their operations. A study of the most highly considered works on vocal science would tend to give the impression that nothing else can possibly be known about the voice. As the old masters were utterly ignorant of vocal science, it might be thought that they knew nothing at all about the nature of the vocal instrument. This is, however, far from the truth. The old masters possessed a wealth of information about the voice which had nothing to do with its muscular or acoustic aspects.

In the first place, the masters of the old school had a definite standard as to what constitutes correct tone production. According to the modern idea, a voice is properly produced when the breath is managed in a certain way, the tones are reflected at the right point in the mouth, etc. The old masters judged the correctness of a voice's production solely by the sound of the tones it produced. A certain type of vocal tone impresses the keen and cultivated ear as correct. Tones which differ from this type are heard to be incorrect. Every lover of good singing is probably aware of this fact. One need not be a singer or a vocal teacher in order to judge voices as the old masters did. Vocal correctness can be determined by esthetic considerations fully as well as by scientific formulae.

A well-known peculiarity of the voice is that its tones always convey to the listener an impression of the condition of the singer's throat in producing them. Darwin has remarked that, when a public speaker or singer suddenly becomes a little hoarse, many of those present may be heard to clear their throats. Consider the coarse, harsh voice of the average minor vaudeville singer. While listening to it we feel that the unfortunate singer's throat is painfully strained and pinched; we even feel a sympathetic pain in our own throats. A disagreeably nasal voice is felt by the hearer to pass through the singer's nose, instead of issuing freely from the mouth. The throaty voice gives the impression of a tightness or constriction at the back of the throat. All these impressions are purely auditory; they are conveyed by something in the sound of the tones, and are not dependent on any scientific knowledge of the voice on the part of the hearer.

Every voice which conveys the idea of muscular tension or constriction is felt by the sensitive hearer to be wrongly produced. No technical knowledge of singing is involved in this estimation of voices. But to apply these judgments in the training of voices an intimate acquaintance with every conceivable variety of vocal tone is demanded. Such an acquaintance can be acquired only by the observation of a vast number of singers. Through an experience of this kind the ear becomes extremely keen and sensitive, able to detect the slightest trace of tension or strain revealed by a voice.

A correctly used voice makes exactly the opposite impression on the ear. Instead of tension and stiffness, it imparts a sense of muscular freedom, poise and well-being. The singer's throat seems to be comfortably free and open, and the tones issue forth without obstruction or difficulty. There is a satisfaction derived

from listening to singing of this kind, added to and independent of the esthetic pleasure of hearing beautiful sounds. This was the principle of correct tone production, as the subject was considered by the old masters. A correctly used voice comes out freely and clearly, without conveying any sense of muscular stiffness or tension. Any impression of strain made by a voice, no matter how slight, is an indication of faulty vocal management.

Closely identified with this standard of vocal correctness is the purely musical and esthetic aspect of vocal tone. A voice marred by throat tension is not as beautiful as it would be if properly produced. Every impression of muscular strain is a blemish on the musical beauty of the tones. It is impossible for any one endowed with a naturally beautiful voice to produce harsh tones without straining the muscles of the throat. This fact was well known to the old masters. Their doctrine was that beautiful tones are beneficial to the voice, and harsh sounds injurious. Vocal strain cannot fail to work injury to the delicate muscles of the larynx.

Voices were never ruined under the old system of cultivation. The masters were keenly sensitive to every indication of vocal strain. They corrected faults of production from the very beginning of instruction, and never permitted their pupils to sing harsh or unmusical tones. Beauty of sound was always their guiding principle, and by adhering to it they avoided all danger of injuring their pupils' voices.

In the singing of beautiful tones the voice finds its normal and healthful exercise. The muscles of the larynx are strengthened, and they acquire facility in responding smoothly to the demands of the ear. To sing beautifully is not in any sense opposed to the natural instincts of the voice. On the contrary, the desire to produce beautiful tones is just as much a matter of instinct as the impulse to sing at all. Everybody who feels impelled to sing, be he cultured or the reverse, strives unconsciously to make his voice sound as fine as he can. Why, then, it may be asked, is there any need of special vocal cultivation? If every singer has the natural impulse to sing beautifully, and beautiful tones are all that is needed to train the voice, why do not all singers use their voices correctly?

These questions lead at once to the consideration of another principle of the old masters. Their doctrine was that the training of the ear is of fully as much importance in the singer's education as the training of the voice. As the vocal organs depend for guidance on the ear, they cannot well produce a better type of tone

than the ear demands. Close attention to the sounds of voices, continued over a period of many months, is needed for the ear to become familiar with the standards of perfect singing. Ear training and vocal cultivation went hand in hand. In his daily practising the student strove, through repeated singing of the same passages, to bring his voice into conformity with his mental conception. The purpose of vocal practice was to give facility to the voice in producing the tones called for by the ear. Week by week the student's ear became better acquainted with the ideal of pure vocal tone, and his mental standard of correct singing was thus constantly advanced. A remarkable keenness in the perception of musical tone qualities was required in the old system of vocal training. Even to sing in tune calls for a well-trained ear.

A slight blemish in a tone, which would pass unnoticed by the average musician, is enough to inform a singer trained in the old system of some fault in the production of the voice. The old masters knew that faults allowed to pass uncorrected have a tendency to become fixed habits, and to grow ever more pronounced. Another aspect of ear training is seen here. A vocal student is at a certain disadvantage in listening to himself. For one thing, he is so accustomed to the sound of his own voice that its most striking characteristics may easily escape his notice. Further, the sounds of the voice are conveyed to the ear by the vibrations of the bones of the head, as well as by the sound waves of the exterior air. On this account the old masters always cautioned their students to listen critically to the voice as it comes to the outer ear, so that their voices might sound to themselves exactly as they did to other listeners. This is by no means an easy matter, and much care and attention are demanded before the ability can be acquired.

To acquaint their pupils with the correct standards of singing the old masters had a beautifully clear and simple plan. At each lesson the master sang for the pupil's guidance a few measures of every exercise he was called on to practise. Each exercise and vocalise was adapted to the student's stage of progress, with regard to both his vocal ability and the advancement of his sense of hearing. He was never allowed to sing anything which taxed his voice, or exceeded his musical and artistic capacity. The course of instruction was designed to afford equal advancement to both voice and ear.

In the correction of faults of vocal production the old method was equally simple and direct. When a pupil sang incorrectly, the master imitated his tones, in order that he might hear how they

sounded. Then the master sang the passage correctly, for the student to know how it should sound. Nothing more than this was ever done for the correction of faults. Compared with the elaborate explanations demanded for the correction of nasal and throaty emission in scientific instruction, the scheme of the old masters seems too simple to be effective. Yet the evidence that it was effective cannot be disputed.

Another important feature of the old masters' knowledge of the voice was their understanding of the advantageous use of vocalises. There is a certain type of melody which the voice sings easily, and in which its tones show off to the best effect. Daily practice in singing melodies of this type is the most beneficial exercise possible for the voice. Only a trained singer can compose this class of melodies; indeed one must be a trained singer to be able to tell whether any particular melody is adapted to the purposes of vocal cultivation. During the first hundred and fifty years of the old Italian school the masters were almost without exception both composers and cultivated singers. They wrote exercises and vocalises specially for each individual student, adapting the passages composed for each lesson to the pupil's stage of advancement. This custom gradually died out toward the end of the 18th century, but by that time an abundance of collections of vocalises had been published. The later teachers of the old school drew on works of this kind for their materials of instruction, without departing otherwise from the system of their predecessors.

All the vocalises and exercises used in the old school were melodies of the type which favors the voice. A striking feature of them, to which the old masters paid the greatest attention, was that they were always carefully graded so as to meet the needs of the advancing student. Here we meet yet another principle of the old method. Mastery of a simple study enables the voice to sing with facility one slightly more difficult. Practice of this second exercise enables the voice to advance to another of yet greater difficulty. A course of vocalises can thus be arranged by a judicious teacher, so that the student is led gradually to the mastery of the most elaborate technical studies. The standard works of vocalises published by the masters of the old school were always graded in this manner.

That one particular manner of singing favors the progress and development of the voice was recognized by the old masters, fully as well as by modern teachers. But their conception of the means needed to secure correct tone production was entirely different from that which now prevails. They held that the voice

falls naturally into the correct way of operating. Nothing was demanded of the student but a clear mental conception of the type of tones to be sung, combined with an ear keen enough for him to judge his own voice justly. So far as vocal management was concerned, the teacher's province was simply to set the model of perfect tone for the pupil's imitation, and to correct any tendency toward faulty production.

Under the modern idea the main purpose of every study is to enable the student to bring the will power to bear directly on the mechanical operations of the vocal organs. There is no time at which the attention of both teacher and pupil is not turned, in part at least, to the workings of the pupil's throat and his management of the breath. In the older system nothing of the kind was ever thought of. Attention was devoted solely to the musical and esthetic aspects of the pupil's singing. Pure and beautiful tone was the one criterion of correctness. This was aimed at directly, and the vocal action by which it was attained was of no interest.

IV

Of the many puzzling questions presented by the history of voice culture none is more baffling than the reason for the abandonment of the old Italian method. There never was any complaint with the results of vocal instruction under the old system. Teachers, students, and singers all had abundant reason to be satisfied. No necessity for reform or even improvement was felt by the members of the vocal profession. Yet the project of reform was launched, and the vocalists were obliged to fall into line with it.

Manuel Garcia, the inventor of the laryngoscope, is looked upon generally as the leader in the modern reformation of voice culture. Garcia was a vocal teacher, and not in any sense a specialist in scientific investigation. What he contributed was a little mirror by which the vocal cords can be seen in action. It was the throat specialists who took up the task of investigating the laryngeal action, and of establishing the laws to which vocal methods should accord. Garcia continued to teach singing almost up to the close of his hundred years of life, and he never departed from the old Italian method in which he had been trained. In his earlier years his ambition was to place the traditional method on a scientific basis. But he never countenanced the utter repudiation of the old system. The abandonment of the Italian method resulted from the labors of a large number of throat specialists

and acousticians. No one of these scientists knew anything about the voice from personal experience of either singing or teaching.

Outside pressure was brought to bear on the vocal teachers. The general public was profoundly impressed by the discoveries of the vocal scientists, and demanded that the new learning be incorporated in vocal methods. There was nothing in the philosophic basis of the old method which its exponents could oppose to the new doctrine. Indeed, the masters of the old school were musicians, not philosophers or scientists. They were not even aware that their system had a sound philosophic basis. So they yielded the ground without a contest. Instead of opposing the new idea, they accepted it without question, and did the best they could to adapt their methods to it.

About forty years were required to effect the revolution of vocal methods. A feeling of unrest began to be noticeable about 1830. With the invention of the laryngoscope the new idea received a remarkable impetus. The most influential works in disseminating the scientific point of view were: Helmholtz' "Die Lehre von den Tonempfindungen" (1862), which established the acoustic laws of voice production; Merkel's "Der Kehlkopf" (1873), containing an exhaustive description of the larynx and its activities; and Mandl's "Die Gesundheitslehre der Stimme" (1876), in which the laws of breathing and breath control found their first complete expression. Most important of all, the belief in the absolute necessity of intelligent management of the vocal organs did not attain to universal acceptance until about 1870. The last exponents of the old method were Lamperti, who retired from active teaching in 1876, and Garcia, whose activities did not cease entirely until his death in 1905. Their influence, however, did not suffice to change the general trend of thought. Since the date mentioned the modern idea has been practically unopposed.

Modern methods of voice culture divide the training of the voice into two parts—the acquirement of correct vocal management, and the technical training of the voice strictly speaking. The description of scientific methods contained in our first section refers only to the first stage of instruction, for it is here alone that vocal science has found its province. In its subsequent stage the modern system differs in only one important respect from the older method. Exactly the same vocalises and exercises are used which formed the working materials of the old masters. These are taken up in the same sequence, and practised for the same purpose. But the influence of the doctrine of direct control is extended even

to the second stage of present instruction. The supposed necessity of consciously guiding the vocal organs is never lost to view.

This is in one sense inconsistent with the theory of scientific instruction. When the voice has been "placed" by the preliminary course in tone production, it should act automatically in the correct manner. From that time on the esthetic desire is supposed to dominate the student's activities; the technical training of the voice is then to be begun on the basis of artificially acquired habits, exactly where the old masters began with the natural use of the voice. But the theory seldom works out in practice. Voice-placing work of the scientific type is almost exclusively mechanical in its nature. It does not lead to spontaneous singing. When the habit of thinking constantly of the vocal organs has once been formed, it is extremely difficult for the student to change his mental attitude. An unconscious check is thus imposed on the normal impulse to sing freely and spontaneously. In the older system the value of daily exercise of the voice in the singing of vocalises hinged on the instinctive influence which the esthetic sensibility unconsciously exerts over the vocal organs. This influence is weakened, sometimes indeed completely impaired, when the attention is turned even partially to the mechanical features of tone production.

A sharp contrast can now be drawn between the old and the new system. One treated vocal cultivation as a branch of strictly musical education, the other makes it rather a system of throat gymnastics. One drew its inspiration from Nature, the other ignores Nature and turns to artifice. One appealed to musical instinct and esthetic feeling, the other places its reliance on purely physical observations of muscular movements and sensations.

It is a matter of common knowledge that conditions in the field of voice culture are far from satisfactory. How the situation can be improved is a very live question. Judged solely by its results, in comparison with those obtained under the older method, the present system is open to serious criticism. On theoretical grounds also this criticism can be well justified. There are two weak points in the scientific system. For one thing it sets out to do something which is already done by Nature in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. It has never been shown that any improvement on the natural manner of handling the voice is demanded. The very possibility of doing better than Nature in this regard has not been established. And in the second place, even if the conscious management of the voice were both possible and necessary, vocal science in its present state does not meet the requirement. This weakness was pointed out in our first section. No way has yet been

devised by which the singer can bring his intellect to bear directly on the operations of his vocal organs. Vocal cord adjustment in particular, the crux of the whole matter from the scientific point of view, results from muscular operations which, so far as our present knowledge goes, are entirely beyond the direct influence of the will power.

It is hardly conceivable that the present chaotic condition of voice culture should continue indefinitely. A change of some kind is inevitable. If progress along scientific lines is to lead to a satisfactory outcome, it will probably take the direction indicated by its present deficiency. Scientific investigators will concern themselves with the practical application of their doctrines, instead of placing this responsibility on the vocal teachers. Then again, there is a possibility that the entire edifice of vocal science will ultimately be abandoned. Even now the beginnings of a movement of this kind among the vocal teachers can be discerned. The demand for a revival of the old Italian method will take on a new force when its principles are once definitely established.

But so sweeping a counter-revolution as that is hardly to be expected. Much valuable information has been brought to light by the scientific investigation of the past sixty years. Voice culture will without doubt be the richer for this new knowledge, so soon as it is digested and brought into form available for practical use. Some way may be found for utilizing scientific knowledge, without involving the conscious direction of the vocal organs. A combination of the two systems, scientific and instinctive, may then be found to contain the most hopeful elements of a happy solution. When that has been reached we may be justified in the expectation that the old glories of the art of bel canto will be revived, and that methods of instruction will rival and even surpass the system of the old masters.

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THE SOUL OF MUSIC

A Rhapsody for Amateurs

By RUTLAND BOUGHTON

DANCING and Music seem to be the most popular and powerful of the arts. In a thousand barely conscious movements and sounds—the whistle of a street urchin, the croon of a workwoman, the skipping of a school-child, the lilting step of one awakened to fuller life by the promise of joy—these two arts kindle bodies and set minds soaring even in the ashen life of industrial civilization. In deliberate and more permanent forms —the ritual dances of primitive folk, traditional tunes and morris-dances, masses and miracle-plays, poetic dramas and orchestral symphonies, balls and drawing-room music, the art of the variety theatre and the art of the Salvation Army, pageants and choral festivals—these two arts fill so large a place in our lives that most of us are content to accept them without enquiring what their functions really are. Indeed, suffering from past experience, many of us fear to look into them too closely, lest analysis turn their warm currents to the heavy sourness of sentimentalism or the thin whey of pedantry. We have noticed that peering minds have often lost sight of the gleam which vitalises instinctive art, and trying to learn something of its qualities and effects have only succeeded in fixing their attention upon certain local and temporary details; their curiosity has grown into a rigid stare, until weariness and futility or self-consciousness and vanity have robbed them of all the original beauty they set out the more fully to enjoy. But the most pedantic among us will pay lip-homage to the gleam. At worst we remember how once in childhood we saw it. The most exact master of dancing and the rigidest law-giver of music know in their inmost hearts that what they disclose is not the soul of an art but the body of a mummy; the poor mummy is on show merely

that the showman's bread may be coaxed; we are not really required to believe in it. The most jaundiced pedant knows, though for his livelihood he dare not confess it, how the gleam vanished at his first conscious and cold-blooded touch; he knows that art is the memory of a spiritual experience beyond the wilful striving of any man.

Yet, in spite of all this, it is well for us who feel the power and loveliness of song and dance and colour to have more knowledge of them than we come by in the vague pleasures of instinct. The deeper and stranger and more enthralling our experiences the more we need to understand how they come and what they make of us. Every phase of human life which we are glad to think upon has been associated with an increase of those creative faculties which declare themselves in the arts; and though we may never hold and understand the gleam it may be well for us to enquire into those minds and forms and times which have been fired by it to a fuller life.

We have looked on the poor old mummy: Death in Pickle! That is not the thing we need. Let us rather try to understand how once the mummy was a living thing; what it did; why; how; why it was discarded as a useless instrument; and, above all else, what spirits were directing it. We may even find—to the satisfaction of all honest showmen—that, although the gleam may never be held in fee, some quite pleasant store of bread may be earned by teaching a less useless form of art-lore than the evil of consecutive-fifths and the exact number of inches to a dance-step. For although creative genius cannot work in the conscious knowledge of ancient anatomies, it will surely make smoother the absurdly rough way of many generous hearts if we can teach how certain human desires and spiritual aspirations unfold, re-form, and flame out in sound and shape and hue.

One of the reasons why a new force in art meets with such wasteful opposition and resentment is because a kind of vested interest has been organised in the husks of departed souls. Let us then rather concentrate our energies on the nature of the souls which lent life and light to the husks. We may be quite sure that there were spiritual forces at work shaping the minuet and the chord of the dominant seventh; and it should not be beyond our powers to discover what they were. So may we be prepared to understand other forces, not yet at work, which may in the future create new forms for the new life as it unfolds in thought and emotion, desire and achievement. Then we shall not want to martyr a composer for using chords which we cannot name, nor shrink from the comets which flame under the feet of God because they mark a step which we cannot measure.

Nature-music

In the apparently ungoverned sounds of unconscious Nature exist all but one of the known elements of music; and perhaps all the unknown ones. In the treble of a running stream, in the bass of the breakers, there are rhythm, melody, and even counterpoint. There is a less defined rhythm but more conspicuous melody in the waves of the wind. And the soul of all sustained sound is that vague vast encircling mood which in musical art we call Atmosphere. The one element of music which seems to be absent in unconscious nature is found at work directly we consider the realm of conscious life: it is the faculty of deliberate imitation—that echo of the influence which the outer world exerts upon the mind of the individual, as when a water-bird gathers into its song the liquid babble of a brook; or a composer into his symphony sounds of forest-murmur and sea-fury.

The order in which these various elements have been developed in the art of music has been remarkably purposeful; it has coincided in a significant way with the growth of human desires and aspirations. Practically all the elements have been present from the beginning, but they have had no simultaneous, balanced fostering. Students of primitive music are agreed that Rhythm was for a very long time the chief or only declaration of the musical mind; later on, and one by one, Melody, Polyphony or Many-melody, Emotional Expression, Harmony, and the sense of musical Colour, have been made pivots of the art, until the present day when the power of Characterization has reached its climax in the work of Strauss, and the possibilities of a new art felt in the misty and mystic atmospheric values of Debussy and others. And not only has each of these different elements developed its own plexus; they have re-acted and interacted upon one another, and the triumphant vindication of each has been asserted, not in the denial of the others, but in its association with those which preceded it in period of growth. All these details have been latent from the dawn of the art; but their due expansion has depended upon the need of the age focussed by the sympathies and freed by the faculties of genius.

Rhythm, the Backbone

Rhythm is a prime need of those savage periods of human history when muscular excitement and relief are good for the common weal. The wild, primitive life with its stress upon

physical activity must have been more successfully organised and improved when arms and legs could expend some of their energy upon drums and dances rather than upon the heads of the enemy. Not only did musical rhythm serve such purpose; it also instilled into savage minds new suggestions of bodily beauty, balance, and communal joy. Since the primitive period rhythm has gone on developing in other and more subtle ways, but these later developments have not altered its first and chief function consequent upon its original association with physical movement; and any very emphatic assertion of the rhythmic principle in modern times will be found to be connected, for good or ill, with a certain reversion to primitive ideals. Thus, in our own time, Cake-walks, Ragtimes, and other violent and vulgar dances have been found perfectly adapted for the expression of a people who are rebelling, consciously or unconsciously, against a too monotonous and specialised life; and what there is of ugliness in this music is due not at all to its assertion of physical passions, but to the repression which makes them coarse and frantic. Fortunately, we have to hand fairer examples of the same trend in music; the modern revival of morris-dance and folk-song, with all its reflections and side-growths in theatre and concert-room, is attracting just those individuals who believe in a return to more primitive conditions of country-life as the best or only way out of the labyrinthine evil of industrialism.

The earliest forms of rhythmic activity were doubtless associated with hints of melody and other elements of musical art; but the sense of rhythm was the prime motor, and so remains throughout the historic period. It can never be dispensed with in the expression of definite musical thought. It becomes liquefied in the vague abstractions of Gregorian music, precious in the subtle ramblings of the later Schumann, sticky in the pudding-philosophy of Brahms' uninspired work, and weak-spined in the lank tortuosities of Max Reger; but just as men put their straightest and fullest verbal thought into metrical proverbs and rippling epigrams, so the clearest and intensest musical thought is pierced with conviction because it is upheld by the backbone of rhythm.

Melody the Ideal

Rhythm is the only well-grown musical element in the earlier, fiercer stages of human evolution. Melody develops with the development of a more peaceable spirit. Mr. T. Donovan in his valuable little treatise, *From Lyre to Muse*, puts forward a very

reasonable hypothesis in regard to the origin of melody. The suggestion is that so long as the savage mind was wholly taken up with music in relation to physical movement the stimulation of rhythm would be enough; but when, in quieter moments, he might be idly toying with his percussion instruments, he would discover that they differed in pitch. A similar theory is proposed by Mr. Hermann Smith in his fascinating book on Music of the Earliest Times. He thinks the bow must have been the ancestor of all stringed instruments because of the musical sound made by the string when the arrow has been sped; and some primitive harps do look like a bow with several strings. There is probably truth in both of these ideas; music, like most great and wonderful things, is a meeting at the cross-roads where accident and purpose are transfixed.

Whatever the origin, it is clear that Melody is the organisation of those pitch-differences which are to be found in blows upon drums large and little, and in the aerial vibration caused by strings and tubes, long and short. But Melody, as we now know it, is the flower of age-long growth. Any authentic tune testifies to the heats of human emotion. And our Western scale-forms involve a very strict harmonic sense—in fact, just as we guide and govern a wide and shallow river, we have narrowed the channel of melody that it may be deeper, swifter and more direct in the carrying of its message. Many Eastern peoples prefer the results to be obtained from a subtler, minuter, and more varied division of the octave. However, the essential purpose in the use of melody was independent of emotion, harmony, and scale-divisions. It took place when rhythm was already a forcible language, therefore the new element could not have been used to hint feebly at those emotional moods which might so easily be evoked by the older element, and for a long time it had little reference to the harmonic sense. Melody, then, would seem to be just an abstract element, not easily to be related to anything in the physical life, a pure expression of the mystical sense of Beauty—in fact, a musical analogy of that uncertain and awful philosophical idea, the Thing-in-Itself!

In this haze of mind one can only appeal to the authorities. The etymologists hide themselves behind the Greek *melos*, and then go on to the next word; Professor Skeat frankly gives it up. The dictionary-makers blandly assure us that it is a succession of agreeable sounds. So is the dinner gong. The musicians say that it consists of notes in consecutive pitch-relationship. So is a scale, or even the song of the cats on the tiles.

Finding that the authorities are helpless before this word, which so many of them declare to be the chief element in music,

I appealed to Mr. Allen Upward, whose common sense and humanity have led him to carry his philological studies into the unexplored ground which lies beneath our feet. Thanks to such investigations he has been able to show that the birth of all vital words is due to a natural instinct arising out of the desire to refer to the unexpressed feeling, rather than the conscious business of fitting arbitrary labels to thoughts—or even the verbal imitation of sounds called onomatopoeia, though that plays a very important part. Mr. Upward replied that he believes the word (and therefore the idea) of melody was connected with the Greek word for honey. As Tragedy has been shown by Miss Harrison to be the Beer-song, so Melody would be the Honey-song—the oldest intoxicant used in Europe having been fermented honey. The primitive honey or Mead-song would naturally consist of an imitation of the humming of bees.

Certainly the initial letter of Melody, one of the most sustained and musical of consonants, would support this theory; and if the intoxicating qualities of mead could be found to be associated with Phoebus—a more controllable song than the orgiastic music of Dionysus—then the case might be held to be established on circumstantial evidence.

Certain musicians are always lamenting the absence of melody in modern music. Perhaps that fact may help us to understand the nature of this haunting but elusive spirit. The protest of such persons is generally based upon the assumption that Melody is the chief element in music. But we already know that Rhythm is the chief, in the sense of being the original, basic, and inevitable element. We can have music without melody, but not without rhythm. To prove this we have but to follow up Miss Margaret Glyn's suggestion: playing Schubert's *Who is Sylvia* or any other living tune, first ignoring the rhythm—i. e., in even crotchets and without accents—the effect will soon be an intolerable boredom; then playing the rhythm of the song on a single note, or even on the dining-table, giving fair force to the accents—the result will be a real musical conception; not of a high order, of course, but still something as definite as the tune without rhythm was indefinite.

Such an experiment makes it clear that, if melody is to make any definite effect, it must work through the element of rhythm; any attempt to abstract it will only result in another example of the Thing-in-Itself. Melody can no more be dissociated from Rhythm than the Mind can be dissociated from the Body. When the tune-principle tries to emancipate itself from the time-principle

we get such meaningless activity as ensues when imagination tries to emancipate itself from fact. Indeed, certain backboneless tunes might well be classified as Metaphysical Melody; in which connection one remembers the weak rhythms of most hymn-tunes.

But united with a forceful rhythm Melody adds a divine spirit to a physical shape. Melody is, in fact, the soul which has evolved from the body of Rhythm. It is the call of the Ideal, meaning nothing if separated from the real, but the very voice of God if united with it.

Thus we can understand why working songs are emphatic on the rhythmic side; why rag-time tunes are fast in more senses than one; why tunes which are most exalting in their effect derive their power chiefly from Melody; and why Gregorian chant is so perfectly suited to forms of worship which are entirely spiritual.

Rhythm was the only musical element necessary to savage man. Melody has developed most beautifully during periods of peace and simplicity. Thus, the agricultural lives of the European peasantry have attained the perfection of melodic design. No music of Bach or Schubert or Strauss is melodically superior to the finest folk-music.

Many-melody or Polyphony

After a time men got dissatisfied with the sound of a single line of melody, just as they probably got tired of weaving their garments with threads of a single colour; and as they found greater pleasures of sight in seeing two or more colours in contrast so they found greater pleasures of sound in hearing two or more distinct melodies at the same time, or (as in rounds) the same melody sung by a different voice when the first singer was but part-way through. This period carries us through that misty valley (it is not a chasm, as some believe) where music, as the unconscious creative activity, merges into conscious art.

There is a widespread belief that this phase of Many-melody is an unnatural music, fostered only by pedants. The impression is almost entirely due to the methods which obtain in teaching this part of the craft of music-making—methods which are well symbolised by a title not easily understood by the simple person: the majority of Professors of Polyphony start from some unwise treatise of counterpoint based upon the art of Many-melody as it was in some beautiful bygone day. A wiser few teach from the works of Palestrina and Bach. But I have never heard of one who makes it his duty to show the natural growth of Many-melody from its rise among children and other savages, through the earliest

known examples of canon and round, past its triumphs in madrigal and fugue, sonata and symphony—explaining how it gave to Wagner fresh possibilities in music-drama, and to Strauss an Oriental splendour of orchestral effect.

Many-melody is not the sullen labour of gaolers who became musicians by mistake; it is the singing voice of free men who have learned how to enjoy life together; it is the song of delight in that communal sense which has its roots in common sense. Common sense teaches us how to get our work done; and the sense of beauty leads us to get more joy out of it. The communal sense teaches us how to achieve more varied and more lasting work; Many-melody helps to train the mind to this achievement, and sings its most perfect song.

The same rhythm in different parts is the musical expression of different persons doing the same thing. The same melody in different parts (called Unison by the faculty) is the musical expression of different persons dreaming the same dream; Many-melody is the musical expression of different persons dreaming different dreams, but at the same time contributing various details towards an ideal which passes beyond the powers of individual achievement, and sometimes beyond the possibilities of individual understanding. That great assertion of Thought-freedom which we call the Reformation might not, could not have achieved everything of its ideal; whatever it achieved was due as much to the struggles of the Catholics as to those of the Anabaptists, to the pretensions of the Lutherans as to the cupidity of the eighth Henry. So also the Many-melody of Palestrina does not reveal all that he dreamed of heavenly beauty; even that part of the idea which comes whispering through the different strands of his melody can only be guessed by the various voices which contribute to it. To hear it more fully one must stand outside it, and not even the listener will hear all of it.

A complete, free, and self-controlled life away from the fellowship of one's kind has been preferred only by a few men; so also the pure line of unfettered Single-melody counts for little in the sum of musical joy when compared with Many-melody, notwithstanding the individual limitations it imposes. But even as that kind of communal life will be most successful which leaves the individual most free, so, too, will that Many-melody be most acceptable which gives a fair and natural freedom to each individual part; to the sopranos a flying ecstasy, to the contraltos a warm contemplation, to the tenors a trumpet-like challenge, to the basses a solemn nobility.

Many-melody is often looked upon as the peculiar musical style of the churches. That is a mistake: it originated outside the ecclesiastical influence, and has reached its supreme moments in times of revolt; though the churches may have appeared to accept the musical changes caused by the revolt, such changes have never been really helped, though they have often been hindered by the ecclesiastical powers. True, it has happened that the Catholic music of Palestrina was a much freer form of praise than the Roman faith of his time would seem to approve, and the Protestant music of Bach was (as we shall presently see) full of a spirit intolerable to the rigidity prevailing among the Lutheran clergy; and these, the two outstanding examples of mastery in Many-melody, have given musical lustre to the religious bodies which the musicians happened to serve. But that is the illusion of the afterglow.

At no period of its growth can Many-melody be called a church song. It is essentially a music of the clash in the world of men. Miss Margaret Glyn has collected examples of it from the music of primitive folk; and Mr. William Platt in his *Child-Music* shows us the art in the very moment of its birth. The same merry monk who made *Sumer is icumen in* for the many-melodied mind of the outside world was obliged to sing for the clergy a much duller tune.

To-day the Roman authorities say that the art of Palestrina is a music quite suited to their needs. It is at last clear to everybody that an art which gives freedom to the individual is a much truer kind of worship than an art which is only possible in the confinement of unison. But in the meantime the stars have moved in their courses, and many other songs been sung; perhaps in the course of a few centuries, when Elgar's music has ceased to have the immediate value necessarily attaching to a current idiom, *The Dream of Gerontius* may find a place by the side of the *Missa Papae Marcellae*. For Palestrina's music is now but a voice from the grave, the expression of a religious phase that is dead. In the moment of Palestrina's greatest achievement we find a new idea presenting itself, and if the new ideal was never definitely accepted by him, it was only because the laws of genius are the laws of nature, and the birth of the seed is the death of the flower.

Palestrina's Many-melody is the art of an almost perfect peace, a lovely expression of belief in Utopia. Musicians would call it Concordant Polyphony. But even in Palestrina here and there are to be found sounds of strife between the parts—notes at war, not because the master could not fit them into a concord,

but because he preferred to leave them discordant. Discordant Polyphony, the Many-melody of Blake's mental strife, is a more desirable musical expression for human beings than the Many-melody of Peace, even as the immediate union of bodies and minds in spite of differences and disagreements tends more to human welfare than the hope of a perfection in the far future. The vision of a heaven or an evolutional goal where everybody will be good is beautiful and precious for minds that are weary with the inevitable war of worldly life. Palestrina has made for such minds an almost perfect song, in which nearly every discord melts into a concord, and the physical element of rhythm slips through the web of tone as quicksilver through the fingers. But there are minds—and who shall say they are less noble?—which are not content to work for what they believe to be a dream; who recognise, moreover, that humanity is not a collection of casts from the same mould; who believe that because free persons are not in the habit of thinking identical thoughts, even when engaged upon the same work, so they ought not to be asked to sing identical songs or even a music trimmed to the sweet agreements of Palestrina.

A single freely wrought melody will serve in the freedom of isolation; the Many-melody of Peace will serve those who are willing to compromise their individual rights for the sake of the common cause; but for those who need a communal music and yet insist upon preserving the individual rights of each separate part, the only possibility is a Many-melody of Strife, a discordant Polyphony, a vari-voiced song which will tolerate, and even find a greater joy in, those inevitable differences.

Such was the new spirit which flitted fantomlike through a few passages of Palestrina, increased its strength during the succeeding era, and reached its climax in the work of Bach. A strife of parts which would have horrified Palestrina was made beautiful by the larger and more worldly mind of the German master. The idea of Palestrina was generally confined to the horizons of Heaven; he did not gather the material world into his song. The earth was too wild and passionate for his gentle, cloistered mind. Bach was his equal in the capacity for visionary ecstasy, as witness the *Sanctus* in the *B minor Mass*; in melancholy introspection, as the *Agnus Dei* of the same work shows; and in sweet serenity, as the fugue in E major from the second book of the Forty-eight testifies. But Bach could be peculiarly wilful and undisciplined also, and create an equal spiritual joy from those very qualities. The realism of a hundred themes proves that at times he could assume quite a materialistic attitude. Perhaps that

is why his was the greater triumph. Into the web of Many-melody which has been woven by Palestrina to express the divine ideal of perfect agreement among different beings—into that golden web Bach caught up the less radiantly coloured threads of an imperfect humanity. In Bach's work the heavens and the earth sing together, and the angels are swept into the circle of human life. The discordance of much of his detail is made more than tolerable, it adds a greater richness to the glorious onflow of his general conception; while his continual and even fierce assertion of the rhythmic basis of music gives it a feeling of certainty which is altogether lacking in the spiritual elusiveness of Palestrina. The Italian master asserted the monistic as well as the monastic principle; the German master stated the dualistic principle, the paradoxes of which can find solution only in the mind of the fearless individual.

Later composers—Beethoven, Wagner, and Strauss—have handled Many-melody with what artistry they could. Each of these great ones has instinctively felt that in Bach's art lies a great secret, the discovery of which is good and even necessary for the future of music; each at the height of his power has attempted to fuse the Many-melodic method with the peculiar development of his own time. But no one since Bach has been able to lay a stable foundation of clear form and to raise over it a building proclaiming that amazing Gothic joy which found equal expression in the quiet, sky-pointing finger of the spire, the extravagance of intricate tracery, and the grim laughter of the gargoyle.

Emotion in Music

Emotion has been bound up with music from the beginning. No one will try to deny its presence in those features of the art which have already come under review. The ferocity in the rhythm of Maori war-dances, the plaintive resignation of Russian folk-melody, the devotional calm of Palestrina's polyphony, and the many tides of feeling which dash into splendour because of Bach's northern energy—all these carry with them various kinds and degrees of emotional statement. Songs of life and death are perforce emotional in a world of dream and desire. And yet the day which reached its noon in the work of Beethoven did link the art of music with the heart of man in a way which had not been known before. Having experienced the exultant eagle-cry of the last movement of the C minor Symphony, the mystic fight as between man and god in the first movement of the D minor Sonata for

piano, and the bewildered violence of mood in the late String Quartets as of a caged creature chafing against the bars, none can help feeling that the emotional quality of music came to a climax in the mind of Beethoven.

The savagest dance-rhythm is a mild thing of itself; the real emotional content is not brought out until we see the dancers working themselves to a fury as the players beat their music to a foam. The mood of a folk-melody is so doubtful that the same notes are used for the varying emotions of the different verses; the words are the essential statement of the emotion. The feeling of devotion is so obviously vague and vast that it is absurd to speak of it in the same connection as the definite human passions to be found in Beethoven's music. In all of the earlier phases emotional desire certainly generated the music, but that the mere music resulting has any considerable power to awake definite emotions no one can believe. Only when we arrive at the many-voiced music of Bach can there be a question of an emotional art: the trumpet-lipped triumph of the first chorus in *Ein feste Burg* and the melancholy tenderness of the *Agnus Dei* in the *B minor Mass* are asserted in the music clearly and strongly enough to arouse those emotions in the hearer even without the words or the knowledge of them. But it is clear that a simple declaration of this kind was enough for Bach: he would often introduce a phrase into a single part which bears no apparent relation to the mood then being expressed by the whole; he made no effort to convey that swell and surge of feeling which seems to have borne Beethoven along as a boat upon an endless, fathomless sea. Emotion of a more human kind was inevitably outlined in Discordant Polyphony; but Bach himself generally stands outside his art, like a loom-master who has chosen the subject for his tapestry, selected the few right and restrained tones, and woven them in, concord and discord, warp of heaven-blue and weft of earthen-red—finding his joy in the god's artful power of creation, and also in the god's apparently artless indifference to the fringes of his work.

Beethoven, on the other hand, has launched himself upon the terrible ocean of human sympathy, revolt, and suffering. He is scarcely ever outside his creation, nearly always inside, striving, not as a weaver at the loom, but as a boatman at the rudder. He is swayed and carried to and fro by every tide and gust and gale, becalmed by every lull. He finds his joy in confronting the mighty, awful powers of sea and sky, acknowledging their natural and evil advantages, and defying them in spite of all. The Promethean fire which Beethoven stole for a world of music was the fire of

feeling. Before the time of Beethoven musicians were as gods knowing good and evil, and doing good; Beethoven taught them to do good and evil, because evil, too, has its own beauty and gladness—Beethoven showed them that the greatest joys of art lie, not at that centre-point where perfect balance is preserved, but rather in the whole range of experience from calm and sweetness to energy and pain.

A music composed merely of rhythm and melody (even in its noblest many-voiced forms) can only prove itself fully in association with word and gesture. Primitive dances and folk-melodies do not exist as separate music in the minds of those who make them, but as integral parts of deeds done or desired, or as an element of divine worship. Melodies convey no meaning to folk-singers without the verses associated with them; the words forgotten, the tunes too have vanished; and even if a song-tune they have known should be played to them it is meaningless without the ideas which originated it, or were wedded with it. And I remember reading of a savage who, hearing some new idea expressed in relation to the deity, replied that he did not dance that dance.

The instrumental works of the polyphonic period have for their Right-to-Be not an emotional statement, but an avowed imitation, a plastic derivation; pieces like the Elizabethan Fancies and the Bach fugues are copies and developments of vocal shapes, while the suites and overtures are obviously made up of dance forms. Even that Sonata-form of which Beethoven was supposed to be the supreme maker, but was really the angry breaker—even that was but the full-grown shell of the dance-form splintered and shredded to disclose the lovelier possibilities of a future emotional art. The shadow-piercing vision of Wagner has shown us what we were too blind to see before, that the pedigree of the symphony is easily traceable from the earliest dance-movements, through the idle, child-like moments of Bach in his suites and of Haydn and Mozart in their sonatas and symphonies, to those full-blooded poems of Beethoven which first record the most intense life of the heart in terms of pure music. Haydn was not only a Hungarian prince's master of music: he was also a sort of ballet-master. He taught people the joy of dancing without legs. His symphonies are just extended dance-rhythms; and, inasmuch as there are certain dances which cannot be danced by human limbs—the leap of the lover's heart, the swing of the swallow and dart of the dragon-fly—we may well forgive Haydn some degree of physical crippledom.

Mozart, wasting so much of his life in the mere childish cleverness of twice-two-are-four, did yet foreshadow the depths

of Beethoven in the fantasia-Sonata in C minor, and the irony of Beethoven in the Symphony in G minor.

The path from Palestrina to Beethoven is like a way over the mountains. We pass from the mountain-peak of heaven, where Palestrina, Fra Angelico, and Dante prefer to stay; down into the valley of ecclesiastical pedantry up to the next peak of the world where the sons of God dwell with the sons of men and sing the many-voiced music of Bach, build the many-spired cathedrals of Gothland and take king and clown and philosopher indifferently as in the many-scened drama of Shakespeare; down into the valley of professional pedantry; up to the next peak, which is the Hill of Hell, where the torment of desire and the fury of rebellion find relief and joy in the defiant silence of Prometheus, the proud visions of Blake, and the mad pæans of Beethoven.

Beethoven carried with him on his journey—for he had traversed the whole distance, unheld by the sweet beauties of heaven or the pleasant varieties of the world—I say, he carried with him the memory of many things. He held to the primitive rhythmic principle with an extraordinary emphasis: his frequent marking of the ordinary accent with an extra *sforzando* suggests that he was resenting the bloodless languor which so easily overtakes an art penned-in by the practice of professional artists. His fierce primitive stamping upon the first beat of the bar is, as Blake might say, one of the most joyous energies of hell. His memory of divine melody was less certain: at one time, as in the first movement of the C minor Symphony, he would practically ignore it; at another, as in the slow movement of the Pathetic Sonata, he would become almost sentimental. But the many-voiced music which he heard upon the mountain where gods and men commingle vibrates in his memory more and more vividly as he comes to the fullness of his powers: hitherto he has shouted the great glad shout of the Man in Revolt; now at last he opens his mouth for the Many in Revolt; the seething souls of the silent crowd which have had no musical voice since civilization was captured by the cruel and crafty—that multitudinous voice now converges on the lips of this Promethean Singer, and breaks there in a Many-melody so open and childish and uncouth that no man save Wagner has yet felt it aright.

One of the results of this many-tongued thought working upon the brain of Beethoven was to break up the form of the Sonata. Haydn and Mozart had already played with Polyphony as with a clock-work toy, winding up canon and fugue as they had learned in the Bach-school which was inevitably formed to ruin the work of Bach; but Beethoven warmed to the fire which made Bach

polyphonic; and if he crackled and spluttered unduly it was because the flame of Many-melody could not abide the dampness of a sonata-soaked mind. It is plain to see that Beethoven felt Polyphony to be the right and natural expression of that revolutionary spirit which ever burned to a fiercer glow within him; and brought about so much of his greatest work: it enters as the culmination of the Heroic Symphony: it is used again at that moment (so generally misunderstood) in the Choral Symphony where the rebels of the world are called to war; and in all Beethoven's latest work, even in the comparative seclusion of his chamber-music, we feel this great, terrible, turbulent, and irresistible crowd-spirit bursting through custom and tradition as the revolutionaries of his time burst through many a beautiful cloister and ugly prison. So it happens that Beethoven's Many-melody remains a symbol of destructive energy. By its means he broke down the arbitrary sonata-form, work of musical monasticism; but he could not rebuild. The marshy valley can send only misty messages to the hill-top. Beethoven had not only climbed to the crest of his mountain; he had descended some distance on the other side.

Harmony

Up to this moment we have been able to study that part of the course of music's unfolding which lies behind us with some approach to certainty. From this time onward a true perspective becomes increasingly difficult. The chordal basis of the period succeeding Bach has led many to believe that it was the harmonic sense which came to its climax in Beethoven's work. That idea is absurd. Beethoven was more limited than Bach in his range of chords.

Harmonic ideas were first stumbled upon in the use of Many-melody. Two or more voices singing different thoughts, or the same thoughts upon different levels, must also sing a continuous chain of harmonies—effects of combination entirely different from the combined effects of rhythms and tunes. Browning referred to this different music when he said that three notes heard at the same moment made, not a fourth note, but a star!

The stars of harmony are of many degrees of magnitude and many varieties of colour.

Two notes will give a lesser glow. There is the transparence of the octave, the still nebulous shimmer of the fourth and fifth, the aqueous glistening of the third and sixth, and the quick twinkling of the second and seventh.

Three different notes combine in a much greater radiance; and four become almost opaque with colour. The greater the number of notes in a chord the wiser must be the star-worker, or he will mix mud instead of kindling a glory.

Palestrina, Bach and the other Many-Singers struck sparks in a great variety of harmonic forms, but most of their loveliest chords were accidents. They knew the mysterious beauty of the more nebulous chords, and preferred the distinct glow of the third and sixth to the faint light of the fourth and fifth; but Palestrina feared the tingling beams of the unprepared second and seventh, and though Bach feared no dissonance as he piled the pure blue and blazing gold of heaven upon the sullen red and satin green of earth, yet even his multitudinous harmonies are but the chance lights of unforeseen approximations. His steel-shod, flame-winged genius carried him over the surface of solid ground and phantom air, and the chords he struck were as sudden as shooting stars. They were seldom prearranged or dwelt upon, and this indifference to harmonic effect gives to the harmonies of Bach the same rainbow-reach of light as to the horses of his father Phoebus when they charge the Night at Dawn and the Day at Sundown.

But this divinely careless driving of two, four, six, and even eight steeds at once—each separate voice-part an individual fire-breather tugging at the reins—discovered a new kind of musical art; and it became the business of the composers who immediately succeeded Bach to nurse these sudden flames to a steady glow: that is why the harmonic principle has so important a place in the music of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Long years before, our English Purcell had seen these same wild stars in the wake of the Elizabethan madrigalians, and he fanned some of them to separate fires; but he lived among a people who were weary of light and creation.

It is not hard to see how harmony thus born, by accident, sounded the knell of the old divine aloofness of music, and the birth-bell of a greater, humaner power. It is always the chance doings of the gods themselves which bring about their downfall; and we cannot wonder that, as the rich and the religious ramped the skies in their contrapuntal pride, throwing off worlds of harmony as though they were of no account—we cannot wonder, I say, that the Promethean Beethoven was moved to take just this accidental music and fashion it into songs of anger and grief. The insolence of the powerful moving a great soul to vocal indignation and pity has ever sounded the war-cry for an advance against the hosts of heaven. It was no mere coincidence that Beethoven lived in

revolutionary times, sang a song of praise to Napoleon as the saviour of men, and then, when the conqueror assumed imperial postures, erased his name from the musical Book of Heroes.

Harmony once established, the human principle of music is forever sure, for harmony is more emotional than melody, more direct than polyphony, and more soulful than rhythm. A single chord will stir a depth of feeling where melody just ripples along the surface or soars away in the air. The difference between the three-pointed-stars of the major common chord and the minor common chord is slight in point of tonality, but it expresses all the difference between the vibrant peace of sunshine and the cool calm of shadow. Add a minor third above a major common chord and the peace becomes enquiring. Add the same above a minor common chord and shadow grows painful. And the depths of harmony have never yet been sounded. It is a lake deep and unfathomable as the human heart itself. Since Beethoven's time new chords and chord relationships have shown us that his art was not the climax of harmonic development, but rather the climax of human emotion in relation to music. Later composers have given expression to subtler shades of feeling; none, not Wagner himself, has sent music along the main channels of human emotion with such power. Perhaps this power is best realised when we notice how few were the harmonies generally used by him. Bach practically anticipated them all in a single piece—the *Chromatic Fantasia*—and an infinitely greater number in the chance collisions of his voices. But Bach was playing with fire; Beethoven was using it to forge the endurance of human hearts. The one is as Phoebus who lightens the darkness of the outer world and warms our bodies; the other as Prometheus who lightens the darkness of the inner world and sets fire to our souls. We shall prefer the music of the one or the other according as we prefer to be at peace in the seats of the mighty, or at war on the side of the children of hell.

The great problem with which Beethoven tried to grapple is the same problem with which democratic minds have wrestled in many ages. The varied feelings of different beings can find just utterance only in a music of many voices, but he, the rebel, could by no means bring this about. The polyphony of a free community has not yet been fused with the harmony which expresses the inmost soul of the individual. Can this ever be? Is there need for it? Does not the music of many voices move onward to the horizon of a social ideal, while the roots of harmony strike downward in each separate soul, ever branching in new directions, responsively vibrating to similar chords in the soul of another

individual, but, like the strings of an instrument, needing a certain amount of isolation to vibrate at all? Would not the intertanglement of polyphony and harmony mean the confusion of the general march and the decay of the separate musical life? Perhaps that is why Beethoven failed in his effort to fuse them. To reconcile Bach's communal onflow with Beethoven's defiant individualism one would have to liquefy them till they were neither of much account; and that is the spirit of Nirvana.

Mr. Allen Upward has shown that it is in the woven antagonism of the Cross that life force shows as matter. Now there is a crucial antagonism between the horizontal movement of many-melody and the columnar principle of harmony; they cannot be fused in the spiritual atmosphere of music. In the work of the decorative artist or in the drama as expressed in the work of Mr. Gordon Craig, the two elements of music may be reconciled, but not in the art of pure tone. And yet they seem to be strangely interdependent. Whenever harmony has developed polyphony has halted, but only in the same way that the march of a crowd must sometimes pause for the sake of some individual units. After that the crowd-song has been sung with renewed energy, as though it had gained fresh joy and power in the deepening of individual consciousness. Thus it happened that Beethoven and Wagner at the height of their harmonic power tried to develop new ideas in many-melodic form. Beethoven's effort was tentative. Wagner realised its purpose more completely, and deliberately used it to preserve a sense of freedom in massed effect.

Glancing at the later developments of harmony, we find that Chopin's music offers the best example of its individualistic quality. The whole of his lonely, sensitive personality is concentrated in the increased subtlety of his harmonic sense. The prim, evenly curled harmony of Mendelssohn and the rich and fresh, but slightly tortured harmony of Schumann, are specialised offshoots of Beethoven's art. It is Wagner who stands for the real fullness of harmonic growth up to the present time; Grieg and Debussy are rootlings of his main tap as Schumann and Mendelssohn were of Beethoven's. Chopin used chords intuitively, with a perfect feeling for their intimate and sensuous beauty. Wagner used them with a conscious sense of their fitness in some human relationship. Beethoven's harmony is clear enough in its emotional significance; but it is emotion unapplied, a sort of vague tendency to humanism. Wagner does not probe the soul of harmony much deeper; but by means of it he probes the souls of human beings in certain relationships; and the ebb and flow of his dramatic con-

ceptions bring about a new sense of harmonic values. Beethoven's harmony is an art of vague, generalised single-hearted emotion; Wagner's of specialised emotions rising and riven in the conflict of drama. Hence the later sense of modulation, or chord and key relationship; and it is in that kaleidoscopic beauty of chord-colour rather than in his extension of chord range that Wagner did most to develop the harmonic sense. He has himself explained in so many words the human applications of certain effects of modulation which offended the academic musicians. Such explanations did not satisfy his critics, nor have they increased our joy in the music or feeling for its fitness; but they are of value because they teach us that here, as at every other great moment in the life of the arts, it is living experience rather than the sensual indulgence in art for art's sake which adds to our sense of aesthetic beauty.

However, great as was Wagner's contribution to harmony in what he created of new chord-relationships, it was not in that matter that he summed up an epoch; but in his use of orchestral timbre, which is to music what colour is to pictorial art.

Colour-Harmony

Few musicians realize that the sense of musical colour is intimately related to the harmonic sense; that the colour-sense of orchestral art is a development of the same faculty which found its first pleasure in the building of columns and arcades of tone.

The only instrument which gives a nearly pure and perfect musical note is the tuning-fork, and it is almost inaudible. If an aerial vibration is to be strong enough to carry a sound message it must be enforced by a number of lesser vibrations. These last produce what are known as partial tones—extra notes pitched higher than the simple tone we seem to hear, and themselves inaudible except under analysis. Mr. Gordon Craig has likened these unheard tones to the spirits which move unheard, unseen, in great poetic drama. It is an apt simile; for as these invisible spirits shape the cross-currents of will and fate which successful men fondly believe to be their servants, so the inaudible spirits decide whether the note they accompany is to have a round and full, or a thin and piercing quality. These spirit-notes are well-called harmonics; for as Mrs. Louise Liebich has shown in her delicate and fascinating study of the music of Debussy, they, and not the harmony professors, nor even the composers, have actually determined the unfolding of our harmonic sense. First they

caused the faint quality of the perfect musical note to become sensible to our grosser hearing; then we were led by them to build up the simpler forms of chordal architecture; and chords, be it well noted, sound loud or soft less in dynamic than in some as yet undiscovered harmonic relationship. A chord of three notes of a certain strength may or may not sound louder than a single note of like force; but a chord sung by a choir of three thousand, other things being equal, does not sound ten times stronger than a choir of three hundred; and certain instruments in combination actually rob each other of power. So it happens that there is a greater warmth of tone in the few instruments needed for Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll* than in fully scored passages of Schumann's orchestral works. But much more has been effected by the spirit-notes: our very speech depends upon them, for Helmholtz has shown how the vowel-sounds are nothing but combinations of notes in harmonic relationship.

However, the most ethereal gift of the spirits has been the gradual revelation of a colour-sense in music. They bring about those varieties of tone which cause us to hear the difference between the flute and the clarinet, the fiddle and the harp. It is their presence in varying forms which gives scarlet valour to the trumpet, brick-red bravado to the cornet, dull purple languor to the guitar, grey melancholy to the English horn, and an undefinable, discoloured, oxidised, mongrel silver-tone to the piano. These differences of timbre, or colour-quality, have been known from early times: the flute and the lyre, the pipe and the tabor, have been used for contrasted as well as blended effects. During the historic period these blends and contrasts have been slowly organised in what we know as the orchestra; and it was Wagner's greatest musical glory that he set the seal of real achievement upon the sense of colour-harmony.

He gave to the orchestra a unity and drew from it a variety unknown before his time; he endowed it with an unprecedented power as a means for the expression of human emotion and vindicated what were at first taken for ineptitudes or extravagances by using them as the direct expression of ideas in dramatic form. The silver armour of Lohengrin is as lead beside the cerulean tissue of the orchestral colouring; the visualised waters of the Rhine are mere pantomime-tricks compared with the transparent deeps of blue in his river-prelude; and the cosmetic beauty of the Flower-maidens in Parsifal positively nullifies the seducing power of the beautiful sensual spirits which pervades the rhythm of the dance-movement. But in developing the emotional quality of musical

colour he at the same time exposed the brutal nature of realistic drama; and he has been censured for his stagey materialism by many who would never have realised the spiritual possibilities of modern music but for the delicate, radiant spirits which flit through the Wagnerian orchestra. When we see the promise of the seed peeping through, we do not revile the outworn husk; so it is our business, not to waste our energies in cursing Wagnerian realism, but to foster the seed of that more spiritual drama which gleams in the death-song of Isolda and the Grail-scenes from Parsifal.

Musical Characterization

Now we have to consider a musical issue which has been consciously fostered by the will of man. In its crude forms it attempts a kind of musical realism. Kuhnau makes a sonata in which David kills Goliath; Berlioz sends victims to a symphonic guillotine; and Strauss shows Till Eulenspiegel's dying kicks from an orchestral gallows. It is marvellous how death-fond the realistic tendency is!

Musical realists are trying to create a kind of aural sight. One might as well demand speaking statuary of sculptors. Of course we do sometimes refer to speaking likenesses. Visible music is an analogous form of art. But though the more direct attempts at musical realism have proved either feeble or funny, many of the great composers have used a kind of realistic symbolism which as certainly enlarged the joy of the art. To make a musical picture wherein we are supposed to see the writhing body and purpling features of violent death can only be loathsome or laughable; but deliberately to suggest, as Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner have done, the presence of death by means of some descending phrase, faltering rhythm, or fading harmony, is another thing altogether: it has relation to the poetic power of analogy rather than to the plastic sense of visible or tangible object. When a poet says that his lady's eyes are like a rim of sky beneath a threatening cloud he wants us to know that he has just had a scolding, not to think of the eyes as slits under monstrous eyebrows; and when a composer would have us hear music in relation to the idea of death it is a gentleness, or a regretfulness, or a glory attending death he would have us feel—not the details of its physical appearance.

It is really important that this difference should be appreciated, for nothing has caused more controversy among worthy one-eyed musicians. On the one hand we have those who see clearly enough that music can by no means become visible; they

have resented the tendency which comes to its climax in Strauss as altogether evil. On the other hand we have those who wish to intensify the abstract qualities of musical art by some kind of association with the definite facts of human life; and they have often tried to swallow musical realism whole—its corpsical folly as well as its spiritual wisdom. In fact, it may have been due to the ravening of these same realists that Strauss has from time to time thrown them some absurd bone: he has seldom attempted to convey the idea of an object in terms of music; but the many-headed dog has barked for bones, and apparently to save himself from the horrors of foolish discipleship he has sometimes fixed an approximate label to details of his work. That has generally been done with a twinkle in the eye; for Strauss clearly recognizes that while serious art is as little concerned with fact as the Pleiades are with a lover's quarrel, yet the spirit of comedy can make a good deal of the realistic method. The bleating and leaping of the sheep in *Don Quixote* and the jaunty stride of the Street-urchin in *Till Eulenspiegel* are made good in a sense of humour. In serious moods Strauss leaves realism far behind him. It is not the death-bed and ticking clock which he fixes at the beginning of *Tod und Verklärung*, but the palpitating silence of sympathy. It is not the poor devils of musical critics who are pictured in *A Hero Life*, but their niggling negations and hollow affirmations, their petty snarls and futile reiterations. Associating these moods with definite mental concepts, Strauss has pushed back the frontier of music as a means of dramatic expression.

Wagner's themes are right enough, but he was so much at the mercy of theatrical tradition that he dare not let the outer picture wait for the full revelation of the spiritual idea; and when his creatures stop to argue they hinder the development of the inner dramatic situation. It is when he sweeps the stage out of existence, and raises a tidal wave of music—it is then that the real drama of inmost character is upon us.

Strauss in his symphonic poems, unhampered by rouged sopranos and fat tenors, has been able to use the dramatic values of music in quite a new way; and so his music has a buoyancy of rhythm and dignity of phrase which Wagner only achieved at intervals. The shortness of Wagner's leading themes has been attributed to the concentration of his musical thought; it is due rather to the fact that he relies less upon the spiritual lines of melody, and more upon the human and emotional qualities of harmony in chord and colour. The brevity of his themes and patchwork of his movements are rather like those trivial wall-

papers which send the brain reeling. Shortness of theme does not emphasize the power to express character in music: that may be seen in the fact that when Wagner relies upon melody for the chief outlines of his characterization he is forced to use a more extended theme. The love-sick phrase of four notes which ferments the blood in *Tristan and Isolde* depends much more upon its feverish harmony than upon the languishing appeal of its melody; Siegfried's hero-theme is a fine example of phraseology akin to the sweeping melodic lines of Bach, but made more purposeful in the service of dramatic characterization. It is in this latter detail that Strauss has really carried on the work of the great line. He is not the supreme master of the orchestra he is generally supposed to be; but he has treated rhythm and melody with a fuller understanding of their dramatic values than Wagner himself. The music for Beckmesser is a poor attempt compared with the Pedant's Looking-glass in *A Hero Life*; and Wagner conceived no music more beautifully sustained than that which declares the heart of Electra when she recognizes Orestes.

Afterword

And now once again we are in a state of transition. The new possibilities of music foreshadowed in the works of Wagner are being developed by Strauss, Elgar and Schoenberg in various directions; while Debussy, Ravel, Stravinsky, Bantock and others are undermining the mass of scaffolding and technic which accompanies every great erection of art. A new music is unfolding just as a new religious spirit is unfolding; and it is the mystic quality of this new music which appears to be the essence of its development, though at the same time there is some very real association between that mystic quality and its dramatic powers. Strauss, Elgar, Stravinsky, and Debussy are all intent on music as drama even when they are least concerned with the theatre as we now know it. They seem unconsciously to understand that the mystic powers of music should be made direct and sure by means of dramatic expression, and at the same time to strive against that degree of dramatic materialism which means degradation of the creative faculties of players and onlookers. The sacred dance in Parsifal gives a hint of what the future may have in store. The Russian Ballet has shown that dancing is still powerful to move even outworn opera-goers. Folk-dancing is reviving within the simplest minds that power for expression which passes the barriers of thought and language. Dancing was the first word of outer religious

ceremonial as music was the first word of inner religious experience. Perhaps the future of these two most powerful and popular arts depends upon their being once again wedded in a great religious purpose. We are all weary of materialistic science, realistic art, and sceptical ecclesiasticism. We know that the mental life is as real and beautiful and passionate as the carnal life. We are told Jacob's ladder was sent down from heaven. I think it must have been the ladder of some primitive musical scale. Now we have greater opportunities if we care to use them. When we have trained our bodies in that rhythmic movement upon which the universe hangs, and our minds in that mystical music which eludes the dissection of science and the explanation of logic—then perhaps we may find another ladder swinging from the sky, with angels and men and devils all joyfully ascending and descending in the sheer rapture of spiritual adventure and discovery.

ROBERT FRANZ

(June 28, 1815—October 24, 1892)

By HANS KLEEMANN

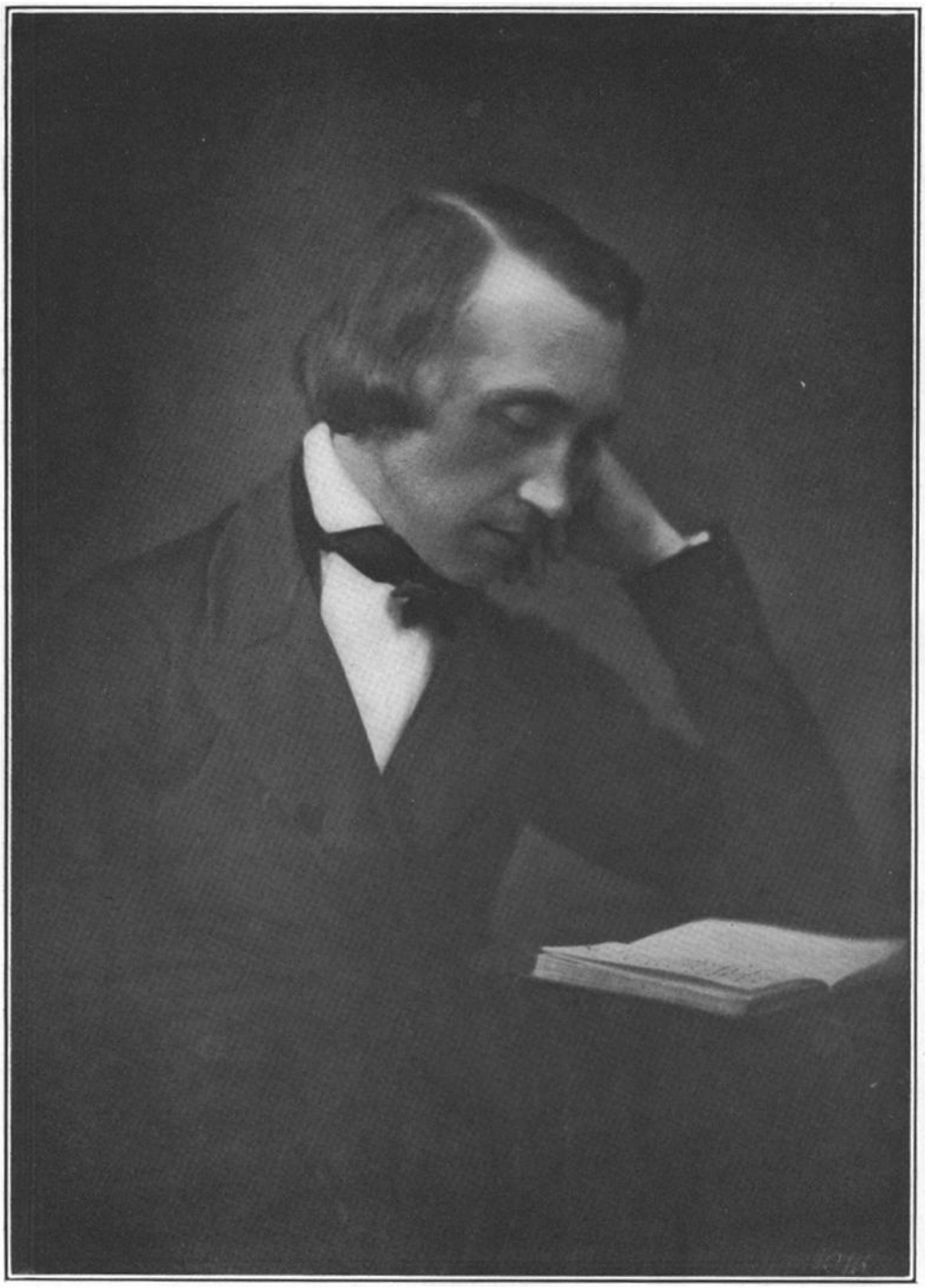
I. The "Liedermeister"

ROBERT FRANZ gave us about 300 songs—perhaps not many if we consider that he reached the ripe age of 77 years or if we contrast his output with the endless array of songs composed by Schubert during his short career. But these 300 songs represent a great treasure, since without exception they possess artistic value. Every song in the series reveals the unmistakable idiom and genius of Franz. Their variety is astonishing, and since of all his works his songs still appeal to us most directly the artistic physiognomy of Robert Franz is best studied from them.

His "Liederhefte" appeared between 1843 and 1884 and ran from op. 1 to op. 52. In the case of Beethoven it would be fairly safe to trace his artistic development from opus to opus through (let us say) his pianoforte sonatas. Not so with Robert Franz; the date of composition coincides but rarely with the date of publication inasmuch as Franz usually accumulated many songs in his desk before selecting a few for publication. Indeed, he himself has warned us against such attempts to study his songs:

> So it happened, unfortunately, that I can give no accurate account of the chronology of my compositions either to myself or to others. I never possessed vanity enough to add date and year to my songs. Some of them in my very last publications really date from between 1840 and 1845; only, they now look somewhat different. Up to my op. 8 I made radical changes when new editions were issued—thereafter I did not consider revisions necessary. (And again:) op. 1 in my opinion is neither better nor worse than op. 52.

From this estimate Franz excepted only op. 23, 27, and 33 of his "middle period." If he further held that "such working processes concern nobody but the composer," he underestimated the psychological interest of posterity and he did not take into account our natural desire for a glimpse into the privacy of the creative artist's workshop. The absence of progressive development is not necessarily something in favor of an artist. At any rate, not

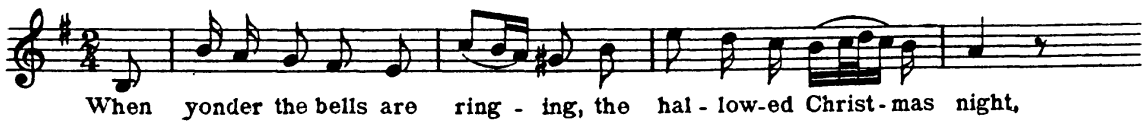


Robert Franz

to concede a difference in value between one's op. 1 and op. 52 would seem to betray a certain amount of complacency. However, it is futile to indulge in such speculations. We are confronted with facts, and back of these facts is enough of interest to warrant an attempt to unravel the threads woven into the art of song of Robert Franz.

He owed his first deep musical impressions to the Protestant Choral. But that is closely related to the German Folk-song. Therewith we have uncovered two main sources of his art. To these should be added as third his intensive study of Bach, whose mysteries few have explored more penetratingly than he. His modernism he inherited from Schubert and Schumann.

Occupation with the choral led automatically to acquaintance with the old church modes. His theoretical knowledge of them was but scant, as he himself willingly admitted. On the other hand, routine and practice made them for him means of musical expression just as natural and fluent as the modern Major and Minor. Of course we must not seek in his songs a philologically correct reproduction of medieval technique of composition. That would imply an impossibility: we moderns hear music harmonically, and we have lost contact with the medieval manner of hearing music melodically only. Nowadays the employment of the church modes produces its effect, whether intentional or not, by suggesting either an archaic flavor or merely something harmonically piquant without necessarily bringing the archaic feature to our consciousness. A case in which this archaic effect is intentional we have in the song "Es klingt in der Luft" (op. 13, 2), composed in the Phrygian mode with the explicit indication "Im alten Tone" and in the song "Wenn drüben die Glocken klingen" (op. 13, 5) the second half of the first phrase sounds exactly like a quotation from a choral.



In such instances Franz employed the church modes for a definite purpose. They are rare; much more frequently he used them unconsciously—they had become part and parcel of his technique. For instance, who would suspect reminiscences of the choral in his "The Lotosblume" (op. 1, 3)? Yet a well-known sacred hymn makes its startling appearance, if we play the accompaniment from the seventh bar on not as arpeggios but as solid chords!

Equally characteristic of his harmonies is that fluency of movement which two of his critics, Liszt and Ambros, qualified as "iridescent." Yet Liszt's and Wagner's chromatic tendencies were so foreign to his nature that he called himself an inveterate diatonic composer. For that very reason his harmonic resourcefulness is all the more remarkable. With consummate skill he knew how to vary the harmonic aspect of his music by frequent modulations into related keys (more often into those of the Third than of the Dominant) without ever obscuring the main tonality. The song "Frühling und Liebe" (op. 3, 3) is a typical example of this device: the tonality is A major with frequent modulations into F major. The same song illustrates a further and almost manneristic peculiarity of Franz, his fondness of starting proceedings with a dissonance instead of with a tonic triad. (In this particular case, the song is ushered in with the chord of the seventh *f a c e.*) Or—and this also adds zest to his harmonizations—Franz vacillates, as it were, between different keys, with the result that we are kept in the dark as to the intended tonality. Do we have E flat major or A flat minor in "Der junge Tag erwacht" (op. 7, 1); F major or B flat minor in "Wasserfarth" (op. 48, 3)? But of all his songs, in my opinion, the most "genial" harmonically is his passionate "Das ist ein Brausen und Heulen" (op. 8, 4).

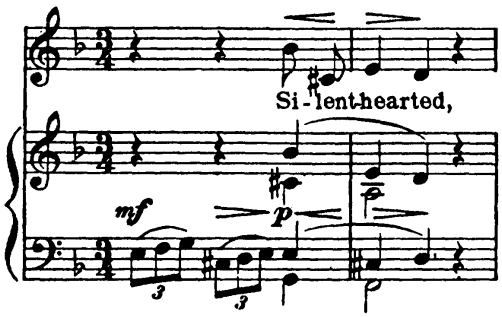
There can be no question but that the fundamental quality of his songs, practically all of them strophic, is *volkstuemlich.* Hence we may see in Franz one of the last representatives of the so-called "Berliner Liederschule," with its professed demand for the *volkstuemlich* in art. Fortunately Franz eschewed exaggerated adherence to its doctrines. Mendelssohn, for instance, who belonged to the same school and had welcomed the first songs of Franz, later on found fault with him because his melodies could not be detached from his accompaniments. As a matter of fact, Franz merely allowed both to share equally in the musical interpretation of the text. However, if proof of his eminent talent for the *volkstuemlich* be desired, there may be pointed out op. 23 as an absolutely successful attempt to compose old folk-song texts or the highly artistic accompaniments for six German folk-melodies of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Ambros called Franz a "Stimmungslyriker" in contrast to Schubert, the "Situationslyriker." This distinction tells only part of the story, since Schubert does not avoid the painting of moods and Franz not the description of situations. Moreover, "situation" and "mood" may be separated in this fashion with difficulty only and in rare instances. One may point to "Bitte" (op. 9, 3) as

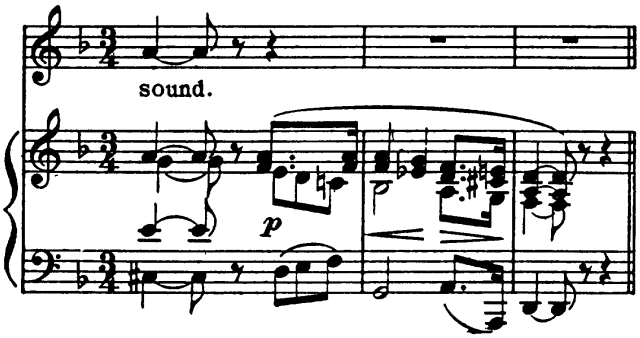
a song of mere "mood," but that is a rather exceptional case. As a rule, Franz does *not* neglect the so-called "Situationsmalerei," but he makes use of it to emphasize the fundamental mood of the poem. How both sometimes dovetail imperceptibly, is interestingly illustrated by his song "Du grüne Rast im Haine" (op. 41, 6). There the triolets in the accompaniment without doubt were inspired by the words "Where trees so softly *murmur*"; yet the same triolets serve later on to depict the agitation "of the heart that's pining." In fact, such tone-painting occurs in every opus, perhaps in the most subtle and artistic manner in "Ach, wenn ich doch ein Immchen wär" ("Ah, were I but a little bee") (op. 3, 6).

The most ardent and laudatory champions of Franz claim that his music reflects perfectly the spirit of every poem composed by him. More than this, they claim that one may tell from the "physiognomy" of the music the poet of the text. Intensive study of all the songs of Franz has taught me no such thing. Hugo Wolf had the unsurpassed knack of differentiating his poets, but Robert Franz had not. Be the poet Heine, Burns, Osterwald or Goethe, it is always Robert Franz and he only who speaks to us in his own characteristically individual and unmistakable style.

All his songs exhale the breath of a faint melancholy, not even those excluded that are predominantly joyous and vigorous. The "Schilf-lieder" (op. 2) are typical for this undertone of melancholy which he had in common with the poet of the texts, Lenau. Franz rarely breaks forth into such genuine joyfulness as in his "Aufbruch" (op. 35, 6) or the well-known jolly, rushing "Willkommen mein Wald" (op. 21, 1). But his habitual melancholy is not that of untalented impotence. On the contrary, his musical idiom is most convincing exactly in his vigorous songs. Take, for instance, his briskly humorous "Nun hat mein Stecken gute Rast" (op. 36, 6) or his resigned yet manly and powerful "Wiedersehen" (op. 51, 8). In fact, his originality was most conspicuous in the treatment of tragic subjects, as in the remarkable dirge in "Childe Harold" (op. 38, 3). And how simple are the harmonic means by which he produced his impressive effects:



The Neapolitan sixth at the end is another case in point. (The impression is intensified by means of the suspension.)



The accompaniments of Franz occupy the same prominence as those in the songs of Schubert and Schumann. True, he had a craving for polyphonic treatment, but not at all so frequently as many critics would have us believe. Many of his songs might easily be transcribed into simple four part harmony, and he did so himself in his op. 46 and 49. Furthermore, his strictly homophonic pianoforte accompaniments show uncommon powers of combination and variation—and he abhorred such stale formulae as the so-called Alberti basses. On the other hand, the indebtedness of his accompaniments to Schumann is proven by the above-mentioned "Frühling und Liebe" (op. 3, 3). Such figures as one notices in that song are characteristically Schumannesque, and they occur quite frequently in the songs of Franz without in the slightest degree detracting from his own power of invention. In passing, I may mention that occasionally his accompaniments, and more particularly those which include the vocal melody, permit the songs to be played as pianoforte pieces. (I suggest that the reader try the experiment with the impetuous "Rastlose Liebe" (op. 33, 6), the pearly "Die Harrende" (op. 35, 1) and "Traumlied" (op. 34, 3), which could almost pass as a Nocturne by Chopin. However, Franz did not go to extremes and he never permitted the accompaniment to choke the voice part as Schumann sometimes did.

Any attempt at critical and esthetic analysis of the songs of Franz would be incomplete without mention of the importance attached by him to the selection of the proper key. This explains his protests against transposition of his songs, for he well knew that they thereby lose in effectiveness. Not unlike Brahms, he preferred the tone of the lower strings. Consequently transposition of his songs into still lower regions too easily leads to musical ugliness. Notwithstanding the obvious and fatal results of such

transpositions, Franz frequently has been made a victim of such nonsensical procedure—all the more nonsensical and unnecessary in his case because the great majority of his songs call for a medium range of voice only. It really is about time that singers show a little more respect for the original intentions of a composer and select songs that suit their voice instead of such as they can sing only after alterations that are injurious to the composer.

II. The Apostle of Bach and Händel.

If we see in Robert Franz primarily a composer of songs, he curiously enough at one time of his career laid less stress on his songs than on his editions of Bach and Händel. Presumably he was led to this wrong valuation by the number and volumen of his editorial works. It is safe to say that he devoted at least half of his career to them. And that at a time when the problem of how to edit old music—the so-called "Bearbeitungs-Frage"—was stirring up a lot of dust, was wasting a lot of ink and elicited many bitter remarks in the warring camps. The dispassionate verdict of posterity, given *sine ira et studio*, is that Franz fought on the wrong side. He had inherited the stubbornness of the "Halloren" from his father. Not willing to compromise, he directed the shafts of his sarcasm against the "historians" whom he considered the arch-enemies of music. On both sides the attacks became rather personal and went beyond a passionate discussion of the principles involved. After all is said, the historical party merely demanded a reconstruction of the works of Bach and Händel in the spirit of their own time. It did not really declare war on Franz personally but as a matter of principle on those who modernised improperly the orchestration of works of the early eighteenth century, and in that respect Mozart aroused their displeasure just as much as Franz. His comparative ignorance in such matters was pardonable. The history of music as a science was young and the fruits of scientific historical research were slow in attracting attention. But Franz absolutely refused to profit by the lessons of history, and that is regrettable. Otherwise some kind of amicable *modus vivendi* for both his and the opposing party might have been found.

The bone of contention in those days still was the problem of proper treatment of the "continuo" or "organo" part which the old masters, in accord with the custom of their time, wrote down either as a figured or an unfigured bass; in other words, as a mere sketch. We know to-day that the composers generally

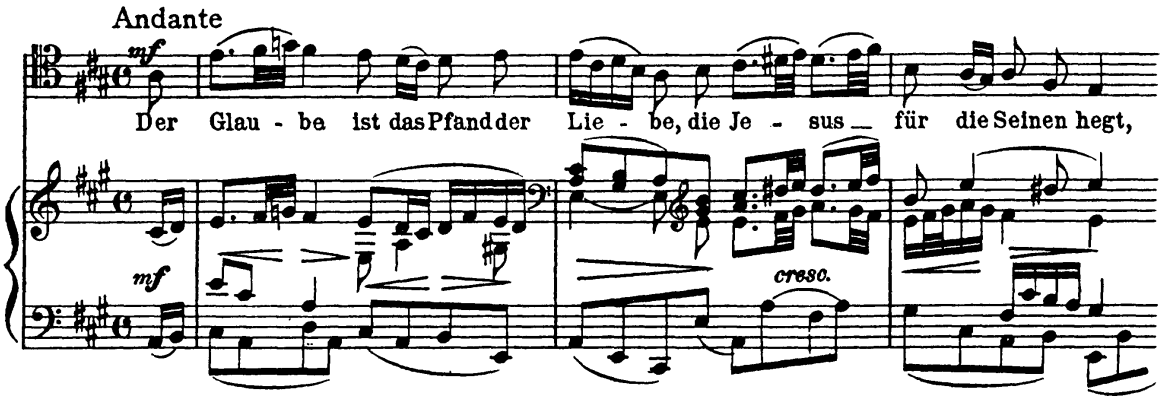
performed that part themselves and they were so trained in the playing of "thorough-bass" that they could improvise an elaborately artistic continuo part instead of adhering to the few thin chords indicated in their sketch. And especially in the case of Bach we possess contemporary comment on his masterly powers in this art of bygone days. For instance, Mizler, Bach's pupil, says:

> Whoever wishes to know the fine points of thorough-bass and how to excel in accompaniments, should hear the great J. S. Bach. He treats the thorough-bass in accompanying a solo in such a concerted manner as to create the impression that the melody of the accompaniment had been written down beforehand.

Inasmuch as this art of improvisation over a thorough-bass had become a lost art, clearly the necessity arose of working out the continuo part in detail. It is but just to concede that Franz in his editions of Bach met the situation in a sympathetic spirit. As a master of polyphony he, too, had no difficulty in avoiding meager chords, in adding flesh and life to the indicated skeleton of the bass-part and in creating works of art of substantial merit and worthy of Bach. Furthermore, Franz carefully respected the original by subduing his own personality and by utilizing for his accompaniments motives and themes found in the work itself. The champions of the historical party have not hesitated to call his editions models in that respect: in Hermann Kretzschmar's words, "there is no difference of opinion between the party of Franz and the party of Philipp Spitta with reference to the style in which the accompaniments must be elaborated." Franz did not err in such matters but in his policy of transferring the accompaniment from the organ to the instruments of a modern orchestra. Therewith he added something heterogeneous to Bach or Händel's works which possess a character of their own not merely in matters of design and line but of color. In a hundred years from now the orchestra probably will be filled with new or to us unfamiliar instruments. Would it then be right for a Franz to rearrange the orchestration of Wagner?

Additions are unobjectionable only if they serve the purpose of removing all obscurity from the unquestionable intentions of the composer. Thus we are justified in adding the higher notes of the modern flute to certain passages in the scores of Beethoven's symphonies or of his "Fidelio." Obviously Beethoven would have done so himself but for the defective range of the instrument at his disposal.

Aside from Franz's objectionable modern re-orchestration—objectionable, because it produced an unwarranted, anachronistic mixture of styles—his editions will always retain their value because of their masterly treatment of the accompaniments. For that task Robert Franz was uncommonly well equipped. Proceeding from the Protestant choral he gradually worked himself with fervor and steadily growing enthusiasm into such an intimacy with the works of Bach and Händel that they became, as it were, flesh of his flesh. He learned to speak the language of Bach as if it had been his own. Hence we feel justified in now adding to Mizler's remarks about Bach's masterly accompaniments: whoever wishes to know how to treat thorough-bass not as a dry theoretician but as a creative artist, should study the arrangements of Robert Franz. As proof of this assertion I content myself with quoting, on the hand of the vocal score made by Franz, the following from a tenor-aria in the cantata "Wer da glaubet und getauft wird." (To repeat it, the figured bass and the voice part only will be found in Bach).



Even the severest of critics can reproach Franz with only one error of method in such arrangements. Whether in vocal or in instrumental compositions, he loves to carry the melody part, as for instance the violin and flute parts in the trio-sonata of Bach's "Musikalisches Opfer," into the accompaniment. With this habit he does not stand alone among modern editors, but it is historically wrong, since the real desideratum should be the greatest possible independence from the vocal melody in the accompaniment played by the right hand.

Nowadays we have a right to demand that the performances of works of the thorough-bass period be based as much as possible on the originals. Musicology is to-day more firmly anchored than in the days of Franz, when the fruits of scientific research were scarce. That the friction between artists and historians persists,

though coöperation has become so feasible, is regrettable enough. It is still a frequent occurrence that the one eyes the other askance and sees in him an hereditary enemy. For all concerned it would be better if they learned to profit from each other's experiences. On the one hand the artist should acquire a fair amount of sound historical knowledge; on the other the musicologist should acquire a mastery of musical technique far beyond the ability to play the piano moderately well. Franz, too, could have spared himself many a bitter hour, had he been less one-sided in his partisanship. "Historian" from his mouth meant the same as "pedant"—at any rate, something derogatory. It proved to be the tragedy of his life that he *would* not admit the right of existence of historical research and that he obstinately adhered to doomed principles. The whole bitter (and often personal) controversy ended with the acceptance of the demands of the historical party, known in Germany as the "Renaissance-movement."

Notwithstanding Franz's anti-historical attitude, the revival of Bach and Händel owes much to him because he undermined the growing and absurd tendency to perform their works without additions and elaborations of any kind. The public really could not be expected to derive pleasure from such performances of the old masters; the public quite naturally wondered at their "primitiveness" and felt bored. Indeed, even to-day the race of pianists is not extinct who will play two-part compositions by Bach as notated without suspecting that they require the addition of middle-voices. Happily that sort of thing is practically obsolete in the performance of his choral works, and as early as 1872 Franz, after a performance of Händel's "Allegro," could write to his friend Osterwald: "In the future nobody will dare to give works of Bach and Händel again at Halle without first arranging and editing them."

III. The Conductor

A survey of Franz's career as conductor involves a survey of the history of the "Singakademie" at Halle. Though founded in 1833, this institution owes its brilliant reputation really to Franz. In graceful recognition of this fact it now bears the proud name "Robert Franz-Singakademie." Franz made his *début* as conductor of the society on December 12, 1842, and he remained loyal to it for twenty-five years.

When Franz took charge of the Singakademie it was facing a crisis. Under Simon Georg Schmidt, an excellent violinist of the Spohr school, the institution had gained in reputation and

importance and had weathered several dangerous storms. But in 1841 Schmidt accepted a call to Bremen; and without his strong, guiding hand the society threatened to collapse, partly because many withdrew from the society who had remained loyal only on Schmidt's account. His successor Erlanger did his best to restore sound conditions, but decided to leave Halle soon afterwards.

In this crisis a man appeared who was willing and strong enough to make of the Singakademie what it had been formerly —a society for the cultivation of serious music. This man was Robert Franz.

Several things qualified him for the position. He was in sympathy with the tradition of the Schmidt era to give to Bach and Händel a place of honor on the programs and he was a member of the private musical club of Halle that followed the example set by Thibaut's circle at Heidelberg, and emphasized the cultivation of old Italian and old German music. It so happened that the singing pupils of Franz belonged to this club. Gradually all of these ladies joined the Singakademie and thereby injected fresh life into the society.

The very first public announcements of Franz's activity gave a clear view of his ambitious goal. He announced a series of subscription concerts; the best proof of his intentions to reform thoroughly the Singakadamie, which had slowly drifted into musical provincialism with no higher ideals than superficial amusement. Franz, though absolutely untaught as a conductor, must have felt pretty sure of his powers, for he promised "model performances." Irritated by such self-conscious language the critic Nauenburg took issue with him and declared that nobody was justified in making such advance promises. For the honor of Nauenburg be it said that he soon withdrew his strictures and recognized fully the artistic ability of Franz. More than that, he was the first to sing songs by Franz in public.

The program of Franz's first concert comprised only smaller works such as Mendelssohn's symphony-cantata "Lobgesang." By 1844 he had ventured upon the performance of an entire oratorio, Händel's "Judas Maccabaeus." But it took years of hard work and it taxed all his energies before he aroused the public definitely from its indifference. The main objection to him seems to have been what was called his one-sided Bach-cult. As a matter of fact, he championed the "Moderns," especially Schumann and Mendelssohn, just as energetically. But Franz was too much of an idealist to be discouraged by obstacles, and this idealism went so far that he neither asked for nor received

a salary. (Not until 1851 did he receive the modest honorarium of 50 thaler in recognition of his services, changed in 1854 to a fixed salary. Another 50 thaler were added after the eventful year 1857 as a "small token of esteem" and henceforth regularly every year until the finances of the society permitted it to double the sum in 1860. Two years later his salary was increased to 200 Thaler.) Unfavorable social and political conditions contributed to a retardation of the development of the city's artistic interests. Hence things moved but slowly in spite of Franz's industry and enthusiasm and his auspicious start. Worst of all, the members could not be made to attend rehearsals regularly. This state of affairs led in 1849 to a complete reorganization of the Singakademie; it now separated itself completely from the "Musik-Verein" together with which it had been founded in 1833.

The year 1856 brought a revolution at last. The plan was conceived in Halle to erect a monument to the great son of the city, Georg Friedrich Händel, and it became incumbent upon the promoters of the plan to arouse the interest of the whole musical world. They issued a public appeal and the Singakademie took the first step to bring the plan to fruition. On March 6, 1856, it performed Händel's "Samson" and on March 19, 1857, the "Messiah" in a performance that attracted wide attention. The success was still more emphatic when the performance was repeated in the Marktkirche on December 15, a gala-day in the career of the Singakademie and its conductor. The event partook of the nature of a music festival through the participation of a star of first magnitude, Jenny Lind. At one blow Halle had regained the former reputation as a musical city. Other cities emulated the example set and gave Händel concerts. The Händel monument committee had every reason to express its gratitude to master Franz in a very warm and appreciative letter.

The next year continued brilliant and then came the centenary of Händel's death in 1759. Heidel's monument was unveiled on July 1 with appropriate ceremonies to which Franz contributed a festival performance of "Samson" with Tichatschek of Tannhäuser fame among the soloists, with Ferdinand David the violinist, Julius Rietz and Friedrich Grützmacher, the violoncellists, in the orchestra and Franz Liszt, Eduard Lassen and Ignaz Moscheles in the audience.

It was an amazingly fruitful year, indeed, in Franz's career as a conductor: Händel's "Samson" and "Jephta," Schumann's "Faust" and "Peri," for the Schiller centenary Romberg's "Lied von der Glocke," Mendelssohn's "Festgesang an die Künstler"

and Cherubini's "Requiem." The battle was won. The members of the society were enthusiastic; so was the public. With proud satisfaction Franz could (1863) write to his friend Senfft von Pilsach: "The Singakademie is again *in floribus*."

But a tragic fate had decreed that Franz was to enjoy such inspiring coöperation with his forces for a few years only. As early as 1848 the shrill whistle of an engine had affected his hearing (at least this was Franz's own explanation) and his ear-trouble now led rapidly to deafness. On February 19, 1867, he conducted a rehearsal of Händel's "Feast of Alexander," and then relinquished the baton forever. To thus take leave from the Singakademie after he had spent a good part of his life to make the institution flourish was not an easy matter. The loss of the sense of hearing and the resulting psychic depression threatened to affect his mind, but he emerged from the catastrope as a conquering hero. Until his death he watched the future vicissitudes of *his* Singakademie with increasing interest and gave loyal counsel.

The qualities that distinguished Franz as a conductor were, in addition to versatility and culture, an intimate knowledge of the works of the masters, and based thereon the ability to impart his enthusiasm to others by opening their eyes to hidden beauties. He was in no sense a virtuoso conductor of the modern type. The effect he made on the public interested him not at all. He never rehearsed the individual parts; he expected them to be studied at home and therein he seldom had ground for complaint. He laid considerable stress in rehearsals on making the mood of the composition absolutely clear—not by means of dry analysis but of pointed poetic comparisons. Even the members of the orchestra he sought by such explanatory remarks to educate up to an artistically intelligent interpretation. How his whole heart went into the rehearsals is illustrated by the following story told to Procházka, his biographer, by the court virtuoso Theodor Winkler of Weimar: "If a composition interested Franz more than ordinarily, he would address an analytical speech to the orchestra before starting the rehearsal, and often he would shed tears of anticipatory emotion."

For Franz music was not a matter of technique nor an amusement to pass away the time, but a means for education and culture. This conception of the functions of music H. Abert has paraphrased tellingly in the following words:

> Franz looked upon music as the prophetess of the highest ethical ideals, as a language in tones of emotions that are not expressible in words. His ideas of music partook of the Hellenic conception that the

contemplation of beauty fosters the knowledge of good. To guide his associates into this world of ideals he considered to be his highest duty as conductor of the Academy. He sought to impart his own inner experiences to every member of his chorus in the hope that, according to individual capacity, they would absorb them as a permanent possession.

And he succeeded: for whoever sang under him, had been trained not to hear music just with the ear but to let heart and mind vibrate sympathetically. One therefore understands why the former members of his chorus hark back to those unforgettable, beautiful times with enthusiastic gratitude.

IV. "Künstlers Erdenwallen"

Not far from Leipzig, in the old salt-city Halle a. d. Saale, the remnants of a caste, that once enjoyed important privileges, survive: the "Halloren." The name implies that they plied the trade of salt-refiners, and they continue to do so though they have lost their former importance. Our Lieder-master Robert Franz came of such Halloren-stock. Originally named Knauth—a frequent Halloren-name—his father changed it to *Franz* because frequent confusion with his brother had for a time led to enmity between the two. This explanation should set at rest the legend that Robert Franz chose the name to indicate spiritual kinship with his two great predecessors, Franz Schubert and Robert Schumann. "Robert Franz," then, is a mere coincidence, and he resented the legend all the more because such stupid vanity was entirely foreign to his character. Still more phantastic is the notion that Franz's father bethought himself of such prescient symbolism when he adopted the name. (At the time of his marriage in 1848, Robert Franz received Royal confirmation of his right to use the name.)

Early home-surroundings of Franz were not of a kind to foreshadow an artist's career. We need not take too seriously his one-time remark that his father was an "avowed enemy of music"; the Halloren-tradition simply was against music as a profession. They rejoiced if their sons took to the cloth but they held "breadless arts" in disdain. Old Christoph Franz was in reality fond of music, and his son in later years remembered the pleasure with which he listened to the singing of his father. After the day's work he would sing with considerable skill some of his favorite hymns from the "Freylinghausen'sche Gesangbuch." His musical reliability was recognized in church for it was he who led in the congregational singing. This, then, was well-prepared soil for rooting Franz's predilection for the choral.

His earliest vague musical recollections he traced to the celebration of the Reformation in 1817:

> In Halle, too, the event was splendidly celebrated. As if in a dream I still hear the tones of the trombone choirs wafted down upon us from the Hausmanns-towers of our Haupt-and Stadtkirche. That they had played Luther's immortal "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott" I, of course, learned only subsequently.

The date of the event is easily fixed as October 31, 1817, when Franz, who was born on June 18, 1815, was not yet three years of age.

The first impetus to create music of his own he received at school during singing lessons. He could not resist the temptation to add a second part to the songs sung there unisono. His reward was severe punishment by a teacher whose pedagogic light shone none too bright and who did not appreciate that kind of thing.

The boy's musical inclinations manifested themselves more and more and they found a first echo in his mother's heart. Her entreaties finally prevailed and the father allowed an instrument to enter the house. Though it was but a miserable spinet, yet it enabled the boy to "try his own fists at music." These attempts at self-instruction were followed by regular music lessons, poor enough in the Halle of those days. In four years the boy had learned all that the available teachers could teach him and he found much more enjoyment in "making" music with congenial friends. Again the choral figured prominently in these diversions and since the organ had come to fascinate him as much as his spinet, he would hasten on Sundays from one church to the other to play on this or that organ a choral verse.

This more or less unregulated musical activity gave way to methodical progress when he became a student at the Gymnasium, called "Franke'sche Stiftung." He joined the singing classes of the Cantor Karl Gottlob Abela, who combined love for his profession with love for the divine art and who made it a point to further his most talented pupils in the privacy of his home, beyond the limited opportunities offered at school. He would acquaint them with the oratorios of Händel, Haydn and Mozart. Their art now took full possession of young Franz. Abela was quick to perceive his pupil's uncommon musical gifts. It was he who gave solidity to his pianoforte technique, and it was a proud day for Franz when his teacher entrusted him with the pianoforte accompaniments during chorus rehearsals.

The more he busied himself with music, the more enthusiastically he initiated himself in the art's mysteries, the less his creative instincts and desires could be restrained. Without an indispensable theoretical background he was, of course, merely groping about in the dark, though these creative efforts proved at least the necessity for him to express his innermost thoughts in music. The time devoted to these efforts aroused the displeasure of his parents, particularly of his father. Domestic friction increased with the ripening of Franz's conviction that music alone could fill his life. Just at that time two of his fellow-students had received the parental permission to embrace music as a profession. We cannot help smiling at the excited discussions produced in the little town by this step. Needless to say, it was generally condemned.

Happily for Franz, the obstacles to his wishes were removed and the dangers of mental breakdown from fruitless domestic quarrels were averted through the influence of his distant relation Dr. Erich, the first pastor of St. Ulric's. He had repeatedly listened to the youth's organ improvisations, and he realized that here was undeniable talent seeking for a proper outlet. Thanks to his diplomacy, Franz's father at last relented and consented.

The promised land in sight at last! Without finishing his studies at the Gymnasium, Franz—now twenty years of age—went to Dessau in the hope of learning music's deepest secrets from Friedrich Schneider, then a celebrity of the first water. To-day even his oratorio "Das Weltgericht," once performed everywhere, is known only by title from the text-books of musical history. Schneider was an excellent theoretician and a master of all the tricks of counterpoint. Hence the young pilgrim from Halle entered Schneider's conservatory at Dessau with the reasonable expectation of acquiring what he absolutely lacked: systematic order in the chaos of his musical knowledge. Schneider put him to the usual school-exercises and countenanced no deviation from the rules in solving these musical problems. That was not at all to the taste of the young fire-brand, who was bent on real deeds. Unable to bridle his imagination time and again he smuggled ideas of his own into his exercises. But such expressions of originality and individuality did not escape Schneider's watchfully critical eyes and he made short shrift of these exceptions to his rules. Against this method Franz rebelled, and pretty soon the relations between teacher and pupil became unbearable. In less than two years Franz bid adieu to Dessau; without regret, for he

had quite enough of the spirit of pedantry—as he then looked upon it. On the other hand, Schneider had the firm conviction that Franz would never amount to anything. In later years both men came to modify their opinion of each other. Schneider lived to see Franz famous as a composer of songs and he in turn came to appreciate the debt of gratitude he owed to Schneider's strict training. In 1892, in a letter to his son, the choirmaster Theodor Schneider of Chemnitz, Franz confessed:

> It gives me great pleasure to have gotten into musical contact with the youngest son of my old teacher. I shall never forget how much of my skill in different forms I owe to your father. The value of his teachings becomes more and more apparent. Maybe that subsequently I underwent other influences, but the foundation of my artistic technique assuredly was laid at Dessau.

It is curious to note, by the way, how at Dessau his predilection for the Protestant choral had met once more with congenial response. He says of his friend Reupsch: "He played nothing but chorals, though so wonderfully that he made me forget Schneider and his stuff."

His return to Halle was greeted with rebukes from his relatives. They saw in the abrupt termination of his studies but a proof of mistaken judgment in his musical talents. Quite different his reception by the small circle of music lovers of whom mention was made above. With these congenial friends he shared the conviction of the high ethical mission of music, and before long he was recognized as the leading spirit of this little group, among them his former chum and favorite poet—I mean Wilhelm Osterwald. Franz in the course of the years felt inspired to compose many of Osterwald's poems, but he in turn inspired his friend for the writing of quite a few of these poems by his improvisations at the pianoforte. It was Osterwald who made the "fluent, soaring translations" of 36 Händel arias for Franz.

For the next five years Franz remained unproductive. During these years he again absorbed the art of Bach and Händel and he came under the spell of the more modern masters, especially Schubert and Schumann. They opened of a sudden his eyes to the barren futility of his experiments in composition made behind the back of his teacher in Dessau. Indeed, at times he seriously doubted his creative talents, but this dissatisfaction with himself —so necessary in an artist—proved a blessing in disguise: This period of abstinence from creative efforts allowed his mind to mature. Thus these five years were not lost; they enriched him by a thorough insight into the art of his great forerunners.

In a retrospective mood he once formulated an analysis of this evolutional process, as follows:

> It was only later on in Halle that I saw light, understood the essence of art and found "foreign matter" to be merely a means to an end. The sincerity of my newly gained convictions produced in me for five years apparent sterility: Bach and Händel on the one hand, Schubert and Schumann on the other effectively made me "shut up." Once this process of fermentation by way of healthful assimilation had run its course, the old desire to compose reappeared—but in a manner essentially different from that of my former groping experiments. I ceased to compose mechanically and I began to heed the inner impulse. It was a blessing for my development as a composer that I had occupied myself so passionately *a tempo* with Bach, Händel, Schubert and Schumann because this combination led to a fairly satisfactory amalgamation of these *so closely* related elements.

As in Schumann's case, so in that of Franz, love—"Louise G." —pressed the lyre into his hands. Nor would Franz of his own accord hardly have decided so soon to unfold to the public eye the treasures of song accumulating in his desk. His friends banished his scruples. He selected some of his songs and sent them to Schumann. With a success far exceeding his boldest hopes: Schumann not merely praised the songs but unasked found a publisher for these first fruits of Franz's Muse. The first step toward immortality had been taken. And it was not vainglorious complacency that prompted Franz to report his success to a friend on July 18, 1843:

> In the course of the last half year I have become a composer. How it has happened, I do not know. This much is certain: practically one song a day. Just imagine what a harvest that may lead to. The people have put it into my head that my songs are good. I doubted that and forwarded some of them to Schumann. He has now completely turned my head. Without my knowledge and without my request he has given my songs to a publisher and they have been printed. Just think of it: Songs by Franz, etc. All the corner-stones are laughing with jubilant enthusiasm! To attempt to tell you all the nice and flattering experiences with my songs would smack too much of vanity. But one thing I cannot repress for joy: *Mendelssohn* has written me a long letter and has said things to me that certainly are not said to many. He is full of pleasure and amiability.

To be praised simultaneously and from the start by two shining lights in music meant double satisfaction for him who had been misjudged so often. Schumann's criticism of Franz's opus 1 in the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik" is still worth reading as it clearly sets forth the vital differences between the easy-going

methods of song composers at and before the time of Beethoven and of the later masters of song, including Franz.

Only Chopin and Brahms received from Schumann such a brilliant introduction to the world of music as did Franz. It helped incidentally to better the financial status of Franz, who was satisfied with little and never succeeded in accumulating riches. Also Dr. Erich had again lent a helping hand and had procured for him the post of organist at St. Ulric's. (The document of appointment is dated August 15, 1841, and is still in possession of the family.) In the following year we see Franz at the head of the Singakademie, and through the friendly efforts of Julius Schäffer, subsequently director of music at the University of Breslau, he succeeded Naue as assistant-conductor of the "Akademische Liedertafel." Schäffer, at the time a student of theology and philosophy at Halle, became one of Franz's most loyal followers and never missed an opportunity to fight for the cause of his friend.

Franz substituted for Naue, the former director of music at the University of Halle, in other directions, too, until officially confirmed in 1859 as his successor. A trip to Vienna in 1846 brought him into personal contact with Liszt, who immediately welcomed him as "congenial." The hearty reception and the intelligent appreciation of his artistic endeavors by the Viennese, made his trip to the old "Kaiserstadt" an ever-memorable event in his life. In particular Liszt, always ready to encourage real talent, voluntered assistance. He saw to the publication of Franz's opus 9 and the four hand pianoforte arrangement of Schubert's D minor quartet.

In 1848 Franz's material prospects permitted him to marry, not "Luise G.," the young lady who had inspired his first song cycles, but Maria Hinrichs, the daughter of the philosopher. Into their bliss there sounded shortly afterwards that fatally shrill whistle of an engine. For days Franz was deaf, and until his hearing returned a sensation as of a noisy torrent tormented his ears. The higher tones had dropped from his aural perception forever, and gradually in the course of twenty years they were followed by tone after tone of the entire range.

In addition to this terrible affliction, we know how Franz had to surmount various difficulties that beset his path towards recognition in Halle, whereas outside of his home city appreciation of his work steadily increased. This situation applied both to his songs and his editorial work in the interest of a fitting revival of the master works of Bach and Händel. The sixties were devoted

principally to these editorial labors and in a spirit of resignation Franz saw his "Neuausgaben" spread through foreign countries faster than through Germany.

How the year 1856 brought with it a new era for him has been told in the third chapter. I merely add here that the University of Halle conferred on him the honorary degree of Dr. The King honored his propaganda for Bach and Händel in 1867 by a yearly stipend of 200 thaler—cancelled ten years later through the machinations of envious enemies. Nor need Americans be told that America was among the first to give due credit to the songs of Franz. Nor how Otto Dresel championed Franz in his song-recitals. Indeed, as early as 1865 songs of Franz were published in America with English texts. Two years later a benefit for the composer at Boston netted 2000 thaler—a substantial proof of his growing popularity.

In the meantime his ear trouble had assumed a serious aspect. He gave touching expression to the hopelessness of his condition in his correspondence of those years. The catastrophe soon followed: total deafness compelled the master early in 1867 to withdraw from public life. And again darkness fell upon him, for he was by no means so situated financially as yet that he could spend the rest of his life in a *dolce far niente.* In this crisis the true friends of his art, and they were many, rallied around him. Acting on a suggestion from Franz's publisher Constantin Sander, a committee was formed to consider ways and means for offering to the master an honorary donation sufficiently large to remove all worry about the future from his mind. Baron Arnold Senfft von Pilsach was the chairman, assisted by men of renown, as for instance Franz Liszt and Minister Baron von Keudell. Men of literary fame responded to the call and concentrated the attention of the musical world upon the deaf master of song. Everywhere in Germany Franz-concerts were given with the active participation of such "stars" as Joseph and Amalie Joachim and Eugen Gura. Vienna also came to the fore and in America men like Osgood seconded the efforts of Dresel. Thus the committee could present to Robert Franz on June 28, 1873, his fifty-eighth birthday, a love-offering of 30,000 thaler.

Refreshened by all this, Franz now published several cycles selected from earlier, unpublished compositions which he retouched for the occasion. Op. 52 of 1884, "dedicated to his dear children Lisbeth and Richard," was *his* last love-offering. The preceding opus he dedicated to King Ludwig of Bavaria in thankful appreciation of the Order of Maximilian. In the Händel-year 1885

Halle made him an honorary citizen and on the occasion of his seventieth birthday tokens of respect and admiration reached him from the four corners of the earth.

Honored and loved, free from care, he could spend the evenings of his life in contemplation of a rich harvest of accomplishment. The loss of dear friends, Liszt, Osterwald and Dresel, and of his loyal wife (1891) poured a last drop of bitterness into his cup. On October 24, 1892, he followed them to eternal rest.

V. The Man

Robert Franz, the man, possessed many sterling characteristics, chief of them his sincerity of purpose. He would defend his opinions, even obviously wrong opinions, with stubbornness, because they expressed his innermost convictions. That atones for the many rough and tough utterances to be found in his letters. He applied not always exactly parliamentary language to his opponents. But Franz never dreamed of seeing his letters published! As his deafness grew from bad to worse, he saw himself more and more obliged to take refuge to the written word as a means of communication. And so he "spoke" on paper with the same nonchalant and exaggerated freedom of vocabulary as others do in conversation. That the written or printed word often sounds harsher than intended, we all know.

Just as his songs are introspective rather than outwardly brilliant and just as his conducting aimed more at intelligent coöperation of his singers than at brilliancy of effect in concert-performance, so his whole personality shrank from occupying the center of the stage. Nor does his voluminous activity as an editor contradict this, since we know from numerous remarks of his that he considered himself always and primarily the *servant* of Bach and Händel.

How it went against his grain to be dragged into party-strife and to be forced into the rôle of a pope of music, may be illustrated by his attitude toward Wagner. At first he based his estimate of him (and it was not favorable) on "opinions emanating from the Mendelssohn and Schumann clique." He revised it completely after hearing the memorable première of "Lohengrin" at Weimar (1850) under Liszt, and he wrote a letter to this effect to Max Waldau (*pseud.* of Spiller von Hauenschild). Whereupon Waldau published the letter without divulging the name of the writer. This did not prevent the authorship from becoming known at Weimar, but when the Wagner-party, through Hans v. Bülow,

requested permission to inscribe his name, as it were, on their banner, Franz promptly refused. Not until Liszt, to whom he felt under obligations, urged him, did he consent. And so Franz, really against his will, was dragged onto the firing line and he had occasion to regret the step for a good many years afterwards.

That a man with his introspective tendencies attached little importance to externals was but natural. He was the very opposite of a dandy—"dress-suit and silk-hat" he scorned and hated. This indifference to sartorial conventions would put him occasionally in an awkward position, because frequently nobody expected in him the celebrated Robert Franz. But such experiences he submitted to with good humor.

One of his contemporaries, Theodor Held, has recorded this vivid and reliable pen-picture of Franz's appearance:

> Franz arose. Lean, fairly tall and sinewy, he moved forward with a stoop and with nervous restlessness as if otherwise he might not reach his goal. His free and slightly receding forehead, his prominent eyebrows and his long, pointed nose made an impressive combination. His blue eyes had a kindly and arch expression. The whole picture was framed by dark, closely brushed hair, which did not turn to grey until his very last years. Beardless he went through the world. He spoke rapidly but clearly, with a slight lisp and among intimate friends almost in the jargon of Halle which, sung, approaches closely to the dialect of Meissen.

The photograph accompanying this essay, Franz's son-in-law Superintendent Bethge told me, is one of the most characteristic and best.

Though Franz was of a retiring disposition and disliked the noise of the world, he was by no means a philistine or crank. He was constantly adding to his fund of knowledge and the study of belles-lettres was a source of purest delight to him. Even politics attracted him, though he did not appear in public as a political orator or leader. This interest in politics was fostered by the circle of his friends, who watched political events with close attention, and in politics Franz was always a pronounced Progressive.

Without the manners of a man of the world like Liszt and without the faculty to make people talk about him, he needed more time than others to attract attention and to gain recognition. Once it was gained by dint of his music, his soul was filled with joy and gratitude and he required but a modicum of appreciation to feel happy. It was characteristic of him in this respect that the memory of those beautiful days at Vienna (1846) was indelibly

associated with the memory of the "many, genuine Havanas" smoked there at Liszt's. Indeed, smoking was one of the few pleasures that he did not like to deny himself.

All in all, Franz was intensely human and nothing human was foreign to him. But above all an idealistic enthusiasm for the beautiful—with him just another word for the good and true—glorified his personality and made it so harmonious. And certainly it is in keeping with these ideals of the master, if we now take leave of him with the words of Keats:

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

(Translated by Frank Lester).

THE CLASSIC CHOPIN

By JAMES HUNEKER

THAT Chopin is a classic need not be unduly insisted upon; he is classic in the sense of representing the best in musical literature; but that he is of a classical complexion as a composer from the beginning of his career may seem in the nature of a paradox. Nevertheless, it is a thesis that may be successfully maintained, now since old party lines have been effaced. To battle seriously for such words as Classic or Romantic or Realism is no longer possible. Cultured Europe did so for a century, as it once wrangled over doctrinal points; as if the salvation of mankind depended upon the respective verbal merits of transubstantiation or consubstantiation. Only yesterday that ugly word "degeneracy," thanks to quack critics and charlatan "psychiatrists" figured as a means of estimating genius. This method has quite vanished among reputable thinkers though it has left behind it another misunderstood vocable—decadence. Wagner is called decadent. So is Chopin. While Richard Strauss is held up as the prime exponent of musical decadence. What precisely is decadent? Says Havelock Ellis:

> Technically, a decadent style is only such in relation to a classic style. It is simply a further development of a classic style, a further specialization, the homogeneous, in Spencerian phraseology, having become heterogeneous. The first is beautiful because the parts are subordinated to the whole; the second is beautiful because the whole is subordinated to the parts. . . Swift's prose is classic, Pater's decadent. . . Roman architecture is classic, to become in its Byzantine developments completely decadent, and St. Mark's is the perfected type of decadence in art; pure early Gothic, again, is strictly classic in the highest degree because it shows an absolute subordination of detail to the bold harmonies of structure, while the later Gothic. . . is decadent. . . All art is the rising and falling of the slopes of a rhythmic curve between these two classic and decadent extremes.

I purposely make this rather lengthy quotation as it clearly sets forth a profound but not widely appreciated fact. In art, as in life, there is no absolute. Perhaps the most illuminating statement concerning the romantic style was uttered by Théophile Gautier. Of it he wrote (in his essay on Baudelaire): "Unlike

the classic style it admits shadow." We need not bother ourselves about the spirit of romanticism; that has been done to the death by hundreds of critics. And it is a sign of the times that the old-fashioned Chopin is fading, while we are now vitally interested in him as a formalist. Indeed, Chopin the romantic, poetic, patriotic, sultry, sensuous, morbid, and Chopin the pianist, need not enter into our present scheme. He has appeared to popular fancy as everything from Thaddeus of Warsaw to an exotic drawing-room hero; from the sentimental consumptive consoled by countesses to the accredited slave of George Sand. All this is truly the romantic Chopin. It is the obverse of the medal that piques curiosity. Why the classic quality of his compositions, their clarity, concision, purity, structural balance, were largely missed by so many of his contemporaries is a mystery. Because of his obviously romantic melodies he was definitely ranged with the most extravagant of the romantics, with Berlioz, Schumann, Liszt; but, as a matter of fact, he is formally closer to Mendelssohn. His original manner of distributing his thematic material deceived the critics. He refused to join the revolutionists; later in the case of Flaubert we come upon an analogous condition. Hailed as chief of the realists the author of "Madame Bovary" took an ironic delight in publishing "Salammbô," which was romantic enough to please that prince of romanticists, Victor Hugo. Chopin has been reproached for his tepid attitude toward romanticism, and also because of his rather caustic criticisms of certain leaders. He, a musical aristocrat *pur sang*, held aloof, though he permitted himself to make some sharp commentaries on Schubert, Schumann and Berlioz. Decidedly not a romantic despite his romantic externalism. Decidedly a classic despite his romantic "content." Of him Stendhal might have written: a classic is a dead romantic! (Heine left no epic, yet he is an indubitable classic.) Wise Goethe said: "The point is for a work to be thoroughly good and then it is sure to be classical."

But it is not because of the classicism achieved by the pathos of distance that Chopin's special case makes an appeal. It is Chopin as a consummate master of music that interests us. In his admirable "Chopin the Composer," Edgar Stillman Kelley considers Chopin and puts out of court the familiar "gifted amateur," "improvisatore of genius," and the rest of the theatrical stock description by proving beyond peradventure of a doubt that Fredéric François Chopin was not only a creator of new harmonies, inventor of novel figuration, but also a musician skilled in the handling of formal problems, one grounded in the schools of Bach,

Mozart, Beethoven; furthermore, that if he did not employ the sonata form in its severest sense, he literally built on it as a foundation. He managed the rondo with ease and grace, and if he did not write fugues it was because the fugue form did not attract him. Perhaps the divination of his own limitations is a further manifestation of his extraordinary genius. This does not imply that Chopin had any particular genius in counterpoint, but to deny his mastery of polyphony is a grave error. And it is still denied with the very evidence staring his critics in the face. Beethoven in his sonatas demonstrated his individuality, though coming after Mozart's perfect specimens in that form. Chopin did not try to bend the bow of Ulysses, though more than a word might be said of his two last Sonatas—the first is boyishly pedantic, and monotonous in key-contrast, while the 'cello and piano sonata hardly can be ranked as an exemplar of classic form.

Of the Etudes Mr. Kelley says:

> In this group of masterpieces we find the more desirable features of the classical school—diatonic melodies, well-balanced phrase and period building—together with the richness afforded by chromatic harmonies and modulatory devices heretofore unknown.

Indeed, a new system of music that changed the entire current of the art. It was not without cause that I once called Chopin the "open door"; through his door the East entered and whether for good or for ill certainly revolutionized Western music. Mr. Hadow is right in declaring that "Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, are not as far from each other as the music of 1880 from that of 1914." And Chopin was the most potent influence, in company with Beethoven and Wagner, in bringing about that change. I say in company with Beethoven and Wagner, for I heartily agree with Frederick Niecks in his recent "startling judgment" (for some) that

> I consider Chopin to be one of the three most powerful factors in the development of nineteenth century music, the other two being, of course, Beethoven and Wagner. The absolute originality of Chopin's personality, and that of its expression through novel harmony, chromaticism, figuration justifies the assertion. And none will deny the fact who takes the trouble to trace the Polish master's influence on his contemporaries and successors. The greatest and most powerful composers came under this influence, to a large extent, by the process of infiltration.

Mr. Kelley gives us chapter and verse in the particular case of Wagner and his absorption of the harmonic schemes of Chopin, as did the late Anton Seidl many times for my particular benefit.

However, this only brings us back to Chopin the innovator, whereas it is the aspect of the classic Chopin which has been neglected. "As far back as 1840 Chopin was employing half tones with a freedom that brought upon him the wrath of conservative critics," writes Mr. Hadow, who admires the Pole with reservations, not placing him in such august company as have Professor Niecks or Mr. Kelley. True, Chopin was a pioneer in several departments of his art, yet how few recognized or recognize today that Schumann is the more romantic composer of the pair; his music is a very jungle of romantic formlessness; his "Carneval" the epitome of romantic musical portraiture—with "Chopin" more Chopin than the original. Contrast the noble Fantasie in C, Opus 17 of Schumann with the equally noble Fantasy in F minor, Opus 49 of Chopin and ask which is the more romantic in spirit, structure and technique. Unquestionably to Schumann would be awarded the quality of romanticism. He is more fantastic, though his fantasy is less decorative; he strays into the most delightful and umbrageous paths and never falters in the preservation of romantic atmosphere. Now look on the other picture. There is Chopin, who, no matter his potentialities, never experimented in the larger symphonic mould, and as fully imbued with the poetic spirit as Schumann; nevertheless a master of his patterns, whether in figuration or general structure. His Mazourkas are sonnets, and this Fantasy in F minor is, as Mr. Kelley points out, a highly complex rondo; as are the Ballades and Scherzos. Beethoven, doubtless, would have developed the eloquent main theme more significantly; strictly speaking, Chopin introduces so much new melodic material that the rondo-form is greatly modified, yet never quite banished. The architectonics of the composition are more magnificent than in Schumann, although I do not propose to make invidious comparisons. Both works are classics in the accepted sense of the term. But Chopin's Fantasy is more classic in sentiment and structure.

The Sonatas in B flat minor and B minor are "awful examples" for academic theorists. They are not faultless as to form and do sadly lack in organic unity. Schumann particularly criticizes the Sonata opus 35 because of the inclusion of the Funeral March, and the homophonic, "invertebrate" finale. But the two first movements are distinct contributions to Sonata literature, even if in the first movement the opening theme is not recapitulated. I confess that I am glad it is not, though the solemn title "Sonata" becomes thereby a mockery. The composer adequately treats this first motive in the development section so that its absence

later is not annoyingly felt. There are, I agree with Mr. Kelley, some bars that are surprisingly like a certain page of "Die Götterdämmerung," as the "Feuerzauber" music may be noted in the flickering chromaticism of the E minor concerto; or as the first phrase of the C minor Etude, opus 10, No. 12, is to be found in "Tristan and Isolde"—Isolde's opening measure "Wer wagt mich zu höhnen." (The orchestra plays the identical Chopin phrase.) This first movement of the B flat minor Sonata—with four bars of introduction, evidently suggested by the sublime opening of Beethoven's C minor Sonata opus 111, does not furnish us with as concrete example as the succeeding Scherzo in E flat minor, (for me) one of the most perfect examples of Chopin's exquisite formal sense. While it is not as long-breathed as the C Sharp minor Scherzo, its concision makes it more tempting to the student. In character stormier than the Scherzo opus 39, its thematic economy and development—by close parallelism of phraseology, as Mr. Hadow points out—reveal not only a powerful creative impulse, but erudition of the highest order. No doubt Chopin did improvise freely, did come easily by his melodies, but the travail of a giant in patience—again you think of Flaubert—is shown in the polishing of his periods. He is a poet who wrote perfect pages.

The third Scherzo, less popular but of deeper import than the one in B flat minor, is in spirit splenetic, ironical and passionate, yet with what precision and balance the various and antagonistic moods are grasped and portrayed. And every measure is logically accounted for. The automatism inherent in all passage-work he almost eliminated, and he spiritualized ornament and arabesque. It is the triumph of art over temperament. No one has ever accused Chopin of lacking warmth; indeed, thanks to a total misconception of his music, he is tortured into a roaring tornado by sentimentalists and virtuosi. But if he is carefully studied it will be seen that he is greatly preoccupied with form—his own form, be it understood—and that the linear in nearly all of his compositions takes precedence over color. I know this sounds heretical. But while I do not yield an iota in my belief that Chopin is the most poetic among composers (as Shelley is among poets, and Vermeer is the painter's painter) it is high time that he be viewed from a different standpoint. The versatility of the man, his genius as composer and pianist, the novelty of his figuration and form dazzled his contemporaries or else blinded them to his true import. Individual as are the six Scherzos—two of them are in the Sonatas—they nevertheless stem from

classic soil; the scherzo is not new with him, nor are its rhythms. But the Ballades are Chopinesque to the last degree, with their embellished thematic cadenzas, modulatory motives, richly decorated harmonic designs, and their incomparable "content"; above all, in their amplification of the coda, a striking extension of the postlude, making it as pregnant with meaning as the main themes. The lordly flowing narration of the G minor Ballade; the fantastic wavering outlines of the second Ballade—which on close examination exhibits the firm burin of a masterful etcher; the beloved third Ballade, a formal masterpiece; and the F minor Ballade, most elaborate and decorative of the set—are there, I ask, in all piano literature such original compositions? The four Impromptus are mood-pictures, highly finished, not lacking boldness of design, and in the second, F sharp major, there are fertile figurative devices and rare harmonic treatment. The melodic organ-point is original. Polyphonic complexity is to be found in some of the Mazourkas. Ehlert mentions a "perfect canon in the octave" in one of them. (C sharp minor, opus 63.)

Of the Concertos there is less to be said, for the conventional form was imposed by the title. Here Chopin is not the greater Chopin, notwithstanding the beautiful music for the solo instrument. The sonata form is not desperately evaded, and in the rondo of the E minor concerto he o'ertops Hummel on his native heath. As to the instrumentation I do not believe Chopin had much to do with it; it is the average colorless scoring of his day. Nor do I believe with some of his admirers that he will bear transposition to the orchestra, or even to the violin. It does not attenuate the power and originality of his themes because they are essentially of the piano. A song is for the voice and is not bettered by orchestral arrangement. The same may be said of the classic concertos for violin. With all due respect for those who talk about the Beethoven Sonatas being "orchestral," I only ask why is it they sound so "unorchestral" when scored for the full battery of instruments? The Sonata Pathétique loses its character thus treated. So does the A flat Polonaise of Chopin, heroic as are its themes. Render unto the keyboard that which is composed for it. The Appassionata Sonata in its proper medium is as thrilling as the Eroica Symphony. The so-called "orchestral test" is no test at all; only a confusion of terms and of artistic substances. Chopin thought for the piano; he is the greatest composer for the piano; by the piano he stands or falls. The theme of the grandiose A minor Etude (opus 25, No. 11) is a perfect specimen of his invention; yet it sounds elegiac and

feminine when compared with the first tragic theme of Beethoven's C minor Symphony.

The Allegro de Concert opus 46 is not his most distinguished work, truncated concerto as it is, but it proves that he could fill a larger canvas than the Valse. In the Mazourkas and Etudes he is closer to Bach than elsewhere. His early training under Elsner was sound and classical. But he is the real Chopin when he goes his own way, a fiery poet, a bold musician, but also a refined, tactful temperament, despising the facile, the exaggerated, and bent upon achieving a harmonious synthesis. Truly a classic composer in his solicitude for contour, and for chastity of style. The Slav in him was tempered by the Gallic strain. Insatiable in his dreams, he fashioned them into shapes of enduring beauty.

You would take from us the old Chopin, the greater Chopin, the dramatic, impassioned poet-improvisatore, I hear some cry! Not in the least. Chopin is Chopin. He sings, even under the fingers of pedants, and today is butchered in the class-room to make a holiday for theorists. Nevertheless, he remains unique. Sometimes the whole in his work is subordinated to the parts, sometimes the parts are subordinated to the whole. The romantic "shadow" is there, also the classic structure. Again let me call your attention to the fact that if he had not juggled so mystifyingly with the sacrosanct tonic and dominant, had not distributed his thematic material in a different manner from the prescribed methods of the schools, he would have been cheerfully, even enthusiastically, saluted by his generation. But we should have lost the real Chopin.

PAULINE VIARDOT-GARCIA TO JULIUS RIETZ (LETTERS OF FRIENDSHIP)[1]

MOST of the letters here published were written during the stress and strain of concertising in England and Ireland. One really wonders how Mme. Viardot found time and freshness of mind to pen espistles that run to a dozen pages. And not always in a hand which is a joy for the patient transcriber, as the facsimile of the page with her amusing caricature of Hatton will illustrate. Of course, these letters deal principally with her impressions of England, musical and unmusical. For that reason alone they would make interesting reading, but space did not permit quotation in full. However, the very first letter—that written from London on January 21, 1859—is of an entirely different nature:

My dear, good friend,

Yesterday at eight o'clock I left all my dear ones, and at ten in the evening I was in London with my brother, who is also my *real* friend.

The sea-trip was bad for almost everybody but me. The Lord made me just fit for travelling. It was in my blood before I was born. Even when I am at my happiest in any place, I cannot see any one depart on a journey without feeling a certain yearning to go along. I must surely have that from my father, for . . . now don't take fright, he was born in Seville, in that part of the town where *only* Gypsies live—there you have *the great secret!* My father knew his mother, but he never knew anything about his father.

My mother, on the other hand, is of noble descent. Nothing can vex her more than when my brother and I, in fun, make some allusion to our Egyptian *origin*. But I hasten to add, that when my father was only six years old, at the time his mother died, he forsook his companions and became an industrious boy—and at the age of eleven he enchanted all Seville on Sundays in the cathedral. In matters of art he was always strict, high-minded and calm. His life was a mixture of passion, wild freaks, magnificent benevolence, insane daring, childish naïveté, unbounded kindness of heart, and a bold, overflowing joy in existence that could not be *quelled*. Ah, what a pity it is that I could not become intimately familiar with that strange, "genial" nature! it always seems to me that we ought to have been two friends! All his thoughts were so grand, so all-embracing! he could do everything in such a beautiful way! Riches and poverty (for we experienced both during my childhood) he bore with equal freedom, and knew how to make both *amusing* for his family.

I still remember that on our return from Mexico, after our robbery by the brigands (a story you doubtless have often read) had despoiled us of the entire fortune my father possessed and which he was carrying away in gold and silver

[1] Continued from the July number.

Pauline Viardot-Garcia

(From the "Revue Etrangère")

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Mein guter lieber Freund,

Gestern um 8 Uhr habe ich alle meine Lieben verlassen, und um zehn Uhr Abends war ich in London mit meinem Bruder, der auch mein *wahrer* Freund ist.

Die Seereise war schlecht für fast alle ausser mir. Gott hat mich wie zum Reisen geschaffen. Es liegt mir schon im Blut *vor* meiner Geburt. Selbst wenn ich am glücklichsten mich in einem Ort fühle, kann ich nicht jemand wegreisen sehen, ohne ein gewisses Sehnen mit fort zu gehen, zu fühlen. Das muss ich gewiss vom Vater haben, denn . . . erschrecken Sie nicht, er ist in Sevilla, in dem Theil der Stadt wo *nur* Zigenner wohnen, geboren—da haben Sie *le grand secret!* Mein Vater hat seine Mutter gekannt, aber von seinem Vater hat er nie was gewusst.

Meine Mutter dagegen ist von adeliger Stamm. Nichts kann sie mehr kränken als wenn mein Bruder und ich zum Spass eine Anspielung auf unsere Aegyptische *Origine* machen. Aber ich muss hinzufügen, dass schon als mein Vater 6 Jahr alt war, als seine Mutter starb, er seine Kameraden verliess und ein fleissiger Junge wurde—und der 11 jährige Knabe entzückte ganz Sevilla Sonntags im Dom. In der Kunst ist er immer streng, edel und ruhig geblieben. Sein Leben ist eine Mischung von Leidenschaft, wildem Treiben, grandioser Wohlthätigkeit, verrücktem Muth, kindischer Naivität, grenzenloser Herzensgüte und keckem übersprudelndem Uebermuth der nicht zu *domptiren* war. Ach, Schade dass ich den sonderbaren genialen Mensch nicht habe vollständig kennen lernen gekonnt! mir ist es immer als ob wir zwei Freunde hätten sein müssen! Alle seine Gedanken waren so grossartig, so allumfassend! er wusste alles so schön zu machen! Reichthum und Armuth (denn Beides haben wir in meiner Kindheit erlebt,) wusste er so frei zu ertragen und seiner Familie so *amüsant* zu machen.

Je me rappelle toujours qu'à notre retour de Mexico, lors du vol par les brigands (histoire que vous devez avoir lu souvent) qui nous a enlevé toute la fortune que mon père possédait et qu'il rapportait en espèces or et argent, fu-

money, in our flight from the revolutions breaking out all over Mexico—then, near Vera Cruz, we were completely stripped of everything, down to our clothes! —well, I do not remember ever having heard more natural and infectious bursts of laughter than those of my father during the night following the loss of his whole fortune. Much more, he succeeded in bringing into jovial humor a dozen travellers belonging to our caravan, all of whom, like my father, had been robbed and ruined.

All together we were some thirty persons, at least twenty of whom were women or children. The brigands numbered sixty—on horseback, masked, and armed to the teeth. There was not the remotest possibility of offering resistance. They forced the men to lie down on the ground, face downward, and at the slightest movement a musket was pointed at them. When we were assailed, the men were made to throw themselves on the ground, and the women told to go "into the woods." My mother contented herself with taking a few steps, holding me by the hand, and then sat down on the ground, holding me in her arms and enveloping me in a great mantle of Scotch plaid (I can see it still) that she was wearing. I remember that I was trembling and that my teeth were chattering. But I think it was from cold. I can still hear myself asking Mamma very softly, "Mamma, are they going to kill us now?" and I also hear the reply, "Yes, yes, be quiet, be quiet." The time seemed long to me; I thought they really might as well kill us, and done with it. I can still see my father, half-naked, lying face downward a few steps away from us, shivering and shaking—but, in his case, it was with rage. I also see, in one of the movements I made to breathe outside of that mantle which Mamma was pressing against my mouth to prevent me from continually repeating the same question —I see, I repeat, one of the brigands making off at a gallop with his arms full of packages, and bearing away on his back my own little mantle, which fitted him like a small neckpiece.—I remember that this made me feel badly, because it was made of just the same kind of goods as Mamma's, and I felt very proud when wearing it—I felt like a grown-up person in a *mantle like Mamma!* I fancy that my vexation was mingled with a certain humiliation at seeing how small my mantle looked on the back of that ugly, masked man who was disappearing so swiftly with it!

From time to time we heard the report of a gun, preceded, accompanied and followed by cries and frightful curses—the strokes of hammers breaking up trunks and boxes, the whimperings of women who had followed Mamma's example and sat down on the ground around us instead of going "into the woods," the laughter of the brigands, the trampling of horses, and, like a pedal-point to all this discord, the roaring of the wind through this gorge surrounded by mountains in whose midst we were—all this was fearsomely beautiful—and pleased me, although it set my teeth a-chattering. This scene continued for two mortal hours!

When the call "Stand up!" resounded, only two of the brigands still remained, who made everybody resume their places in the vehicles *in an orderly manner*, but without allowing us to pick up even the least of the scraps that were scattered about on the ground.—Well, then night fell on all this—night, adding its gloom to this scene which was one of our luckiest experiences, not only according to what my father said, but in the opinion of some of our comrades in misfortune whom I met again later. No one had been wounded, and nobody feared the danger of losing anything more. I, a little girl of seven, slept like. . . as well as I sleep now—for a sound sleep is one of my *virtues*. And, nevertheless,

yant les révolutions qui eclataient dans tout le Mexique—or, près de Vera Cruz nous fûmes complètement dépouillés de tout, presque des vêtements!—eh bien, je ne me rappelle pas avoir jamais entendu des eclats de rire plus francs et plus communicatifs que ceux de mon père pendant la nuit qui a suivi la perte de toute sa fortune. Bien plus, il est parvenu à mettre en humeur joviale une douzaine de voyageurs qui faisaient partie de notre caravane et qui, comme mon père, avaient aussi été volés et ruinés.

Nous étions en tout une trentaine de personnes dont au moins vingt étaient des femmes ou des enfants. Les brigands étaient au nombre de *60*—à cheval, masqués et armés jusqu'aux dents. Il n'y avait pas moyen de songer à faire resistance. On a forcé tous les hommes à se coucher ventre à terre et au moindre mouvement un mousquet était dirigé sur lui. Lorsque nous avons été assaillis on a donné aux hommes de se coucher à terre, aux femmes d'aller "dans le bois." Ma mère s'est contenté de faire quelque pas me tenant par la main, et s'est assise par terre, m'a prise dans ses bras et m'a enveloppée dans un grand manteau à carreaux ecossais (je le vois encore!) qu'elle portait. Je me souviens que je tremblais et que mes dents claquaient. Mais je crois que c'était de froid. Je m'entends encore demander à maman tout bas "Maman est-ce à présent qu'on va nous tuer?" et j'entends aussi la réponse: "oui, oui, tais-toi, tais-toi." Le temps me semblait long, je trouvais qu'ils pourraient bien se dépêcher de nous tuer. Je vois encore mon père à moitié nu, étendu face contre terre à quelques pas de nous, tremblant grelottant—mais lui, c'était de rage—Je vois aussi, dans un de mes mouvements pour respirer hors de ce manteau que maman pressait contre ma bouche pour m'empêcher de refaire toujours ma même question, je vois, dis-je, un des brigands partir en galop les bras pleins de paquets et emportant sur son dos mon petit manteau à moi qui lui allait comme une petite pèlerine. . . Je me rappelle que cela m'a fait de la peine—car il était tout pareil comme etoffe à celui de maman et j'étais toute fière quand je le mettais—Je me paraissais une grande personne avec un *manteau comme maman*! Je crois que dans mon chagrin il entrait aussi un peu d'humiliation de voir que mon manteau était si petit sur le dos de ce vilain homme masqué qui s'en allait si vîte avec!

On entendait de temps à autre un coup de fusil précédé, accompagné et suivi de cris et de jurons effroyable—les coups de marteaux qui cassaient les coffres, le bagage, les gémissements des femmes qui avaient suivi l'exemple de maman et s'étaient couchées autour de nous au lieu d'aller "dans les bois," les rires des brigands, les piétinements des chevaux et comme pédale à toute cette discordance le hurlement du vent qui soufflait dans cette gorge entourée de montagnes où nous nous trouvions—tout cela était affreusement beau—et tout en me faisant claquer des dents me plaisait. Cette scène a duré 2 mortelles heures!

Lorsque le cri "debout!" a retenti, il ne restait plus que deux brigands, qui ont fait remonter tout le monde dans les voitures *avec ordre*, mais sans permettre que l'on ramassât quoique ce fût des brimborions qui étaient restés eparpillés par terre—Eh bien c'est la nuit qui a suivi ceci, nuit qui assombrissait la fin de cette scène, qui a été, au dire non seulement de mon père, mais de quelques uns de nos camarades d'infortune qui j'ai revus depuis, une des plus heureuses de leur vie. Personne n'avait été blessé, et l'on ne se sentait plus en danger de rien perdre. Moi, petite fille de 7 ans, j'ai dormi comme. . . je dois à présent—car un bon sommeil est une de mes *vertus*. Et cependant les rires me réveillaient à chaque instant et je me mettais à rire aussi tout en m'endormant.

I was awakened every minute by laughter and began to laugh with the others—while falling asleep again.

Do not smile at me—but the memory of this occurrence, the most striking of my childhood, affects me profoundly. Not until now have I realized what a wonderful elasticity and charm and magnetism my father must have possessed! From him I experienced only tenderness—he loved me passionately and delicately. He, who (I am told) had been so severe and so violent with my sister, treated me with angelic kindness. Only once in my life did he strike me, and this is why he did so: One day he called me to read at the piano something that he had just written. I began rather carelessly, and in one measure was totally at fault. "Pay attention!" he said to me. I began over again, making the same mistakes. "You are not paying attention—begin again!" Once more the same blunders assail his ears—"Veux-tu faire attention, sacr..." The oath had its effect, and I emerged triumphant from the fatal measure—yes, but at the same instant a formidable cuff nearly sent me to the floor—"Why didn't you pay proper attention the first time instead of the last? You would have spared both of us—yourself the physical pain of receiving a cuff, and me the moral pain of giving you one." My father was right, and since that day I have realized that as soon as one sets out to do a thing one should concentrate one's entire attention upon it.

Poor Father, how I should have adored him, had I known him later in life. I was ten and a half years of age when I lost him. If he had lived, God knows what my life might have been! probably very different from what it is. After all, what God does is well done.—Unhappily I possess not one of my father's brilliant and fascinating qualities, but I resemble him in this—that I do not do things by halves, and that I have a horror of hypocrisy. When I think I ought to do anything, I will do it spite of water, fire, society, the whole world. My will-power exercises strong control over me—and I love my friends more, oh, infinitely more, than my own life. Place that side by side with this passion for change, this physical instability which is innate in me, the most complete indifference for the majority of the persons whom I know, and above all for happenings which might be expected to engage my interest—a positive horror of the 2 and 2 make 4—a total absence of mathematical faculties—I should be incapable of taking charge of my own affairs—and after all I think I am a passable housewife, simply and solely through will-power, for I detest giving orders to servants; making my cook understand that I know she steals is something impossible for me. I would rather be robbed—I content myself with thinking that it is because I like it—and because I am stupid.

And nevertheless there is order in my home—contrary to my nature—through my will! Oh, how many ill deeds I should have done without that will, the well-nigh inseparable sister of my conscience. And still I love all things lovely and good! and I believe that when one yields to that love one cannot do anything really bad. Do you not believe so? What inward happiness, every day that will has won a victory over passion, over instinct! One is prostrated, but the knowledge of having raised one's self a step towards the good supports us and lends us strength to endure cruel suffering at times. When one will, one can always find antidotes—alas, yes, one finds them!

The 21st, 11 P. M.

I do not know [whether] all that I told you this morning has given you a notion of what my father was, but I know that in thus recalling him he became almost present to me. I have thought about it all day; when you come to see

Ne vous moquez pas de moi, mais ce souvenir, le plus marquant de mon enfance, m'émeut profondément. C'est à présent seulement que je reconnais tout ce qu'il y a dû avoir d'elasticité et de charme et d'entrain dans mon père! je n'ai éprouvé que de la tendresse de sa part—il m'aimait passionément et délicatement. Lui qui avait été, dit-on, si sévère et si violent avec ma sœur, il a usé d'une douceur angélique avec moi. Je n'ai reçu de lui qu'un seul soufflet dans ma vie, et voici à quel propos: Un jour il m'appela pour déchiffrer au piano quelque chose qu'il venait d'écrire. Je commence sans grande attention et m'embrouille tout à fait dans une mesure—"Fais attention" me dit-il. Je recommence avec les mêmes fautes. "Tu ne fais pas attention, recommence!" Les mêmes fautes lui écorchent de nouveau les oreilles—"Veux tu faire attention, sacr. . . " Le juron fait son effet et je sors triomphante de la mesure fatale—oui, mais au même instant un formidable soufflet me jette presque par terre—"Pourquoi n'as-tu pas fait dès la 1re fois autant d'attention que la dernière? Tu nous aurais évité, à toi la douleur physique de recevoir un soufflet, à moi la douleur morale de te le donner." Mon père avait raison, et depuis ce jour j'ai compris que dès que l'on se met à faire une chose il faut y concentrer toute son attention.

Pauvre père, comme je l'aurais adoré si je l'avais connu plus tard! j'avais 10 ans et ½ lorsque je l'ai perdu. S'il avait vecu, Dieu sait quelle aurait été ma vie! probablement bien différente de ce qu'elle est. Après tout, ce que le bon Dieu fait est bien fait—Je n'ai malheureusement aucune des qualités brillantes et fascinantes de mon père mais je lui ressemble en ceci: c'est que je ne fais pas les choses à moitié et que j'ai l'horreur de l'hipocrisie. Quand je crois devoir faire une chose, je la ferai malgré l'eau, le feu, la société, le monde entier. J'ai une grande force de volonté sur moi-même—et que j'aime mes amis plus, oh infiniment plus que ma propre vie. Mettez cela à coté de cette passion de changement, de cette instabilité physique qui est innée dans moi, de la plus complète indifférence pour la plus grande partie des gens qui je connais, et surtout pour des évènements qui sembleraient devoir m'intéresser—L'horreur positif, du 2 et 2 font 4—absence totale de facultés mathématiques—Je serais incapable de me mettre à la tête de mes affaires—cependant je crois être une passable femme de ménage, uniquement par la force de volonté—car je déteste donner des ordres aux domestiques; faire voir à ma cuisinière que je sais qu'elle me vole, est chose impossible pour moi. J'aime mieux être volée—je me contente de penser que c'est parceque je le veux bien—et parceque je suis bête.

Et cependant il y a de l'ordre chez moi—contre ma nature—par ma volonté. Oh combien de mauvaises choses j'aurais commises sans cette volonté, la sœur presque inséparable de ma conscience. Et puis j'aime tout le beau et le bien! et je crois qu'en suivant cet amour là on ne peut pas faire de chose vraiment mauvaise. Ne le croyez vous pas? Quel bonheur intérieure, chaque fois que la volonté a remporté une victoire sur la passion, sur l'instinct! On est brisé mais la conscience de s'être élevé d'un cran vers le bien nous supporte et nous donne la force de supporter de cruelles souffrances parfois. Quand on le veut, on peut toujours trouver les contre-poisons—Hélas oui, on les trouve!

21. 11 hres du soir.

Je ne sais tout ce que je vous ai raconté ce matin vous a donné une idée de ce qu'était mon père, mais je sais que cela me l'a rappelé et rendu presque présent—j'y ai pensé toute la journée—quand vous viendrez nous voir à Paris

us in Paris I shall show you a portrait which is a fair likeness of him—without being precisely handsome of feature, he had an irresistibly expressive physiognomy. He was built like an Apollo—when I knew him he was a trifle stout—his hair was naturally wavy and fell in white, orderly curls. His skin was delicate as a child's. He did not need soap for washing himself—his teeth were superb—his skin velvety—in his every pose he might have served as a model for painters or sculptors. His sense for the picturesque bordered on the extreme. He could *do* everything, from cooking up to writing an opera. If he had possessed greater mental repose he would have done admirable things in the grand style, but he had too great facility, and life had too great charms for him. Ah, his was indeed a fine Bohemian temperament!

And now, my friend, are you vexed with me for having told you my little secret? No, surely not!—As for an *Anzoleto*, permit me to tell you merely this: That had it not been for Ary Scheffer, I should have made a great mistake—for I was bereft of my will—I found it again in time *to wring my heart and to do my duty*. For this I was recompensed later—ah, I too have my Bohemian instincts to struggle against—to strangle passion—it was nearly my death—I wanted to kill myself. . . that came from cowardice. Scheffer, who watched over me like a father, prevented me—took me home again—half-imbecile—little by little my reason returned—and with it my will! Since I have been *able to exert my will*, I have kept the upper hand. I have committed no sin. For this I thank God and my poor, dearly beloved Scheffer, who suffered sorely, be sure, at sight of my sufferings. . . .

The next letter is dated London, January 24th, the day on which she began her "travail de nègre," that is, her tournée of about fifty concerts. In this letter she expresses her great joy at the gift from Rietz of the original manuscript of a Cantata "vom grossen Alten" (Joh. Seb. Bach) and she informs her friend, after a few kind words about her old friends Adelaïde Kemble and the celebrated musical critic Henry Fothergill Chorley, that she was received *strepitosamente* by the public, but that in lieu of encores she contented herself with "de profondes révérences":

I remembered that this evening's concert was the first of forty-eight, and therefore abstained—not without some difficulty. . . for it delights me to sing when I feel that it gives the audience pleasure. However, it must be admitted that this reciprocal pleasure is never as complete in England as elsewhere. The audience this evening, for instance, knew that I am a "celebrated singer"—so it applauds everything that I do with equal warmth. Had I sung not quite as well, it would have been no less well satisfied, and had I sung better, it would not have been *better* satisfied! and that is what puts a damper on the artist's enthusiasm. Yes, decidedly, in matters of art, the English are great—speculators.

In the next letter (London, January 27th) occur these etchings of her travelling companions:

You really must make the acquaintance of my fellow-singers—they are very nice. Mrs. Eyles, a contralto, a beautiful blond, stout lady, and educated—she is plain and quiet, and knows how to take a little joke. She sings English

je vous montrerai un portrait assez ressemblant de lui—sans être précisément beau de traits il avait une physionomie irrésistiblement expressive. Il était bâti comme un Apollon—quand je l'ai connu il était un peu fort—ses cheveux frisaient tout seuls et en boucles blanches et soyeuses. Sa peau était fine comme celle d'un enfant. Il n'avait pas besoin de savon pour se laver—ses dents étaient superbes—sa peau mate—toutes ses poses auraient pu servir de modèle aux peintres et aux sculpteurs. Il avait le sens du pittoresque jusqu'à l'extrême. Il savait *tout faire*, depuis la cuisine jusqu'à un opéra. S'il avait eu plus de repos dans l'esprit il aurait fait des choses admirables en grand, mais il avait trop de facilité et la vie avait trop de charme pour lui. Ah, c'était vraîment une belle nature de Bohémien!

Et maintenant, mon ami, m'en voulez vous de vous avoir dit mon petit secret? Non, n'est-ce-pas—Quant à un *Anzoleto*, permettez moi de vous dire seulement ceci: c'est que sans Ary Scheffer j'aurais commis une grande faute—car je n'avais pas ma volonté—je l'ai retrouvée à temps pour me *tordre le cœur* et *faire mon devoir*. J'en ai été récompensée plus tard—ah, j'ai en aussi mes instincts bohémiens à combattre—à tuer la passion—j'ai failli en mourir—j'ai voulu me tuer. . . c'était par lâcheté. Scheffer, qui veillait sur moi comme un père, m'a arrêtée—ramenée à la maison—à moitié idiote—peu à peu ma raison m'est revenue—avec elle la volonté. Dès que j'ai *pu vouloir*, j'ai été la plus forte. Je n'ai pas commis de faute. J'en rends grâce à Dieu et à mon pauvre bien aimé Scheffer, qui souffrait bien, allez, de voir mes souffrances. . . . .

J'ai pensé que le concert de ce soir était le 1er des 48 autres et je me suis abstenue—non sans quelque peine. . . car cela m'amuse de chanter, quand je sens que cela fait plaisir au public. Cependant il faut avouer que ce plaisir reciproque n'est jamais aussi parfait en Angleterre qu'ailleurs. Le public de ce soir, par exemple, sait que je suis une *celebrated singer*—alors il applaudit tout ce que je fais avec la même chaleur. Si j'avais moins bien chanté, il n'en aurait pas été moins content, et si j'avais mieux chanté, il n'aurait pas été *plus* content! voilà ce qui éteint l'enthousiasme de l'artiste. Oui, décidément en fait d'art, les Anglais sont de grands. . . spéculateurs.

Sie müssen doch meine Kameraden kennen lernen—sie sind ganz nett. Mrs. Eyles, eine Altistin, eine schöne blonde dicke Dame, mit Bildung—sie ist einfach und ruhig, u. versteht auch einen kleinen Spass. Sie singt english

ballads with a sweet, colorless voice. Her singing is like herself, blond, fat, and agreeable. The tenor is an Italian, Lucchesi, who occupies a certain position in the Italian theatres of Paris and London *merely* because he is musical and therefore makes himself very useful. Just imagine, he can sing his part in a simple quartet at sight! That is *marvelous* for an Italian and a SINGER and a TENOR into the bargain!!! He is a small man with a thick neck and muscles hard as rock. His voice, though small, is unpleasant, for it is his ambition to be an heroic tenor, and he forces his voice sadly, but does not in the least succeed in making the impression of a strong man (as a singer, I mean); he gets black in the face, his sinews swell frightfully, he looks like a very *beast*—I should be afraid to show him anything red, for it might enrage him like a bull. But in spite of all ugliness of exterior he is quite a capable singer of the second class, and "quite a gentleman."

Of course, we also possess a *baritono*. His name is Dragone—he has a very dark complexion—a handsome southern face—large, regular features which, animated from within, would be wonderful—but the man is thoroughly stupid and sleepy. The voice is very fine, and he does not employ it badly, either, but it is so dull, so flaccid! no emphasis, no ring, no pronunciation, no warmth—not twopenny-worth! like lukewarm sugar-water. Oh, these *lukewarm people*, indifferent to everything—I hate them. The Scriptures say, "Because thou art lukewarm, *I will spue thee out of my mouth.*" Let Dragone beware the crossing to Dublin!

Our accompanist on the piano is a very clever fellow, very jolly, and an excellent musician.[1] As a man he bears a certain likeness to Ferd. Hiller. We laugh a great deal together, and I think I am becoming his particular favorite. He composes very pretty comic *chansons*, which he sings with much vivacity and good taste. So much for the vocal side. The instrumental side is represented by *Regondi*, a veritable artist. Do you know what his instrument is?—the *concertina!* His playing is positively *miraculous*. In his hands it becomes charming, interesting, *really admirable*. He is a perfect musician. He plays well on the piano, better on the violin, still better on the guitar. He preferred to have a specialty, and to be "the first in Rome" rather than the 99,999th on some other instrument. Rome is the concertina, and I assure you that he plays it marvelously well.

Miss Arabella Goddard is coming back to us in a few days. You are acquainted with her. If Mme. Eyles is a woman *comme il faut*, Miss Goddard is a woman *comme il en faut*—not another word—enough of that kind of maliciousness. Among us, Regondi bears the surname of *M. l'Abbé*, which I bestowed on him—he has quite the air of a seminarist, or rather of an abbé under Louis XIV. He is feeble, nervous, fine-ladylike, loves to retail bits of feminine gossip, loves the society of women above all things, and is much accustomed to being petted and spoiled by them. Oh, *mon Dieu*, if that is all he needs to make him happy, he shall be spoiled, for in spite of it all he is not lacking in wit and good sense, and one can talk with him.

What a beautiful and terrible thing is the sea! I was unable to close an eye day before yesterday at Brighton. The wind was blowing violently and the great waves swept on to break over the quay in front of my windows with a vast roar in the midst of which I seemed to hear cries, cannonshots, and symphonies fantastic in quite another sense from those by Berlioz & Co. . . . .

[1]John Liptrot Hatton (1809-1886). This prolific composer was quite as successful under his queer pseudonym Czapek as under his own name. He visited America in 1848.

en attendant le n° 9

6. Feb.

Mein Theurer Freund, nous sommes arrêtés entre
2 Stations entre Cheltenham où nous avons chanté
hier et Exeter où nous chantons demain. Le Diman-
che exerce son influence surtout sur les chemins de fer
dans ce pays, et nous avons été forcés de passer
une partie de la journée ici à Clifton, tout
près de Bristol. Après une belle promenade en
Calèche découverte jusqu'au bord des dunes
nous sommes rentrés faire notre correspondance.
Le salon a l'air d'une salle dans un club.
Le Grospapa Hatton est le seul qui ne fasse
rien, il est mollement étendu dans un grand fauteuil
à côté de la cheminée où flambe un grand feu. Il
personnifie parfaitement le Comfort anglais, avec
sa bonne grosse figure réjouie, sa tête chauve et
luisante, son ventre rebondi, ses petites mains bouffies
qui ont peine à croiser, ses yeux pétillants d'esprit
son grand nez rouge entouré d'un collier de barbe
rouge grisonnante semblable à de la fumée et
sa physionomie heureuse tous les
autres écrivent ou lisent ce qui
n'empêche pas qu'il ne se fasse un grand
bruit autour de moi. J'ai écrit hier
à mon mari, aujourd'hui je veux mettre
un bonjour sur une demie feuille
que je trouve par hasard dans un
carnet dans mon sac de voyage. Cela
ne doit pas être le hasard qui me l'a fait mettre
dans ce livret. Dieu sait! le fait est que je
suis toute heureuse de l'avoir trouvée, car il m'aurait
fallu écrire sur du gros papier qui aurait juré
avec le reste de la lettre qui se trouve dans mon
pupitre à écrire au fond de ma malle.
J'ai relu 8 fois chacune de vos deux dernières lettres.
celle n° 7 est dans ce moment ouverte devant mes yeux.
Je suis contente que vous ayez une idée un peu vivante
de mon père, et de mon enfance. Cher

"Le Grospapa Hatton"

Facsimile of letter by Pauline Viardot-Garcia,

ballads mit einer wohlklingenden farblosen Stimme. Ihr Gesang ist wie sie selbst, blond, fett u. angenehm. Der Tenor ist ein Italiäner, Lucchesi, der eine gewisse Stellung in den italiänischen Theatern von Paris u. London hat, *blos* weil er musikalisch ist und sich dadurch sehr nützlich macht. Denken Sie nur, er kann seine Partie in einem einfachen Quartett vom Blatt singen! Das ist ja *wunderbar*, für einen Italiäner u. einen SÄNGER und einen TENOR noch dazu!!! er ist ein kleiner Mensch mit breitem Nacken und steinharten Muskeln. Die Stimme ist zwar klein doch unangenehm, denn er möchte so gern Heldentenor werden und forcirt sehr beim Singen, aber es gelingt ihm durchaus nicht den Eindruck von einem starken Mann zu erregen (als Sänger meine ich), er wird blutroth, die Sehnen schwellen furchtbar, ganz *thierisch* sieht er aus—ich würde mich fürchten etwas rothes ihm zu zeigen, es möchte ihn ganz wüthend machen wie die Stiere. Aber bei all dem hässlichen Aussehen ist er ein ganz tüchtiger Sänger 2ter Klasse, und *quite a gentleman.*

Wir besitzen auch natürlich einen *baritono.* Er heisst Dragone—sieht sehr schwarz aus—er hat ein schönen südlichen Gesicht—grosse regelmässige Züge, die innerlich belebt wundervoll sein würden—der Mensch aber gründlich dumm und schläfrig. Die Stimme ist sehr schön, er macht auch keinen schlechten Gebrauch damit, aber il est si mou, si flasqué! pas d'accent, pas de verve, pas de prononciation, pas de chaleur pour deux sous! c'est de l'eau sucrée tiède. Oh les *tièdes*, les tièdes en toutes choses je les déteste. L'Ecriture dit qu'il faut "*vomir les tièdes.*" Gare à Dragone pendant la traversée de Dublin!

Notre accompagnateur au piano est un homme fort spirituel, très gai et un excellent musicien.[1] Comme homme il y a quelque rapport avec Ferd. Hiller. Nous rions beaucoup d'ensemble et je crois que je deviens tout à fait sa favorite. Il compose de très jolies chansons comiques qu'il chante avec beaucoup d'entrain et de bon goût. Violà pour la partie vocale. La partie instrumentale est représentée par *Regondi*, un véritable artiste. Savez-vous quel est son instrument? la *concertina*! Il en joue d'une façon vraîment *prodigeuse.* Dans ses mains cela devint charmant, intéressant, *admirable même.* C'est un musicien parfait. Il joue bien du piano, mieux du violon, encore mieux de la guitare. Il a préferé avoir une spécialité et être "le premier dans Rome" au 99999ème dans tout autre instrument. Rome est la Concertina et je vous répond qu'il en joue merveilleusement bien.

Miss Arabella Goddard viendra nous rejoindre dans quelques jours. Vous la connaissez. Si Made Eyles est une femme comme il faut, Miss Goddard est une femme *comme il en faut*—und damit Punktum—assez de méchancité comme cela. Regondi porte parmi nous le surnom de *Mr l'abbé* que je lui ai donné—il a tout à fait l'air d'un séminariste, ou plutot d'un abbé sous Louis XIV. Il est faible, nerveux, petite maîtresse, aime à dire des petits cancans féminins, aime la société des femmes pardessus tout autre, et est assez habitué à des petits gâteries de leur part. Oh, mon Dieu, s'il ne faut que cela pour le rendre heureux, on le gâtera, car avec tout cela il ne manque pas d'esprit et de bon sens et on peut causer avec lui.

Quelle belle et terrible chose que la mer! je n'ai pas pu fermer l'œil à Brighton avant hier. Le vent soufflait avec violence et les grandes vagues venaient se briser sur le quai devant mes fenêtres avec des grands mugissements au milieu desquels il me semblait entendre des cris, des coups de canon, des symphonies bien autrement phantastiques que celles de Berlioz et Cie. . .

If anything, this reference to "Berlioz et Cie" must have convinced conservative Julius Rietz of the terrors of the ocean, surpassed perhaps only by those of dreams such as his friend related to him from Bath on the thirtieth:

All last night I was dreaming of you. You were sitting in the adjoining room, and playing. . . from the *newest* opera by. . . *Wagner!* and you played with evident pleasure—I could see it—but you were afraid of me; for as soon as I entered the room you vanished like a dream—it made me feel badly, and still I had the delight of seeing you. Yes, that was a delight! and you would not flee from me, would you?

Just how deeply Julius Rietz had entered into her life, Mme. Viardot's letter from Birmingham on the third of February may serve to illustrate again, though we of a more prosaic age may smile at her hyper-romantic language:

At last, at last, God be praised! This morning, in Wolverhampton, your long-awaited letter was finally delivered to me. How happy it made me! at last I have something dear to me to carry about with me always, until No. 8 comes. At last, oh, at last!!!

O my friend, I love you with the most heartfelt, deepest, truest, warmest, sunshine-clearest love that ever woman felt as friend for friend. I know that our rare friendship is good and noble, and I love *it* inexpressibly. And so do you, do you not? it has now become a part of my soul, of my life. It is indispensable to me, our dear, sacred friendship. Build upon it as high as ever you will or can. I shall never disappoint you, nor you me, surely. So in this we have something for all our life. That is a joy indeed!

To-day I can write no longer, for I have to dress for the concert. The aria from *Titus*[1] was greatly applauded at Manchester, although I did not sing it nearly as well as I have sung it in *my* Gewandhaus. With ear, with eye, with heart, I vainly sought my friend. Oh, you best of men—friend well beloved! That is really better than "dear friend." And yet, dear friend is not so bad. And so, *cher ami, ami bien aimé, theuerster Freund*, au revoir. . . . .

The letter ends, evidently in reply to questions put by Rietz, with comment on Goethe's "Römische Elegien" and with an expression of her preference of Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea" —a favorite of Mme. Viardot—to "Alexis and Dora." "Le sentiment," she says, "en est trop doucereux pour moi. C'est comme des confitures après lesquelles j'éprouve toujours le besoin de manger une bouchée de pain."

A letter begun at Oxford on February 10th was continued the next day at Sheffield with this bit of self-criticism (she refers to the concert at Oxford):

I was greatly fatigued, and I have the satisfaction of affording you the pleasure of learning that I sang *frightfully!* and the stupid local newspaper tactfully observes this morning that I sang well! Isn't that exasperating?. . . .

[1]Mozart's opera.

Diese ganze Nacht habe ich von Ihnen getraümt. Sie sassen im Nebenzimmer und spielten. . . aus der *neuesten* Oper von. . . *Wagner!* und spielten mit sichtbarer Lust—ich konnte es sehen. . . aber Sie fürchteten sich vor mir; denn sobald ich in's Zimmer trat verschwanden Sie wie ein Traum—es that mir Leid, doch hatte ich die Freude Sie zu sehen. Ja, das wäre eine Freude! und nicht wahr, Sie würden nicht von mir fliehen?

Endlich, endlich, Gott sei Dank! Heute früh in Wolverhampton ist mir Ihr lang ersehnter Brief endlich zugebracht worden. Das ist eine Freude gewesen! endlich habe ich wieder etwas liebes bei mir immer zu tragen, bis No. 8 kommt. Endlich, ach, endlich!!!

O mein Freund, ich liebe Sie mit der innigsten, tiefsten, wahrsten, wärmsten, sonnenhellsten Liebe, die eine Freundin für ihren Freund je empfunden hat. Ich weiss, dass unsere schöne Freundschaft gut, edel ist, und ich liebe *sie* unsäglich. Sie auch, nicht wahr? sie ist jetzt ein Theil meiner Seele, meines Lebens geworden. Unentbehrlich ist sie mir, unsere heilige liebe Freundschaft. Bauen Sie darauf so viel Sie nur wollen u. können. Ich werde Ihnen *nie* fehlen, und Sie mir auch gewiss nicht. Also da haben wir etwas für unser ganzes Leben. Das ist doch schön!

Heute kann ich nicht mehr schreiben, ich muss mich zum Concert anziehen. Die Arie aus *Titus*[1] hat einen grossen Beifall in Manchester gehabt, obwohl ich sie bei weitem nicht so gut wie in *meinem* Gewandhaus gesungen habe. Mein Ohr, mein Auge, mein Herz suchte den Freund vergebens. Ach Sie theuerster Mensch—ami bien aimé. Das ist schon besser als cher ami. Und doch ist cher ami nicht so schlecht. Also, *cher ami, ami bien aimé, theuerster Freund,* au revoir. . . . .

J'étais très fatiguée et j'ai la satisfaction de vous procurer le plaisir d'apprendre que j'ai chanté *affreusement*! et le stupide journal local a l'aplomb de dire ce matin que j'ai bien chanté! N'est-ce pas enrageant! . . .

and was finished at Leeds with these aperçus on Brahms, the conductor Michele Costa, who since 1869 could affix the knightly *Sir* to his name and the much-feared critic Henry F. Chorley of the "*Athenæum*":

Yes, I have often heard Clara Schumann speak of Brahms with the most profound conviction (on her part) of his *genius*. She has played me several things of his which neither pleased nor interested me. . . .[1]

Apropos of Costa. He is a good musician, but one who offers sacrifice (though he may never imagine it) to the golden calf, that is to say, to English taste—he knows that in order to make certain things penetrate the ears of the English public, one has to speak very loud. They require Cayenne pepper in all sorts of aliments, moral as well as physical. That is the reason why Costa has been obliged to add military band instruments to his orchestra for the oratorios in the Crystal Palace. For the rest, they, with the organ, were all that one heard in that immense hall. Costa, transported to Germany, would be a mediocre person; in England he is a man to whom all the public and the musicians ought to feel profoundly obliged. In this world everything is relative, and one should be able to assume the point of view of countries, of epochs, and of peoples.

Chorley is a fine fellow in the fullest sense of the term; as fair and sincere as any man living—but, what would you have? he is English, and for that reason. . . he judges the arts like an Englishman. Besides, he is physically unsound, nervous, irritable and irritating to a degree. He can make himself most thoroughly disagreeable to persons who do not suit him entirely. For the rest, I can depend on him as on a brother—he likes me exceedingly, and I return the liking. . . . .

Chatty excerpts from the remaining English letters follow here without comment:

Manchester, Sunday the 13th.

. . . Day before yesterday, at Leeds, we had a very fine concert. The hall there is certainly the handsomest and the best in all Europe. There is a very fine organ, which they took me to try before my departure. It so happened that the builder, Davison, was then at Leeds and, knowing my passion for the organ, desired to exhibit this beautiful instrument to me in all its details. They have adopted the pneumatic system for it. It works to perfection and is a very paying investment at the rate of 18 pence an hour! . . . . .

No, Clara Novello is not one of us, and I assure you that she would not add a vast deal to the general nullity of our society! Miss Goddard is a goose, Dragone is an ill-bred creature with a larynx, nothing more. Lucchesi is. . . a tenor. Regondi is the only person of refinement.

Yes, too often, unhappily, there are two *chambers* in the head of an artist, two men in the same body, and of this the history of the arts, especially that of painting, affords only too many examples. No need for surprise, if this duality existed in Wagner's case. . . . .

My good Louis has sent me the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* (No. 5), which contains a magnificent article—far too magnificent—on your friend [Mme.

[1]Mme. Viardot did not remain indifferent to the genius of Brahms. Quite the contrary! Indeed, she was the first to sing the Alto solo in his "Rhapsodie," Op. 53, in public, at Jena, March 3, 1870.—*Ed.*

Oui, j'ai entendu souvent Clara Schumann parler de Brahms avec la plus profonde conviction (de sa part) de son *génie*. Elle m'a joué plusieurs choses de lui qui ne m'ont ni plu ni intéressé. . .[1]

à propos de Costa. C'est un bon musicien mais qui sacrifie (sans s'en douter peut-être) au veau d'or, c'est à dire au goût anglais—il sait que pour faire entrer certaines choses aux oreilles du public anglais, il faut les lui dire bien haut. Il leur faut du poivre de Cayenne en toutes sortes d'aliments au moral comme au physique. Voilà pourquoi Costa a été obligé d'ajouter de la musique de régiment dans les oratorios au palais de Cristal. Du reste, dans cet immense local, c'était, avec l'orgue, tout ce que l'on entendait. Costa, transporté en Allemagne, serait un homme médiocre—en Angleterre, c'est un homme au quel tout le public et les musiciens doivent avoir la plus grande obligation. Tout est relatif dans ce monde et il faut savoir se mettre au point de vue du pays, des époques et des gens.

Chorley est un brave homme dans toute la force du terme—honnête—sincère autant qu'homme au monde—mais, que voulez-vous? il est anglais, et voilà pourquoi. . . il juge les arts comme un anglais. De plus c'est une nature maladive, nerveux, irritable et irritante à l'excès. Il sait être plus désagréable que personne avec les personnes qui ne lui conviennent pas tout à fait. Du reste, je peux compter sur lui comme sur mon frère—il m'aime beaucoup et je le lui rends. . . .

Manchester, 13 Dimanche.

. . . Avant hier à Leeds nous avons eu un fort beau concert. La salle est certainement la plus belle et la meilleure qu'il y ait en Europe. Il y a un fort bel orgue, que l'on m'a menée essayer hier matin avant mon départ. Justement le facteur, Davison, se trouvait à Leeds, et connaissant ma passion pour l'orgue, a voulu me montrer ce bel instrument dans tous ses détails. On y a adopté le système pneumatique. Cela fonctionne parfaitement et revient très bon marché, à raison de 18 *pence* par heure! . . . . .

Non Clara Novello n'est pas des nôtres, et je vous assure qu'elle n'ajouterait pas grand chose à la nullité générale de notre société. Miss Goddard ist eine Gans, Dragone ein ungezogener Mensch, ein Kehlenträger, weiter nichts. Lucchesi ist . . . ein Tenorist. Regondi ist der einzige feingebildete Mensch.

Oui, il y a trop souvent malheureusement deux *Kammern* dans la tête d'un artiste, deux hommes dans le même corps, et l'histoire des arts, surtout celui de la peinture n'en offre que trop d'exemples. Il ne faudrait pas s'étonner si cette dualité existait chez Wagner. . . . .

Mon bon Louis m'a envoyé la *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* (le n° 5) qui contient un article magnifique, beaucoup trop magnifique, sur votre amie, ecrit

Viardot], written by Liszt; I suppose you have read it. I admit that it gives me *very great* pleasure—although habitually I am rather indifferent to praise. I like severe and sensible criticism. But in this article by my dear Liszt I see, besides a flattering artistic impression, a great deal of friendship for me. Do try to be a little bit less harsh towards him. I like him ever so much—his foibles distress me, but do not irritate me. . .[1]

Dublin, Feb. 20.

. . . . *5 o'clock.* I have just had a lovely drive in the superb park. The ladies were all tired, and had gone to bed. So I put on my bonnet and went out for a drive with my faithful cavalier.[2] After an hour we got out; sent away the funny open omnibus-like vehicle, wobbling on two wheels in most amusingly uncomfortable Irish fashion; and then walked for nearly three hours at a double-quick, as if charging on the enemy. So that now I haven't a leg to stand on. . . .

I cannot see how Stockhausen's advent can disturb your historical concerts, for I do not believe that your worshipful Concert-Management can find in all Germany, even with Diogenes' lantern, another singer who understands, like S., this grand, lordly music and can render it intelligible to the public.

How do people come to know it so positively?—oh, people *do not* know it at all. *It is not true* that the liaison between G. Sand and Chopin was broken off so suddenly in that manner. No, read *Lucrezia Florioni*, in my opinion a literary and psychological masterpiece and, at the same time, a cruel piece of work, and you will comprehend, as if you had witnessed it, what it was that little by little, invisibly, inevitably, brought on the end of a liaison which was life for poor Chopin and slow death for Mme. Sand. It is a sad story. I think that in that whole love-affair there was no *friendship*. That is a passion which can not diminish. It is the finest of all. Yes, my friend, my thoughts go out to you with an unalterable and incessant tenderness. Have courage and patience. Rely always, at every moment of your life, on the loving and devoted heart of your friend.

Dublin, Feb. 25.

I have only time to clasp your hands, to thank you for your dear letter No. 12—and to tell you that I love you with all my heart. I have scarcely time to breathe. Moreover, I am distressed—excessively fatigued, bored to death—disgusted to the last degree with the work I am doing, and ardently longing for the moment of my return to France. Ah, if I could meet you there with all my loved ones, I should be as happy as I can be without my dear and revered Ary Scheffer. . . . .

Dublin, Sunday the 27th.

. . . . I like Dublin very much—the audiences here are very enthusiastic and I am *a great favourite.* This is the third time that I have come to Ireland, and I am to return at the end of March for three weeks of opera, with Grisi and Mario.

Dear friend, it is sad always to have to live apart from one's family—but I don't wish to complain. If *I* were to complain, what would the majority of artists have a right to say? But that does not prevent each new separation from being a new anguish. Do not think me boastful when I say that there are a great

[1]It is characteristic of Liszt that he in this article dubbed the fanatics in his and Wagner's camp "Zukunfts-philister."—*Ed.*

[2]Regondi or Hatton, who, as she says, "constitutes our entire orchestra with his ten little sausage-fingers, which he knows how to use right well."—*Ed.*

par Liszt—je suppose que vous l'avez lu—J'avoue que cela me fait un *très grand* plaisir—et cependant, d'habitude je suis assez indifférente aux éloges. J'aime la critique sévère et raisonnée. Mais dans cet article de mon cher Liszt j'y vois outre une impression artistique flatteuse, beaucoup d'amitié pour moi. J'en suis fort touchée. Tâchez donc d'être un petit peu moins rigoureux pour lui. Je l'aime beaucoup—ses fautes m'affligent, ne m'irritent pas. . . .[1]

Dublin, 20ten Feb.

. . . . *5 Uhr.* Soeben habe ich eine schöne Fahrt in dem wunderschönen Park gemacht. Die Damen waren alle müde, sind zu Bett gegangen. Da habe ich meinen Hut aufgesetzt und bin mit meinem treuen Cavalier ausgefahren.[2] Nach einer Stunde sind wir ausgestiegen, haben den drolligen, offenen, omnibusartig auf zwei Rädern wackelnden echt amüsant-unbequem-irländischen Fahrzeug fortgeschickt, und beinahe 3 Stunden "pas de charge" wie dem Feinde entgegenmarschiert. So dass mir jetzt kein Bein mehr tragen will. . .

Ich sehe nicht ein warum die Ankunft Stockhausens Ihre historische Conzerten stören kann, denn ich vermuthe nicht dass Ihre hochlöbliche Concertdirektion in ganz Deutschland selbst mit der Laterne Diogenes einen zweiten Sänger wie S. finden kann, gerade diese grosse herrschaftliche Musik zu verstehen und dem Publikum verständlich zu machen.

Woher es die Leute so genau wissen?—ach die Leute wissen es *garnicht. Es ist nicht wahr* dass das Verhältniss zwischen G. Sand und Chopin in der Art so plötzlich aufhörte. Nein, lisez *Lucrezia Florioni*, à mon avis un chef d'œuvre littéraire et psychologique et une action cruelle tout à la fois, et vous saurez comme si vous en aviez été témoin, ce qui a amené peu à peu, invisiblement, fatalement la fin d'une liaison qui était la vie du pauvre Chopin et la mort lente de Mad. Sand. C'est une triste histoire. Je crois que dans tous ces amours là il n'y avait pas *d'amitié.* Celle là est une passion qui ne peut pas décroître. C'est la plus belle de toutes. Oui, mon ami, je pense à vous avec une tendresse inaltérable et incessante. Ayez du courage et de la patience. Comptez toujours, à chaque instant de votre vie sur le cœur aimant et dévoué de votre amie.

Dublin, 25 Fev. Je n'ai que le temps de vous donner une poignée de mains, de vous remercier pour votre chère lettre n° 12—et vous dire que je vous aime de tout mon cœur. J'ai à peine le temps de respirer. Je suis souffrante outre cela—fatiguée à l'excès, ennuyée à la mort—dégoûtée au possible du métier que je fais et j'aspire ardemment au moment du retour en France. Ah si je vous y retrouvais avec tous les miens, je serais heureuse autant que je puis l'être sans mon cher et vénéré Ary Scheffer. . . . .

Dublin, 27. Sonntag. . . . . J'aime beaucoup Dublin—le public y est très enthousiaste et j'y suis *a great favourite.* C'est la 3me fois que je viens en Irlande, et je dois y revenir à la fin de Mars pour 3 semaines d'opéras, avec Grisi et Mario.

Theurer Freund, c'est triste de devoir toujours se séparer de sa famille. . . mais je ne veux pas me plaindre. Si *moi* je me plaignais, qu'auraient donc le droit de dire la plupart des artistes? Mais cela n'empêche pas que chaque séparation ne soit un nouveau déchirement. Ne me trouvez par vantarde si je dis qu'il y a beaucoup de personnes qui m'aiment—oui, j'ai ce grand bonheur—

many persons who love me—yes, I have this great happiness—and this great happiness has come to me since I *forced* you to return the friendship that I felt for you. Our loving Father sent you to me to assuage the profound grief I was suffering. A thousand blessings on you, Gift of God! I wish I might always see those whom I love—but it is not possible. I must forsake them continually. Perhaps we owe the best of our deeds to that great *Must*. . . . .

No, dearest friend, you can not conduct at the *Festival of the Future*. Yet, I am glad that you were invited to do so. You did not tell me who it was that wrote to you—perhaps Liszt himself? in that case do me the kindness and write him a short and very polite note—without stiffness and without bitterness—is that possible? I should not like to have you on a war footing with L.! I assure you, the man is good, and has a noble heart. No one can convince me to the contrary, for I know him since I was a child and have had many proofs of it, although, to be sure, not through personal experience. Good friend, do not be so inexorably severe!—but you must not conduct there, on that point we are agreed. . . .

Nottingham, Friday, March 3.

Beloved friend, it is 2 o'clock in the morning, rather a strange hour for writing, especially when one has already been in bed. The reason of it is, that I am a nurse in a sickroom. My poor maid, whom you know, was all at once taken so ill that after I had risen and rung the bell more than 20 times, I sent for a physician. While waiting for him I am taking care of my poor patient—and thinking of all the people that I love—and have come to press your hand. In the midst of the darkness and silence I send an affectionate thought to the absent friend who does not even suspect it at this hour, for it is to be hoped that he is sleeping the sleep of the just—that is to say, like a dormouse.

I call down all the benedictions of God upon your dear head. Courage, friend! do not be disheartened by the painful trials you have to undergo during your life—remember that henceforward you have a heart to share them and to help you to bear them at least with resignation.

Ah—here is the doctor—

He discovers no immediate danger in the state of my patient, but it is necessary to provide all sorts of remedies, among which the most needful of all is rest. What is to be done? I have got to sing to-morrow at Northampton! How can I leave this poor woman here alone? and how transport her, sick as she is? Heaven knows, maybe, what should be done; as for me, I know very well that I do not know!—The doctor orders me to go to bed. It is three o'clock. A servant from the hotel will stay in her chamber! Well, good night—what a pleasure it would be to talk together for a few hours, till daytime—no, you would much prefer to sleep, would you not? Indeed, you would be right. So now a *good*, a very good night.

9 o'clock. Good-morning, friend. She is somewhat better, and insists absolutely on travelling this morning. To-morrow I finish my nigger job, and I shall have given 41 concerts! That is fairly respectable.

No letter from you for 5 days—a long, long time. Come, my dear and *indolent* friend, do not allow our epistolary conversation to languish. Do not infringe your good habit of writing every day, if only a line—and, above all, rest assured that you possess no heart more devoted than that of your friend.

Paris, 28, Rue de Douai, March 11.

My dearest friend, as I had intended from the first, I arrived in Paris the day before yesterday at 11 in the evening. My good Louis and Louisette

et ce grand bonheur s'est accru depuis que je vous ai *forcé* à me rendre l'amitié que je ressentais pour vous. Vous m'avez été envoyé par le Dieu bon pour adoucir la douleur profonde que j'éprouvais. Soyez mille fois béni, Dieudonné! Je voudrais voir toujours ceux que j'aime—mais ce n'est pas possible. Il faut s'en séparer continuellement. Dem grossen *müssen* verdanken wir vielleicht unsere besten Thaten. . . .

Non, theuerster Freund, Sie können nicht in dem *Zukunftsfest* dirigiren. Es freut mich doch, dass man Sie dazu eingeladen hat. Sie haben mir nicht gesagt, wer Ihnen geschrieben hat—vielleicht Liszt selber? in dem Falle thun Sie mir den Gefallen und schreiben Sie ihm einen kurzen und höchst höflichen Billetchen—ohne Steifheit und ohne Bitterkeit—ist es möglich? ich möchte nicht, dass Sie auf kriegerischem Fuss mit L. stünden! ich versichere Sie, der Mensch ist gut, hat ein edles Herz. Das wird mir niemand abstreiten, denn ich kenne ihn seit meiner Kindheit an und habe viele Beweise davon gehabt obwohl zwar nicht durch persönliche Erfahrung. Guter, sein Sie nicht so unerbittlich streng!—aber dort dirigiren dürfen Sie nicht, darin sind wir einig. . . .

Nottingham Vendredi, 3 mars.

Geliebter Freund, il est 2 heures de la nuit, heure assez étrange pour écrire, surtout quand on a déjà été couché. Voici la raison, c'est que je suis garde malade. Ma pauvre femme de chambre, que vous connaissez, s'est trouvée tout à coup tellement malade qu'àprès m'être levée, avoir sonné plus de 20 fois, j'ai envoyé chercher un médecin. En attendant je soigne ma pauvre malade—et je pense à tous les gens que j'aime—et je viens vous serrer la main. Au milieu de la nuit et du silence, j'envoie une pensée affectueuse à l'ami absent qui ne s'en doute même pas dans ce moment, car il faut espérer qu'il dort du sommeil du juste, c'est à dire comme une marmotte.

J'appelle toutes les bénédictions de Dieu sur votre chère tête. Courage, ami! que les épreuves pénibles que vous avez à passer dans votre vie ne vous découragent pas—pensez que vous avez désormais un cœur pour les partager et vous aider à les supporter au moins avec résignation.

Ah voilà le Docteur—

Il ne trouve pas de danger immédiat dans l'état de ma malade, mais il faut lui faire toutes sortes de remèdes pour lesquels il lui faut avant tout du repos. Que faire? il faut que je chante demain à Northampton! Comment laisser cette pauvre femme ici seule? et comment la transporter malade comme elle l'est?! Dieu sait peut-être ce qu'il faut faire, quant à moi je sais bien que je ne le sais pas!—Le D^{r}. exige que j'aille me coucher. Il est trois heures. Une servante de l'hotel va rester dans sa chambre. Hé bien, bonne nuit—comme ce serait bien de causer ensemble pendant quelques heures, jusqu'au jour. . . non, vous aimeriez bien mieux dormir, n'est-ce pas? Au fait, vous auriez raison. Eh bien alors *bonne*, bien bonne nuit.

9 h^{res} Bonjour, ami. Elle va un peu mieux et veut absolument partir ce matin. Demain je termine mon métier de nègre, et j'aurai fait 41 concerts! c'est assez respectable.

Pas de lettre de vous depuis 5 jours, c'est bien long. Allons cher et *paresseux* ami, ne laissez pas languir notre conversation epistolaire. Ne perdez pas la bonne habitude d'écrire tous les jours, ne fût-ce qu'une ligne—et surtout dites vous bien que vous n'avez pas de cœur plus devoué que celui de votre amie.

Paris. 28 Rue de Douai. 11. März.

Mein theuerster Freund, wie ich es immer beabsichtigte, bin ich vorgestern un 11 Uhr Nachts in Paris angekommen. Mein guter Louis und Louisette

were awaiting me at the railway station. What joy was there! Poor things, they really find it hard to live without me. The two little girls woke up as I very softly entered their chamber. What an outcry of "Mamma!" was there, and a wild dance in sheer nightgowns on small beds, and a jubilation, a kissing! Oh, that was delightful. After all, that is a lovelier reception than any success on the stage, and nevertheless I have the courage to distress all these precious souls from time to time by absenting myself.—Ah! this time I have made the unspoken resolution to try to arrange in future that my absences shall be only very short, or at least that any engagement shall be of definite duration, in which case I shall take all my treasures with me.

Yes, my friend, you have read quite correctly; towards the end of the month I am going to Dublin again—I place great dependence on *Macbeth*[1] for obtaining a good measure of success for me in London—in any event the creation of the rôle of Lady Macbeth interests me extremely—it will be all the more a creation because, although I know Shakespeare's drama by heart, I have never seen it on the stage. In this opera, alongside of trivial and dismally bad numbers, there are four very fine scenes—well declaimed—which add greatly to the dramatic action. . . . .

Since you have constituted yourself the champion of good music against bad music, as your conscience dictates, act the part, but with all the courtesy of the gallant chevaliers of the olden time. Bear in mind that the cause is noble and that it should be supported chivalrously, worthily, and not with the violence and discourtesy of present-day musicians. Show yourself superior to them in this point also.

Judith[2] is genuine English music, that is to say, without color, without originality, and without much science. As you very rightly remark, it is an arid and frigid amalgamation of Händel and Mendelssohn. Nothing more. . . .

The next letter illustrates amusingly the fact that even the greatest of artists are sometimes deaf to genius. If Julius Rietz needed food for his dislike of Wagner, his friend's letter amply supplied it.

Friday, March 18

It is a perfect mystery to me that I should have so little time now, when I really have little to do! I do not find leisure to write my letters. To you, dearest friend, I should like to revert every day, if only with a few lines. But it is impossible. The visits are partly to blame. Possibly my Lady Macbeth, too—she is continually distracting my thoughts. Every time I have to learn an entirely new part, I lapse into a half-dreamy condition. I feel as if there were a little theatrical stage in my forehead, on which my small actors move about. Even at night, and even while asleep, my private theatre haunts me—sometimes it grows unbearable. There is no remedy for it—and so my rôles learn themselves, without my needing to sing aloud or to study before a mirror. Once in a while, though, when it strikes me that my Liliputian songstress is behaving too boldly, I try to imitate her. This kind of work, in which I participate almost unconsciously, is strange, is it not? It costs me no exertion whatever, but continually demands my attention, excepting when dear letters arrive, like yours of the 14th.

[1]Verdi's opera, Florence, 1847.

[2]Oratorio by Henry David Leslie (Birmingham, 1858).

warteten mein an der Eisenbahn Station. Das war eine Freude! Die Armen, sie können wirklich nicht leicht ohne mich leben. Die zwei Mägdlein sind aufgewacht, als ich ganz leise in ihrem Zimmer getreten bin. Da war ein Mama schreien, ein wilder Tanz im blossen Hemdchen auf die kleine Betten, ein Jauchzen, ein Küssen!! Ei, das war wunderschön. C'est pourtant un plus beau succès que tous les succès du théatre, et cependant j'ai le courage de chagriner tous ces êtres chéris de temps à autre par mes absences. . . Ah cette fois j'ai formé intérieurement le projet de tâcher de m'arranger de sorte à ne plus faire que de très courtes absences, à moins d'avoir un engagement d'une certaine durée, en quel cas, j'emmènerai tous mes trésors avec moi.

Oui, mon ami, vous avez fort bien lu, je repars à la fin du mois pour Dublin —je compte beaucoup sur *Macbeth*[1] pour me valoir quelque chose de bien pendant la saison de Londres—dans tous les cas la création du rôle de Lady Macbeth m'intéresse extrêmement—ce sera d'autant plus une création que tout en sachant par cœur le drame de Shakespeare je ne l'ai jamais vu représenter. Il y a dans cet opéra à coté de morceaux trivials et affreux, quatre fort belles scènes—bien déclamées et qui prêtent beaucoup à l'action dramatique. . . .

. . . . Puisque vous vous trouvez être le champion de la bonne musique contre la mauvaise musique, d'après votre conscience, soyez le, mais avec toute la courtoisie des preux chevaliers d'autrefois. Pensez que la cause est belle et qu'il faut la soutenir galamment, dignement, et non avec la violence et la discourtoisie des musiciens d'aujourd'hui. Ayez encore sur eux cette supériorité là.

Judith[2] est de la vraie musique anglaise, c'est à dire sans couleur, sans originalité et sans grande science. Vous le dites fort bien, c'est une sèche et froide amalgame de Handel et Mendelssohn. Weiter nichts. . . .

Freitag, den 18ten März.

Wie wenig Zeit habe ich jetzt, da ich eigentlich wenig zu thun habe, ist mir ganz räthselhaft! ich komme nicht dazu meine Briefen zu schreiben. Ihnen, theuerster Freund, möchte ich alle Tage, wenn nur ein paar Zeilen, widmen. Es geht aber nicht. Die Besuchen sind theilweise Schuld daran.

Vielleicht auch meine Lady Macbeth—die grübelt mir im Kopf fortwährend. Jedesmal wenn ich eine ganz nagelneue Parthie zu lernen habe, zerfalle ich in einen halb träumerischen Zustand. Es ist mir als hätte ich eine kleine Theaterbühne in der Stirn, wo meine kleine Schauspieler sich bewegen. Selbst in der Nacht, während dem Schlaf sogar, verfolgt mich mein privat Theater—manchmal wird es unerträglich. Nichts hilft dagegen—und so lernen sich meine Rollen von selbst, ohne dass ich brauche laut zu singen, noch vor dem Spiegel zu studieren. Manchmal nur, wenn es mir scheint dass meine Liliputanische Sängerin sich zu kühn benimmt, dann versuche ich es nach ihr. Diese Art Arbeit, an der ich fast keinen bewussten Theil nehme, ist seltsam,

—You have been foremost in my thoughts all the evening. Reber and Saint-Saëns dined with us—why were you not here! After dinner (Chorley was there, too) Saint-Saëns set to work to run through the first act of *Lohengrin* with me—Heavens! what deadly monotony! what wearisome ugliness! how it finally stupefies you and harrows your nerves! oh peugh! It is ugly, it is doleful, it is sadly inflated! what pompous nullity! and what extravagant insignificance! —Ah, my friend, be assured that you detest *the Ugly* no more than I do.

You should have witnessed the indignation of our friends and above all of my husband at this so-called music! how they hurled crashing anathemas against *the wretches to whom pride alone could suggest this infernal witches' Sabbath.* It was killingly funny. To soothe our nerves and restore our good humor Saint-Saëns played something from *Bach.* That is a real treat.

In the morning I took Saint-Saëns to visit Rossini, who gave him some piano music—which he is now zealously engaged in writing—to decipher. There were some charming things—among others a *bolero tartare* which is delicious. There is a long piece entitled "Prélude de l'avenir." After S. had played it, Rossini said to us, "That is one of the things at the end of which one asks one's self what the author intended to say—finding the answer to be, that if he wanted to say anything, the piece says nothing at all." In fact, he wanted to take off the *future,* but our good Rossini could not prevent himself from having ideas, whatever he might do, and his pretended folly would convict itself of reasonableness alongside of any measure taken at random from Lohengrin.

During the day I had a rehearsal of Flotow's *Martha,* in which opera I am to sing at Dublin with Mario, Mme. Grisi, and Graziani, the best of living baritones. It is dance-music from one end to the other—quite insignificant, quite unexciting, but, at any rate, unpretentiously written. It is like homeopathy —if it does one no good, it does no harm—whereas *Lohengrin* (which I should prefer to call *Hohen Grimm*) does one positive injury. Monday, at Saint-Saëns', Louisette played with him the Bach concerto for 2 pianos. Thereafter S.-S. played the Weber sonata in A♭. I do not know why the latter's piano music always leaves me perfectly indifferent. I never feel real passion in it, or serenity. It always impresses me like a person who makes a great stir for no particular reason. He must have had a restless, susceptible, irascible temperament—when he was composing for piano he became too much the pianist and forgot that he was a great musician. Perhaps you are going to scold me and accuse me of bad taste—but excepting some fragments here and there, his music for *piano* does not please me.

S.-S. thereupon let me hear his concerto for piano. The first part strikes me as very beautiful. The Andante is also very remarkable—the last part is less so, it is a Presto, full of rhythmic life, very brilliant, but lacking a leading idea. Altogether, I think it is a fine piece. Do you not think that he ought to play it next winter in the *Gewandhaus?* . . . .

The following letter, written on March 26 from Morrison's Hotel at Dublin, shows Mme. Viardot's epistolary art at its best. The eight-page letter is quoted here with but few elisions.

. . . . Last week I did not have half a minute to myself. My poor Louis has a terrible attack of lumbago, which has kept him bent double for several days. As it was absolutely impossible for him to go out, I have been obliged to make

nicht wahr? es kostet mir gar keine Mühe, nimmt aber fortwährend meine Aufmerksamkeit in Anspruch, ausser wenn mir liebe Briefen ankommen, comme la votre du 14.

J'ai bien pensé à vous pendant toute la soirée. Reber et Saint-Saëns ont diné avec nous—que n'étiez vous des nôtres! après le diner (Chorley aussi en était) Saint-Saëns s'est mis à parcourir avec moi le 1er acte de *Lohengrin*—Mon Dieu, quelle assomante monotonie! quelle ennuyeuse laideur! comme cela finit par vous alourdir et vous agacer les nerfs! ah pouai! C'est laid, c'est triste, c'est boursouflé! quelle pompeuse nullité! et quel extravagante insignifiance!—ah mon ami, soyez bien sûr que vous ne detestez pas plus que moi *le laid.*

Il fallait voir l'indignation de nos amis et surtout de mon mari contre cette soi-disant musique! ils ont lancé des anathêmes foudroyantes contre *les misérables auxquels l'orgueil seul suggère cet infernal sabbath.* C'était à mourir de rire. Pour nous remettre les nerfs et l'humeur Saint-Saëns nous a joué du *Bach.* Voilà du bon pain.

Dans la matinée, j'ai mené Saint-Saëns chez Rossini, qui lui a donné à déchiffrer de la musique pour Piano, qu'il écrit maintenant avec passion. Il y a des choses charmantes—un *bolero tartare* entre autres qui est délicieux. Il y a un long morceau intitulé "Prélude de l'avenir." Lorsque S. l'eut joué, Rossini nous dit "voilà une de ces choses, à la fin desquelles on se demande ce que l'auteur a voulu dire, et on se répond que s'il a voulu dire quelque chose, le morceau ne dit rien du tout." En effet, il a voulu faire la charge de l'*avenir,* mais le bon Rossini ne peut pas s'empêcher d'avoir des idées, quoiqu'il fasse et sa soi-disant folie serait convaincue de raison à coté de la première mesure venue dans *Lohengrin.*

Dans la journée j'ai eu une répétition de *Martha* de Flotow, dans lequel opéra je dois chanter à Dublin avec Mario, Mme Grisi et Graziani, le meilleur baryton actuel. C'est de la musique de danse d'un bout à l'autre—bien insignifiante, bien anodine, mais au moins faite sans prétention. C'est comme l'homéopathie, si ça ne fait pas de bien, ça ne fait pas mal, tandis que Lohengrin (que je préfèrerais appeler *Hohen Grimm*) fait positivement du mal. Lundi chez Saint-Saëns Louisette a joué avec lui le concerto de Bach pour 2 pianos. . . S.-S. a joué ensuite la sonate en *la♭* de Weber. Je ne sais pourquoi la musique de piano de ce dernier me laisse toujours parfaitement froide. Je n'y trouve jamais vraie passion, ni sérénité. Il me fait l'effet de quelqu'un qui s'agite beaucoup sans raison. Il devait avoir un caractère inquiet, susceptible et irrascible—quand il composait pour le piano, il devenait trop pianiste et oubliait qu'il était un grand musicien. Peut être allez-vous me gronder et me taxer de mauvais goût—mais excepté quelques fragments par ci par là, sa musique de *piano* ne me plaît pas. S.-S. m'a fait entendre ensuite son concerto pour piano. La 1ère partie me semble fort belle. L'andante aussi est très remarquable—la dernière partie est moins, c'est un Presto fort mouvementé, fort brillant, mais sans idée principale. En somme je crois que c'est une belle chose. Il faudra qu'il aille la faire entendre au *Gewandhaus* l'hiver prochain, n'est-ce pas?. . . .

. . . . Dans la dernière semaine, je n'ai pas eu un demi moment à moi. Mon pauvre Louis a pris un terrible lombago qui l'a tenu plié en deux pendant plusieurs jours. Comme il était dans l'impossibilité absolue de sortir, j'ai été

a multitude of trips of which he habitually has had the kindness to relieve me by making them himself. All the rest of the time I have remained at his side, to *console* him for my impending departure.

Do not think me ridiculous when I tell you that Louis can no longer live without me. Yes, Sir, so it is. Do I see you smile? It seems incredible to you that after nearly 19 years of married life a husband does not know how to get along without his wife? Oh yes, confess that there is no slight trace of incredulity in that smile now curling your lip. Very well, Mr. Unbeliever, think as much as ever you please that I am a *conceited* wife—what I have told you is simply the *real truth.* My husband and Scheffer have always been my dearest *friends.* I have never been able to return any other sentiment in requital of the ardent and deep love of Louis, despite the best will in the world. Sometimes it has seemed to me like a wrong, the injustice of fate, cruel, whatever you will. But the human will has only a negative influence on the heart—it can force it *to be silent,* but not *to speak.* I will confess in a whisper, a very, very low whisper close to your ear, that these little journeys which I have made alone this winter have been very salutary holidays for me. On the one hand, they have been reposeful for my heart, somewhat fatigued by the expression of a love which it cannot share; and, on the other, absence can only fortify my friendship, my esteem and my great respect for this man who is so noble and devoted, who would give his life to gratify the least of my caprices, if I had any.

As you see, I also tell you everything that I think—but now I notice that I am writing so small to-day that you will need, not spectacles, but a microscope to decipher my tiny fly-tracks. It is said that one's handwriting reflects one's character—if you are of that opinion, I shall be very sorry—for I know nothing more changeable than my handwriting—big one day, small the next, sprawling and oblique two hours later, then perpendicular, or high, or round, and most of the time difficult to read, it would give a sad idea of its *proprietress* to any one who did not know her thoroughly—for that very reason I hasten to make myself known to you in every possible way. I shall never tell you anything but the strict truth, without restriction or exaggeration. Should I chance to deceive you, it would be because I had deceived myself as well. . . .

What a strange beauty there is in the sea! this inanimate movement of the water captivates me and yet in time inspires within me a sort of terror. With the sky it is different—when the great clouds are sailing one after the other and assuming myriad forms, one might say that passionate dramas are being enacted on high—I adore the sky, I take a human interest in everything that is going on there, whereas the sea is a vast and solemn egoist to whom no bond of affection unites me. It always gives me an impression as if it felt its enforced contact with man to be irksome. It is always ready to revolt and play him some evil trick—it is an atrocious coquette. But the sky, on the contrary, seems to take pleasure in putting the finishing touch to the least little scrap of landscape, in working in an effect of shadow and of light in the level country, and beautiful colored clouds in sterile spots—of great tranquil depths where some monument set up by the hand of man is to be thrown into relief. The sky is a satisfaction —a conclusion, so to speak; the sea is an eternal doubt, an endless interrogation.

Oh, decidedly, I love the sky more, though my admiration for the sea is greater—that is another example of what I wrote you about some time ago, and which you did not understand, apropos of sympathy and non-sympathy. I admire the sea, but I am not in sympathy with it, because it is cold and indifferent to man and the rest of creation. I love the sky because it seems to

obligée de faire une foule de courses qu'il a d'habitude la bonté de m'éviter en les faisant pour moi—tout le reste du temps je suis restée auprès de lui, à le *consoler* de mon prochain départ.

Ne vous moquez das de moi lorsque je vous dirai que Louis ne peut plus vivre sans moi. Oui, monsieur, c'est comme cela. Vous souriez, je crois? vous ne voulez pas croire qu'après tantôt 19 ans de mariage un mari ne puisse pas savoir se passer de sa femme? voyons, avouez qu'il y a beaucoup d'incrédulité dans ce sourire moqueur qui court sur votre lèvre. Eh bien, M^r^. l'incrédule, vous avez beau penser que je suis une *eingebildete* Frau, je ne vous dis là que la *vraie vérité*. Mon mari et Scheffer ont toujours été mes *amis* les plus chers. Je n'ai jamais pu rendre un autre sentiment en echange du vif et profond amour de Louis, en dépit de toute ma meilleure volonté. J'ai parfois trouvé que c'était mal à moi, injuste du destin, cruel, tout ce que vous voudrez. Mais la volonté humaine n'a qu'un effet négatif sur le cœur—elle peut le forcer à se *taire*, mais non à parler. Je vous l'avouerai tout bas, bien bas, dans le tuyau de l'oreille, que ces petites voyages que j'ai fait seule cet hiver ont été des vacances bien salutaires pour moi. D'une part, cela a été un repos pour mon cœur un peu fatigué de l'espression d'un amour qu'il ne peut partager, et de l'autre l'absence ne fait que fortifier mon amitié, mon estime et mon grand respect pour cet homme si noble et si dévoué qui donnerait sa vie pour satisfaire le moindre de mes caprices, si j'en avais.

Vous le voyez, moi aussi je vous dis tout ce que pense—mais je m'apperçois que j'écris si fin aujourdhui qu'il vous faudra, non des lunettes, mais un microscope pour déchiffrer mes petites pattes de mouche. On dit que l'écriture est l'image du caractère—si vous le croyez j'en suis bien fâchée—car je ne connais rien de plus changeant que mon écriture—grande un jour, petite le lendemain, allongée et penchée deux heures après, tantôt droite, tantôt grosse, tantôt ronde, et la plupart du temps difficile à lire, elle donnerait une triste idée de sa *propriétaire* à celui qui ne la connaîtrait pas à fond—c'est pour cela que je me hâte de me faire connaître à vous autant que possible. Jamais je ne vous dirai que la stricte vérité, sans restriction ni éxagération. Si je vous trompe par hazard, c'est que je me serai trompée moimême aussi. . . .

. . . . Quelle etrange beauté il y a dans la mer! ce mouvement inanimé de l'eau me captive tout en m'inspirant à la longue une sorte de terreur. Le ciel c'est autre chose—quand les grands nuages courent les uns après les autres en changeant mille fois de forme, on dirait qu'il se passe des drames passionnés là haut—J'adore le ciel, je m'intéresse à tout ce qui s'y passe d'un interêt humain, tandis que la mer est une immense et solennelle egoïste à laquelle aucun lien de tendresse ne m'unit. Elle me fait toujours l'effet d'être ennuyée de son contact forcé avec l'homme. Elle est toujours prête à se revolter et à lui jouer quelque tour méchant—c'est une atroce coquette. Mais le ciel, au contraire, il semble prendre plaisir à compléter le moindre petit bout de paysage, à placer un effet d'ombre et de lumière dans un pays plat, et beaux nuages colorés dans les endroits stériles—des grands fonds tranquilles là où il y a à faire valoir quelque beau monument placé par la main de l'homme. Le ciel est une satisfaction, une conclusion pour ainsi dire—la mer est un éternel doute, une interrogation éternelle.

Oh décidément j'aime mieux le ciel tout en admirant davantage la mer—voilà encore un exemple de ce que je vous écrivais il y a quelque temps et que vous n'avez pas compris, à propos de la sympathie et de la non sympathie. J'admire la mer, mais je n'ai pas de sympathie pour elle, parcequ'elle est froide et indifférente à l'homme et au reste de la création. J'aime le ciel, parcequ'il

take a part in all that goes on beneath it. If you do not comprehend me, that will do no harm for the moment.

I have to inform you, that I am beginning to grow tired. And oh! now I am starting again to write fit to put out your eyes. The best thing for you to do would be to toss my letter into the fire without reading another word. You have my pardon for this autodafé—if I keep on writing it is merely for my own pleasure, since I am burned—Fire! there is another beautiful thing! it takes *too much interest* in what *touches* it. How good warmth is. Are you shivery? yes, you must be. The tip of your nose reddens in the air of winter, so you are shivery. Do you occasionally take long walks? Ah, if you were to visit us some time in the country, at Courtavenel, you would have to, whether you would or no. I would make you walk three hours without stopping. The first day you should make the acquaintance of my favorite spot. It is a quarter of an hour from the house, a wide plain with fields of wheat, in the midst of which, on an elevation, there stands a magnificent elm. The view extends for at least six leagues all round about. Nowhere have I seen so much *sky* as there. The horizon is limited nearby only on one side, by a great green lane, in the midst of a wood, which leads straight to Courtavenel. It frequently happens that I take a book in my pocket and install myself on a great rock at the foot of the tree for several hours at a time. However charming the book, the sky is always more charming. In the rustling of the leaves one hears strange, vague sounds which wholly captivate the attention of a musical ear. The eye always follows whither the ear leads, and then, i' faith, good-bye to reading—when the days of July are at their height it is so warm that one has no desire to move. There is a continual kind of tremulous humming in the air—a luminous vibration—the birds keep silence, excepting the little Loriot (a black and yellow bird) who trills his little lay, fresh as a rivulet in the meadow—now and then a cock crows—a dog on some far-away farm barks—ah, there a quail flies up—a breeze sways the wheat-field—now the motion has ceased—a mournful distant bell—what? already five o'clock? Now they are ringing for dinner at Courtavenel! How astonishing—it was two o'clock but a moment ago! and I had intended to finish the chapter I began the other day!—I start away on a run—but soon my heart tells me that it would be better to let them wait for me a little while than to arrive pale, out of breath, and incapable of saying a word for some minutes. While one is walking along quietly in the country one involuntarily begins to gaze up at the sky, or down at the ground—another engrossing occupation—there are so many pretty little flowers! how can one resist making at least a small bouquet? Good gracious! now Mamma is calling me with all the power of her beautiful *soprano sfogato* voice, which is so well preserved when she cries aloud in the country. Together with this forceful sound I indistinctly hear small voices—I see afar two small rose-colored objects advancing towards me—"Mamma! Mamma!" the little ones are coming to get me—here they are. . . and without hats, in the sunshine! I am beginning to scold them, and then my mother scolds me at a distance for the same reason! I hoist little Maria to my shoulders, take Didie by the hand, and there we are, all three of us. . . .

Dublin, April 1st.

. . . I have just achieved one of the most superb successes of my theatrical career through my creation of the rôle of Lady Macbeth in Verdi's opera—I had rehearsed it tremendously in my head, and it appears that the result is very good—the entire evening has been one long cry of enthusiasm—they tell me that it much resembles a triumph. . . .

semble prendre part à tout ce que se passe sous lui. Si vous ne me comprenez pas, cela ne fait rien pour aujourdhui.

Il faut vous dire que je commence à éprouver de la fatigue. Allons, voilà que je recommence à écrire de façon à vous abîmer les yeux. Ce que vous avez de mieux à faire c'est de jeter ma lettre au feu sans lire un mot de plus. Je vous pardonne cet autodafé—si je continue à écrire ce n'est plus que pour mon plaisir puisque je suis brulée—le feu! voilà encore une belle chose! par exemple, il prend *trop de part* à ce qui le *touche*. C'est bon la chaleur. Etes-vous frileux? oui, vous devez l'être. Le bout de votre nez rougit à l'air en hiver, donc vous êtes frileux. Faîtes-vous de grandes promenades quelquefois? Ah, si vous venez un jour nous voir à la campagne, à Courtavenel, vous en ferez *bon gré malgré*. Je vous ferai marcher trois heures de suite. Vous ferez dès le premier jour connaissance avec mon endroit favori. C'est à un quart d'heure de la maison—une grande plaine, des champs de blé, au milieu de laquelle, sur une élévation, se trouve un magnifique ormeau. La vue s'étend à 6 lieues au moins tout à l'entour. Nulle part je n'ai vu autant de *ciel* que là. L'horizon n'est borné tout près que d'un seul côté, par une grande rue verte au milieu d'un bois qui mène droit à Courtavenel. Il m'arrive souvent de prendre un livre dans ma poche et de m'installer sur une grosse pierre au pied de l'arbre pour plusieurs heures de suite. Tel beau que soit le livre, le ciel est toujours plus beau. Le bruissement des feuilles renferme des sons étranges, indéfinissables, qui captivent toute l'attention d'une oreille musicale. Les yeux s'en vont toujours là où va l'ouie, et, ma foi, adieu la lecture—au beau milieu des journées de Juillet, il fait si chaud qu'on n'a pas l'envie de bouger. Il y a toujours une espèce de frémissement bourdonnant dans l'air—une vibration lumineuse—les oiseaux se taisent, excepté le petit Loriot (oiseau noir et jaune) qui sifflote son petit chant frais comme un ruisselet de la prairie—de loin en loin un coq chante—le chien d'une ferme éloignée aboie—ah, voilà une perdrix qui part—une brise fait pencher les blés—les voilà redevenues immobiles—une cloche triste au loin—quoi? déjà 5 heures? On sonne déjà le diner à Courtavenel! C'est étonnant, il était 2 h^res^, il n'y a qu'un instant! —et moi qui voulais finir mon chapître commencé l'autre jour! . . . Je pars en courant d'abord—mais bientôt mon cœur me dit qu'il vaut mieux me faire attendre quelques minutes que d'arriver pâle, suffoquée et hors d'état de dire un mot pendant des minutes entières. Dès que l'on marche tranquillement à la campagne on se met involontairement soit à regarder le ciel, soit à regarder par terre—autre occupation attachante—il y a tant de jolies petites fleurs! comment résister à faire au moins un petit bouquet? Ah mon Dieu voilà maman qui m'appelle de toutes les forces de sa belle voix de *soprano sfogato* qu'elle a encore conservé lorsqu'elle crie dans la campagne. A coté de ce son puissant j'entends indistinctement des petites voix—je vois de loin deux petits objets roses qui avancent de mon côté—"Maman! maman!" les petites viennent me chercher—les voilà . . . et sans chapeaux, par le soleil! je m'apprête à les gronder, lorsque ma mère me gronde de loin pour la même raison! Je charge la petite Maria sur mes epaules, je prends Didie par la main et nous voilà toutes trois. . . . .

Dublin, 1ten April.

. . . Je viens d'obtenir un des plus beaux succès de ma carrière théâtrale par ma création du rôle de Lady Macbeth dans l'opéra de Verdi—je l'ai enormément travaillé dans ma tête et il paraît que le résultat en est très bon—toute la soirée a été un long cri d'enthousiasme—on dit que cela ressemble beaucoup à un triomphe. . .

Apart from this cry of satisfaction, the letter is one long cry of disappointment at not having received news lately from Rietz, and she asks:

What can have happened? are you ill? on a journey? *dead? even* in this *last* case I could *not forgive* you for this long, long silence—wait, a curious thought occurs to me—can you have forgotten me? that would be an original feat! or else, maybe, my dear Bear is occupying himself by licking his paw? or has he licked it so long that there is not enough of it left to hold a pen? . . .

Morrison's Hotel, Dublin, April 9.

. . . Your little note informing me that you have been ill was received on the very day that I forwarded you my Jeremiads and my *thunderbolts*—what a topsy-turvy mess I did write this morning! all from my being ill last night; I was feverish until noon (it is now 3 o'clock), my hand is trembling and my eyes are clouded as I write. I think it is in consequence of my becoming slightly overfatigued yesterday—a terrible day. A concert in the morning, in the evening a rehearsal of *Marta* from 7 o'clock to midnight. As I generally have to assume the part of *stage-manager* for the operas in which I sing, being the only one who speaks English well, I serve as interpreter between all my comrades and the costumers, machinists, choristers, supers, etc. It is far more fatiguing than to sing—after four hours' work on the stage I am worn out. At last, Heaven be praised, it is done, and will not have to be begun over again on this trip. This evening, first representation of the *galop* in 4 acts entitled Martha.....

Sunday the 10th

. . . Things are going much better to-day—I hope that you are now entirely recovered. It is your turn to scold me a bit—it is more than a week since I wrote you—I have had a terrible week. Here are the details of it, beginning with Monday morning—rehearsal of *Don Giovanni* from 11 o'clock to 5. Mad. Grisi sings the rôle of Donna Anna with violence and without genuine dignity. Mario that of Don Ottavio, that is to say, he does not take the trouble to do his part in the ensemble numbers. To make up for it, he sings the adorable "*Il mio tesoro*" deliciously. For Leporello we have a young singer gifted with a very good voice, but who does not know how to sing this music in which there are no *effets à la Verdi*. As for the *Don Giovanni* himself, this well-nigh impossible rôle is properly done by Graziani only as far as voice is concerned. Indeed, this baritone has the finest organ that one can hope to hear. It possesses incomparable charm. The only thing that he sings really well is the serenade. For the rest, he acts the rôle badly, as it requires an elegance and a distinction which are not his. Elvira very mediocre. You will surmise that I did not take the rôle of the *Statue*, and that I sang Zerlina with all the devotion that I bear in my heart for Mozart. "Batti, batti," "Là ci darem" and "Vedrai carino" were encored. That was on Monday. Tuesday I passed the entire day in studying the rôle of *Maffio Orsini* in "Lucrezia Borgia."[1] The director had so earnestly begged me to sing it that I consented—that evening I had a superlative success! I was *obliged* to sing the brindisi *4 times in succession!!!!* Wednesday, the 2d representation of Macbeth, after 5 o'clock the rehearsal of Martha. Same success as the first evening—it could not be greater—Ah, I believe I have not told you of a very funny and witty jest that was made at the first performance. The sleep-walking scene, which is really *very beautiful*, commences with a long,

[1]Donizetti's opera, Milan, 1833.

Was ist denn geschehen? sind Sie krank? abgereist? *todt? selbst* in diesem *letzten Falle* kann ich Ihnen das lange, lange Stillschweigen nicht verzeihen. . . tiens, il me vient une drôle de pensée. . . est ce que vous m'auriez oubliée? voilà qui serait original! ou bien, est ce que mon cher ours serait occupé à lécher sa patte? ou l'a-t-il tant léchée qu'il n'en reste plus assez pour tenir une plume?....

Morrison's Hotel. Dublin. 9 avril.

. . . Votre petit billet m'annonçant que vous aviez été malade m'est parvenu le même jour où je vous expédiais mes jérémiades et mes *foudres*—comme j'écris de travers ce matin! c'est que j'ai été malade cette nuit, j'ai eu la fièvre jusqu'à midi (il est 3 h^{res}), ma main tremble et ma vue se trouble en écrivant. Je crois que c'est par suite d'un peu trop de fatigue que m'a causée la terrible journée d'hier. Le matin concert, et le soir répétition de *Marta* depuis 7 h^{res} jusqu'à minuit. Comme c'est en général moi qui suis le regisseur de la scène dans les opéras où je chante, moi la seule qui parle bien l'anglais, je sers d'interprète à tous mes camarades auprès des costumiers, machinistes, choristes, comparses, etc. C'est beaucoup plus fatigant que de chanter—après 4 h^{res} de mise en scène, je suis exténuée. Enfin Grâce à Dieu c'est fait, et ce n'est plus à recommencer pour ce voyage. Ce soir la 1re représentation du galop en 4 actes appelé Martha...

le Dimanche. 10. . . Cela va bien mieux aujourd'hui—j'espère que vous êtes à présent tout à fait rétabli. C'est à votre tour de me gronder un peu—voilà plus de 8 jours que je vous ai écrit—j'ai eu une terrible semaine. En voici le détail à partir du lundi matin—répétition depuis 11 h^{res} jusqu'à 5 h^{res} du *Don Giovanni.* Mad. Grisi chante le rôle de D^{a}. Anna avec violence et sans vraie dignité. Mario celui de *Don Ottavio,* c. à. d. qu'il ne se donne pas la peine de faire sa partie dans les morceaux d'ensemble. En revanche il chante l'adorable "Il mio tesoro" délicieusement. Nous avons pour *Leporello* un jeune chanteur doué d'une assez belle voix, mais qui ne sait pas chanter cette musique où il n'y a pas d'effets à la Verdi. Quant à *Don Giovanni* lui-même, ce rôle presque impossible n'est bien rendu par Graziani que sous le rapport de la voix. En effet, ce baryton a le plus bel organe que l'on puisse entendre. Il a un charme incomparable. La seule chose qu'il chante réellement bien, c'est la sérénade. Du reste il joue mal ce rôle, pour lequel il faut une élégance et une distinction qu'il n'a pas. *Elvira* fort médiocre. Vous devinez que je n'ai pas rempli le rôle de la *Statue,* et que j'ai chanté *Zerline* avec toute la religion que je porte dans mon âme pour Mozart: "Batti batti" "La ci darem" et "Vedrai carino" ont été bissés. Voilà pour lundi. Mardi j'ai passé toute ma journée à étudier le rôle de *Maffio Orsini* de "Lucrezia Borgia."[1] Le directeur m'a tant priée de le chanter que j'y ai consenti—le soir j'ai eu un succès *soigné.* J'ai été *obligeé* de chanter 4 fois de suite le brindisi!!!!

Mercredi 2me représ^{on} de Macbeth, après 5 h^{res} de répétition de Martha. Même succès que le 1er soir—il ne pouvait pas être plus grand—Ah, je ne crois pas vous avoir raconté un mot bien drôle, bien spirituel qui a été dit à la 1ère représ^{on}. La scène de Somnambulisme qui est vraîment *fort belle* commence par

long, ritournelle, during which the doctor and the servant of Lady Macbeth are on the stage, expectant. Towards the end, an impatient voice from the top of the auditorium cried, "Well, is it a boy or a girl?" I leave you to imagine what a burst of Homeric laughter followed this sally; I, standing lamp in hand in the wings all ready to enter, certainly thought that my whole scene was wrecked. But no; scarce had I appeared, and the entire audience held its breath until the close of that terrible and impressive scene. Thursday, rehearsal till 3 o'clock, outing in a carriage till 6. Grrrrrand dinner at 7 with the Secretary of State. Friday, concert at 2 o'clock. Evening at 7 o'clock, dress rehearsal of Marta till midnight. Yesterday (Saturday) I did not rise until 1 o'clock. That evening, Marta achieved great success. . . . .

In the remainder of this rather long letter—again eight pages of "pattes de mouches"—Mme. Viardot takes Rietz to task for his "false modesty" in excusing himself for the "nullité" of his letters. She insists that everything he writes interests her, that he writes well and she suspects that he merely is fishing for compliments, for, says she, men, very much more than women, sometimes crave for flattery. She then elaborates with dialectic skill on his complaint "Ich fühle mich bei der jetzigen Gestaltung der Dinge bodenlos unglücklich" in Leipzig. She advises him, if that really be the case, to resign his position there and start anew elsewhere (an advice which he heeded by leaving Leipzig two years later for Dresden), but she has the impression that he is exaggerating matters and argues:

. . . . Moreover, I find on reflection that the term *bodenlos* ["profoundly"] carries in itself a criticism of your thought—*bodenlos*, as it pleases me to translate it to-day, means without ground, without foundation, without basis, without reason. . . .

Only a person with an exceptional gift of penetrating into the idiomatic secrets of a foreign language could have turned this "Zweideutigkeit," this double-meaning, of the German word "bodenlos" to such clever account. It availed Rietz but little to insist on *his* meaning ("profoundly unhappy") and to chide her on her "bodenlos langweilige Predigt" (her "profoundly boresome sermon"); she will, in her letter of May 8, have none of his excuses, but in her ten-page effusion says:

I have teased you a little—that is all that I intended. In fine, I perfectly comprehend how much you must suffer in Leipzig, and no one could desire more than I do to see you in a town more to your liking. But after you have found it, will not the same baseness, the same intrigues, assail you on every side and wound your righteous susceptibility as a true man and true artist? do you imagine Leipzig to be the unique repository of human depravity? and have you still to learn that precisely these faults which so greatly shock you, egoism, baseness, falsity, are everywhere and nearly always the reverse of the medal in the life of a serious artist? It is true that the serious artist is always

une longue longue ritournelle pendant laquelle le docteur et la suivante de Lady M. sont en scène dans l'attente. A la fin s'impatientant, une voix du haut de la salle s'écrie "Eh bien, est ce un garçon ou une fille?" Je vous laisse à penser quel rire homérique a suivi cette saillie—moi qui étais dans la coulisse avec ma lampe à la main prête à entrer, j'ai bien cru que toute ma scène était perdue. Eh bien non, à peine m'a-t-on apperçue, la salle n'a plus respiré jusqu'à la fin de cette terrible et solennelle scène. Jeudi répétition jusqu'à 3 h^res^, promenade en voiture jusqu'à 6. Grrrrrand diner à 7 chez le ministre de la justice. Vendredi concert à 2 h^res^. Le soir à 7 h^res^ répétition générale de Marta jusqu'à minuit. Hier Samedi je ne me suis levée jusqu'à 1 h^re^. Le soir Marta a obtenu un très grand succès. . .

. . d'ailleurs j'ai réflechi que l'expression *bodenlos* porte en elle même la critique de votre pensée—*bodenlos* comme il me plaît de le traduire aujourd'hui veut dire sans fond, sans fondement, sans base, sans raison. . .

Je vous ai un peu taquiné, c'est tout ce que je voulais. Du reste, je comprends parfaitement combien vous devez souffrir à Leipzig et personne plus que moi ne voudrait vous voir dans une ville plus à votre goût. Mais en trouverez vous, et les mêmes turpitudes, les mêmes intrigues ne viendront-elles pas partout vous blesser dans votre juste susceptibilité d'honnête homme et de véritable artiste? pensez-vous donc que Leipzig est le seul réceptacle des défauts humains? et en êtes vous encore à apprendre que précisément ces défauts qui vous choquent tant, l'égoïsme, la bassesse, la fausseté sont partout et presque toujours le revers de la médaille dans la vie de l'artiste sérieux. Il est vrai que celui-ci est toujours

an exception, whereas the sad defects mentioned above are often, too often, the bread-winners of a great number of musicians. Remember, my friend, what musicians in general really are—persons who are fit merely to blow or strum or pick or pound on some instrument or other; as long as they are pounding or picking or strumming or blowing, they appear to be somebody; as soon as they stop their noise, they again become—nobody! How can you, who are *somebody* before being a musician, expect that your self-styled *confrères* should be at their ease in your presence? you surely see that it is not possible, and that you can never enter into agreeable and intimate relations with natures so far beneath your own. If you would enter into such, you must abase yourself to their level. Do not suppose that I shall condole with you on that account—no, far rather am I proud that you resemble them in nothing. I should not love you as I do love you if you did not suffer as you do from what is *ugly* in human nature. Only I do not wish it to make you too unhappy—or too severe—who does not stand in need of indulgence!

And nevertheless, every time that your heart overflows, let it pour its griefs into mine. Squeeze the lemon until there is no way of expressing another drop. *Make as much lemonade* as ever you please, but do not forget to add *just a pinch* of sugar to render it drinkable.

You have asked me for a physical and moral description of my *Zerlina*, but that is a very difficult matter, indeed! . . . Zerlina, to my mind, is not at all a doll prinking as a shepherdess, a soubrette assuming a naïve rôle, a coquette who lures Don Giovanni under a mien of pretended innocence. She is confidently naïve, much of a child, but a child of the South in flesh and blood—she yields involuntarily to the influence of the demoniac nature of Don Giovanni—she is fascinated by him as a bird by a serpent. During their duo, I make Don Giovanni play in a different manner from the ordinary. If Don G. assumes the attitude of an ordinary seducer, this scene becomes heartrending. But if the man is capable of assuming a certain resemblance to a serpent (especially like the one in Eden), if he can put himself in the serpent's skin for a few minutes, then the demoniacal power with which one has always liked to set off Don Giovanni is no mere invention of Hoffmann's and, before him, of the Spaniards'; —this power, I repeat, is admirably reflected in the music. Mozart divined it and depicted it, in spite of words which are simply shocking.

To sum up: Zerlina is good, gay, impressionable and weak, but *innocent*, although having an ardent temperament. Do you understand?

The page here reproduced in facsimile gave to Julius Rietz her idea of Zerline's physique. The last sentence ends on the next page of her letter with the words "blanc en Espagne—pas du tout."

On the following day the letter was continued and Mme. Viardot interjects this request:

Don't go to work and betray me by repeating what I write you concerning *le Pardon impardonable* of Meyerbeer.

The reader will appreciate the wisdom of this entreaty, upon seeing what Meyerbeer's renowned *Fides* had written the day

Comme physique voici ce que j'étais à Dublin.

Les cheveux tout à fait à la chinoise retenus dans une resille rouge corsage de velours noir, lacé de rouge - jupe courte en laine blanc avec des broderies noires et rouges. Jupe de dessous en laine blanche, toute brodée de laines de couleur - Le rouge domine - bas rouges tablier blanc de laine brodé aussi collier de corail - souliers de prunelle noire. Rubans rouge au dessus des manches - Il paraît que dans ce petit costume rigoureusement espagnol j'ai l'air d'avoir 16 ans ! tous les journaux l'ont dit et tout le monde l'a répété voilà un miracle

On se figure en Allemagne que les paysannes se marient en

Pauline Viardot-Garcia as "Zerline"

Facsimile of her letter of May 8, 1859

l'exception, tandis que les tristes défauts ci dessus nommés sont souvent, trop souvent le gagne pain d'un grand nombre de musiciens. Rappelez vous mon ami, ce que c'est que les musiciens en général—des gens qui ne sont bons qu'à braîller, ou a râcler, pincer ou taper d'un instrument quelconque—tant qu'ils tapent, râclent, pincent ou braîllent ils ressemblent à quelqu'un—dès qu'ils ont fini leur bruit, ils redeviennent. . . . personne! Comment voulez-vous, vous qui êtes *quelqu'un* avant d'être musicien, que vos soi-disant *confrères* se trouvent à l'aise auprès de vous? vous voyez bien que ce n'est pas possible et que vous ne pourrez jamais avoir des rapports agréables et intimes avec des natures tellement au dessous de la vôtre. Quand vous voudrez en avoir, il faudra que vous vous abaissiez jusqu'à eux. N'allez pas croire que je vous plaigne de cela—non, je suis bien plutot fière que vous ne leur ressembliez en rien. Je ne vous aimerais pas comme je vous aime si vous ne souffriez pas comme vous souffrez de ce qui est *laid* dans la nature humaine. Seulement je ne veux pas que cela vous rende pas trop malheureux—ni pas trop sévère—qui est ce qui n'a pas besoin d'indulgence!

Et cependant toutes les fois que votre cœur débordera, laissez le s'epancher dans le mien. Pressez le citron jusqu'à ce qu'il n'y ait plus moyen d'en exprimer une goutte. *Faites de la limonade* autant que vous voudrez, mais n'oubliez pas d'y ajouter un *tantinet* de sucre, pour qu'elle soit buvable.

Vous me demandez une description physique et morale de ma *Zerline*, mais c'est très difficile cela!. . . Zerline, d'après moi, n'est nullement une poupée *attifée* en bergère, une soubrette qui fait la naïve, une coquette qui agace D^{n}. Giovanni tout en minaudant l'innocence. Elle est hardiment naïve, très enfant, mais enfant du midi, en chair et en os—elle subit involontairement l'influence de la nature démoniaque de D^{n}. G.—elle est fasciné par lui, comme un oiseau par un serpent. Je fais jouer D^{n}. G. pendant leur duo autrement que d'habitude. Si D^{n}. G. prend l'attitude d'un séducteur ordinaire, cette scène devient écœurante. Mais si l'homme peut se donner quelque ressemblance avec le serpent (celui du Paradis terrestre surtout), s'il peut se mettre dans sa peau pend^{t}. quelques minutes, alors la puissance démoniaque (dont on a voulu toujours gratifier D^{n}. G. n'est plus une invention de Hoffmann et avant lui des Espagnols) cette puissance, dis-je, se retrouve admirablement dans la musique. Mozart l'a comprise et rendue, en dépit des paroles qui sont bien les plus choquantes du monde.

Résumons: Zerline est bonne, gaie, impressionable et faible, mais *innocente*, tout en étant une nature ardente. Comprenez vous?

N'allez pas me trahir, et répéter ce que je vous écris sur le *Pardon* impardonable de Meyerbeer.

before about his opera "Le Pardon de Ploërmel" (Paris, Apr. 4, 1859):

Yes, I have heard Meyerbeer's opera, and, between ourselves be it said, I certainly trust I shall never hear it again. *L'Étoile du Nord* is a sun in comparison. What pleased me best in the music was the *goat* and the moon. Yes, the opera ought properly to be entitled The *North Moon*, Opera in Three Bridges. The principal rôles are taken by Thunder, Water, and a Goat. Mad. Cabel bleats her part very prettily. The Cascade howls the sole tenor-part, and Mr. baritonist Faure thunders bravely from beginning to end of the opera. The audience yawns till their mouths meet their ears—their ears are fairly drowned in weariness—one feels bored to the screaming-point. No, I never could have imagined Meyerbeer's writing such an opera. It is altogether too feeble! too insignificant! too uninteresting! too tiresome! "C'est étonnant! c'est assommant!" [amazing! stupefying!] so everybody in the theatre was exclaiming. All his talent seems to have vanished; only the striving after effect still remains. Nothing is left but an old woman's skeleton—*wig*, false teeth, padded velvet dresses—jewels (all a sham, too, of course). It is really too painful to hear such a thing. Do you know what the opera has cost him? 90,000 francs!!!! And no success at that, God be praised!

Faust is something quite different. Much in it is *fine* and *noble*. The Garden Scene is SUPERB—it moved me to tears. Much of the rest is interesting, and the entire opera is musical, through and through. Gretchen is wonderfully successful. Not so Mephisto. Faust wavers between the two.

May 13.

The French, on the whole, are not such gourmands as the Germans, they require less nourishment. At least, I have never seen any one eating during a *matinée musicale* (for so it should be called). Particularly in the case of artists, people seem to be satisfied with the music. Cake and icecream would be an innovation—I should not care to try to introduce them, for fear of an overwhelming *success*! . . .

The 25th.

. . . I must inform you that I won a great victory yesterday. I sang in the Théâtre Lyrique at the benefit of Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, the wife of the Director, and herself an excellent singer. My part in the immense soirée was sufficiently attractive—the third act of *Otello*[1] and the entire Prison Scene in the 5th act of the Prophète. Duprez, the old and ever-grand Duprez, poniarded me in the former, and Gueymard, the bellower of the opera, received [*sic*] my absolution in the latter. One would have thought that the hall must crash in. I confess that I was feeling fit and that I sang with pleasure. That is to say, I was happy to sing—I felt that I had the whole audience in my power—and if I sang well, I can assure you that the public *shouted* well and lustily. We were recalled a dozen times running amid the most frantic applause—such applause, finally, that I wished such an evening for my friend Neumark. I squeeze your thumb with all my might. . . .

[1]Of course, Rossini's opera, not Verdi's.—*Ed.*

(*To be concluded*)

Pauline Viardot-Garcia

(By courtesy of the H. W. Gray Co., New York)

Oui, j'ai entendu l'opéra de Meyerbeer, et, entre nous soit dit, j'espère bien ne plus jamais l'entendre. Der *Nord Stern* ist eine *Sonne* dagegen: Was mir in der Musik am besten gefallen hat ist die *Ziege* und der Mond. Ja, eigentlich sollte die Oper der *Nordmond* Oper in 3 Brücken heissen. Die Hauptparthien sind vom Donner, Wasser und eine Ziege besetzt. Mad. Cabel meckert ihre Rolle sehr hübsch. Die Cascade heult die einzige Tenorparthie, und der Herr Barytonist Faure donnert muthig von Anfang bis zu Ende der Oper. Das Publikum gähnt sich den Mund bis über die Ohren—die Ohren sind bis ueber den Kopf müde—man möchte aufschreien vor Langeweile. Ja, so eine Oper hätte ich M. nie anvermuthen können. Sie ist gar zu schwach! zu unbedeutend! zu uninteressant! zu ennuyant! "c'est étonnant! c'est assommant!" so scholl es rings um uns im Theater. All sein Talent scheint verschwunden zu sein, die Effekthascherei nur ist noch da. Es bleibt nur das Gerippe einer alten Frau—Perrücke, falsche Zähne, wattirte Sammtkleider—Juwelen (auch falsch, versteht sich) Es ist wahrhaftig zu peinlich so was zu hören. Wissen Sie was die Oper ihm kostet? 90,000 fr.!!!! Und dabei ist es kein Succès, Gott sei Dank!

Faust ist was ganz anderes. Manches drinn ist *schön* und *edel*. Die Gartenscene ist *prächtig*—sie hat mich zu Thränen gerührt. Viel anderes ist interessant u. die ganze Oper ist durch und durch musikalisch. Gretchen ist wundervoll gelungen. Nicht so Mephisto. Faust wankt zwischen beiden—

13ten Mai.

Im ganzen sind die Franzosen nicht so gourmands wie die Deutschen, sie brauchen nicht so viel Nahrung. Wenigstens habe ich noch nie essen gesehen während einer Matinée musicale (denn so muss es heissen). Besonders bei Künstlern stellt man sich zufrieden, wenn [man] Musik hat. Kuchen und Eis wären eine Neuigkeit—ich möchte den Versuch nicht machen, sie einzuführen, aus Furcht vor einem allzugrossen succès!. . .

le 25. . . Il faut vous dire que j'ai remporté hier une grande victoire. J'ai chanté au Théâtre lyrique dans la représentation au bénéfice de Mad^e^ Miolan Carvalho, la femme du Directeur et excellente cantatrice elle même. Ma part dans l'immense soirée a été assez belle—le 3me acte *d'Otello*[1] et toute la scène de la prison du 5me acte du Prophète. Duprez, le vieux et toujours grand Duprez, m'a poignardée dans le 1er et Gueymard le hurleur de l'opéra à reçu mon absolution dans la seconde. C'était à croire que la salle allait crouler. J'avoue que j'étais bien disposée et que j'ai chanté avec bonheur. C'est à dire que j'étais heureuse de chanter—je sentais que j'avais tout le public dans ma puissance—si moi j'ai bien chanté, je vous réponds que le public a joliment bien *crié*. Nous avons été rappelés par douze fois au milieu des applaudissements les plus frénétiques, tels enfin que je souhaiterai ce soir à mon ami Neumark. Je vous serre le pouce de toute ma force. . . .

(*To be concluded*)

THE GIFT OF MUSICAL APPRECIATION

By ARTHUR HINTON

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

IN a definite or indefinite form, music exists for all of those that inhabit the earth; in the sounds of nature, in the rumble of the city's traffic, in the written word, as well as in those positive sounds on which the art of music is built up. Maybe there are some to whom the cacophonous din of the machinery in some vast works is as sweet to the ear as was the lute of Orpheus to the trees and the mountain-tops. One thing is certain, namely, that the sense of appreciation of sound, whether pleasant or unpleasant, is born in us all, the acuteness and the artistic qualities of our perception being only a matter of degree. I suppose there is hardly a person who ever heard the cuckoo, who, although disclaiming any musical ability, could not sing or whistle a fair imitation of it. Such appreciation is involuntary, but not to be denied. And thus, recognizing that the power of discriminating between simple to the point of considering why its development is in so many cases nipped in the bud. The subject is many-sided, and I can only touch upon it here as it affects those interested in the purely musical aspect.

I think that perhaps the simplest way of treating it is to classify various kinds of listeners:

1. The involuntary listener
2. The untrained music-loving listener
3. The trained listener.

To this very rough classification might be added many more of varying grades of musical ability and understanding, but it is probably sufficient for the purpose.

I. The Involuntary Listener

There are those who look upon the appreciation of music as a thing apart, which one either has or has not; amongst those who come to the conclusion that they have it not are a large majority who do not go far to seek for anything, musical or otherwise; their surroundings and general inclinations giving them no incentive to enquire further than the vaudeville entertainment, the latest waltz or musical comedy, they rest content at that; this is

the limit of their musical enthusiasms, if indeed they have any. The music which they happen to hear is to them but an appendage to whatever the entertainment may be, and they listen to it but superficially, unless aroused by some particularly "catchy" tune. It should be remembered, however, that this is the public which makes the success of this catchy tune or of the so-called "popular" song. They sing it, whistle it, thrum it on the piano and take it frequently with their meals at restaurants. A great many of this public are the lost sheep who, merely for want of some musical sympathy and enlightenment in early years, have wandered off into one of the narrowest of enclosed by-ways, in which they can hardly expect ever again to see a new day dawn. It is no good for the shepherd dog to try to bark them out of it; they don't want to be and they won't be barked out; they are quite happy where they are, in that sphere of listening which requires no volition and which offers but little, if any, scope for an imagination of which they are blissfully devoid. This is the public—and be it said, it is a very large one—whose musical faculties decline to take them further than the ear-tickling stage; it may be added that the production of the kind of musical food which satisfies them is probably the most remunerative of any to the composer, and there is little fear but that there will always be more than sufficient supply to meet the demand. The question I would ask is, is it not possible or probable that such involuntary listeners really possess a far greater gift of intelligent appreciation than they wot of? Quite undeveloped, 'tis true, and with the course of time losing more and more vitality till it dwindles to a spark almost past rekindling. In my opinion, the key to this situation lies in the fact that any musical instruction which they may have had in their youth probably stopped short at the dull and mechanical end. And here I would interpose a few words on the educational side of the question as being in my idea appropriate to the case above-mentioned.

The appreciation of music is a subject to which a great deal more attention is being given today from the educational point of view than was formerly ever thought of, whether in schools of music or in institutions where music is taken only as an extra study outside the general curriculum. In later years it has been particularly noticeable that the heads of schools have become more willing to include the time devoted to musical training in the actual study-hours, as opposed to the old system of treating it as a kind of unnecessary extra, which, under such conditions, was likely to become very irksome to the pupil. But even at ordinary music lessons in any branch, it is extremely difficult to get sufficient time

to deal at all comprehensively or systematically with the explanation of many of the details which go to make the pupil understand the finer and more sensitive aspects of their work, especially in the earlier stages. Technical matters, merely the means to an end, run away with most of the time set apart for the usual two short lessons a week. And it must not be forgotten that the ordinary run of pupil is apt to think that he is not getting his money's worth if he is not actually playing for the greater part of the lesson. There is an amusing story of a young lady violinist taking the Beethoven Violin Concerto to her teacher for the first time. Before hearing her, the teacher attempted to shed a little light on the composition as a whole, besides finding it necessary to mark in and explain many "fingerings"; also to alter or make clear unsatisfactory phrase marks, etc., giving the pupil practical illustration of each passage and concluding by playing to her the first movement. Surely no finer lesson could be possible to an intelligent pupil. The short amount of time having been thus fully occupied without the pupil getting a chance of displaying how much she did not know, she somewhat nonplussed her teacher with the rather baffling question "And when will you make up this lesson to me, Mr. ———?"

It stands to reason that the development of the appreciative gift should be begun at an early age and be continued along equal lines with the technical training. It is largely an instinct which, if left unappealed to, in many may remain dormant, in others may be but half awakened, while again there is undoubtedly a large number of those who only await the right chord in them to be struck to become aware of the existence of a force of which, a moment before, they were entirely ignorant. Those who have the good fortune to be born with this instinct more or less developed can have little idea as to the width of the gulf lying between them and those that have it not. Considering the word "musical" in its broadest sense—in the sense, namely, of the simplest tune or melody—there are actually very few indeed who have not some kind of responsive vibration in them. But no response can be expected to a question unasked. Fairy tales stimulate the imagination of children as to things in general; wherefore not also musical fairy tales which should be calculated to stir their fancy and make them inquisitive along musical lines? I cannot follow out this aspect of the matter in detail, but there are musical educators today who hold the view that "musical appreciation" should be taught from childhood in carefully graded classes not merely as the study of an instrument is taught—that is to say,

not as something in addition to a general education—but rather as an integral part of that general education itself, so that he that hath ears to hear may at least have a chance of educated hearing.[1] This certainly might have the happy result of diverting a part of the stream of "involuntary listeners" from the jingle of the vaudeville show and the jangle of the musical comedy into the more legitimate sphere of the concert-room and the opera house, so that, whether possessed of any technical ability or not, they might take their places among that class of listeners to which I shall now refer.

II. The Untrained Music-Loving Listener

We now come to a far more important and interesting section of the musical public, that of the untrained music-loving listener, by which I mean one who, without having any technical ability, loves to go to hear good music; who perhaps has no great power of discrimination, but who, nevertheless, often knows instinctively the difference between what is good and what is bad. The gift of appreciation is, of course, unconsciously far stronger in these from birth than in those of whom we have just spoken; and probably owing to the very fact of the natural possession of stronger æsthetic instincts, so was there the greater repulsion in early days to going through the technical drudgery with so little prospect of the æsthetic and imaginative side of their musical natures being appealed to in the ordinary course of teaching; the greater the imaginative faculty, the more irksome and dull must technical work become; without any prospect of sympathetic direction on the purely appreciative side, mere finger work becomes a punishment too hard to bear. It is like telling a child to do something without giving a reason. In music, children should be told the reason why they are required to do this or that; moreover, they should have it illustrated to them what the result will be when they can do it; and the result, musical as well as technical, should be explained; every effort should be made to arouse the *musical* interest, so often latent, thus giving the child, almost unconscious of it, a reason for interesting itself in the technical work. In this category how many there are who gave up the struggle for digital dexterity as soon as possible, looking in vain for anything of interest beyond it; how many of them, if they had to begin over again, would not do precisely the same thing

[1] *See* Charles Stewart Macpherson's "Musical Appreciation" (Joseph Williams, London).

if they had to do it in the same way. In the meantime they grow up, their imaginative and æsthetic instincts develop and they find themselves pitchforked into listening to big things for which they have had no normal sort of education or preparation; they only know that they get a great enjoyment from the sheer beauty of the impression they are receiving: it is the "soul" that is awake, but the "mind," though perhaps not dormant, is hardly active. There is a beautiful passage in Tennyson's "In Memoriam" which is aptly illustrative of my meaning:

> Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell;
> That mind and soul, according well
> May make one music as before,
> But vaster.

It is indeed this combination of "knowledge" and "reverence," of "mind and soul," that makes everything in this world "vaster," and it surely requires but little thought to realize that in any art the mind should be imbued with that reverence which is the highest form of appreciation, even though at the beginning it may take but an elementary form.

This class of listeners may be subdivided into those who regret and those who do not regret their inability to understand the inner working of what they hear or play. In the case of the latter, one might say that there are peasants in many countries who do not regret that they can neither read nor write, nor see any necessity for these accomplishments. Never having known these things, they do not miss them and are perfectly happy; and while Tennyson writes "Let knowledge grow from more to more," there is undoubtedly a good deal of happiness to be found in any art, even by those who have but little if any actual knowledge of it. This negative aspect does not, however, nullify the positive side of the picture as contained in the first two lines of that stanza of Tennyson. The fact remains that there are very few of the greater musical works which are an absolutely open book to the untrained listener. At all times some of the greatest works, perhaps by very reason of their originality, have at first failed to attract the lay public, to say nothing of the professional musician; in the sister-art of poetry it has been the same. Stopford Brooke, writing of Browning's "Bells and Pomegranates," which appeared between 1841 and 1846, says:

> The Bells of poetry's music, hung side by side with the golden Pomegranates of thought, made the fringe of the robe of this high-priest

of song. Rarely has imagination and intellect, ideal faith and the sense which handles daily life, passion and quietude, the impulse and self-mastery of an artist, the joy of nature and the fates of men, grave tragedy and noble grotesque, been mingled together more fully—bells for the pleasure and fruit for the food of man. Yet on the whole they fell dead on the public, save for a few enchanted listeners who said: "This is our music, and here we build our tent."

It is difficult to understand today that poems now so universally known—one might almost say popular—as "Pippa Passes," "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," and "The Pied Piper of Hamlin" were found difficult of comprehension and due appreciation when they first appeared. There were peculiarities with which the public was unfamiliar; an unclear way of expressing his thoughts, a fanciful way of leaving out words which would easily have made the meaning clear; half-finished sentences, a meaning half expressed and many other little things which, after all, go to make his particular style of writing. If one were to make a polite translation of Browning into Tennysonian English, there would not be much Browning left. The same might be said of Carlyle; and as Stopford Brooke says: "Were we savage satirists, we might say both of Browning and Carlyle that half their power lay in their fantastic, rocky style." He then goes on to explain how wrong we should be and that their style was only the clothing of their thought. The surest sign underlying the truth of Browning's work, just as also of the masterpieces of Wagner, was their cumulative effect on the public. Many "Browning Societies" were formed in England and America for the reading, discussion and elucidation of his works; the same may be said of Wagner, discussions and lectures, particularly on "The Ring of the Nibelungen," constantly taking place, in addition to quite a flood of literature in the form of pamphlets, analyses, etc. What did all this mean? What it meant was, that there were some who saw the light, and who were determined to make others see it; their determination was doubtless born of sheer enthusiasm and conviction rather than of altruism, but conviction is apt to convince and enthusiasm is apt to enthuse, and the circle of Browning and Wagner enthusiasts became respectively ever greater; the societies, lectures and pamphlets continued to exist long after there was any necessity for their services; at the present time it is difficult to believe that they were ever needed or called for.

And this brings me back once more to my theme; the larger public would no doubt have learnt ultimately to appreciate the work of these great men with or without societies for the

propagation of their poetical and musical doctrine; we should have appreciated Browning in spite of his peculiarities and Wagner in spite of his theories, each for the glorious works they gave us. But there were doubtless many in those days when "Bells and Pomegranates" appeared to whom the name of Browning was hardly known, just as there were many when, for example, Wagner's "Tristan" was first produced in England to whom it was little more than a new opera. The enthusiasm that was then shown by the comparatively few who had heard their Wagner in Germany was of inestimable advantage to those who had yet to be initiated, and even to those who only knew the score in the piano arrangement.

In concluding this section, I would say that the untrained listener is dependent almost entirely on his powers of imagination, and while these may carry him far, the same result cannot be arrived at as would be the case had that imagination been developed along artistic lines with a sympathetic hand at the helm, guiding not merely a technical equipment, but also the appreciative instinct.

III. The Trained Listener

The last of these roughly classified groups, "the trained listener," brings us to an entirely different aspect of the subject, for it includes all those who exercise music as a profession, in addition to a comparatively small number of amateurs who have had a distinctive musical education; and again a certain number who, by force of circumstances, have listened to good music all their lives and who, without perhaps having any technical ability, have thus acquired very sound powers of discrimination and appreciation. For my present purpose, I will simply include these under the one heading. The points of view of the untrained music-lover and the trained listener cannot be other than entirely different; with the former it is simply a matter of appreciation or the reverse, entirely influenced by the emotional effect produced, whereas with the latter the critical faculty is bound to hold sway, possibly even to the extent of unconsciously subduing the force of the emotional effect. There are times when many a trained listener might wish that he could sit in absolute repose without hearing some of the technical matters that are involuntarily forced on his mental retina, especially when hearing something for the first time, and which are perhaps actually detracting from his enjoyment of the musical content; but the intellectual side is awake, and it is impossible—even should one wish it—to avoid the analytical and critical faculty taking hold. The obvious

difficulty is one of keeping the balance so perfectly as to obtain a true result. Of Von Bülow, the famous pianist and conductor, Edward Dannreuther wrote both of his playing and conducting as having the distinctive peculiarity of a "passionate intellectuality":

> One notices at every step that all details have been thought about and mastered down to the minutest particle; one feels that all effects have been analyzed and calculated with the utmost subtlety, and yet the whole leaves an impression of warm spontaneity.

Such an impression, however, could hardly have been made unless the true emotional inspiration had been present behind the intellectual force. It has been said that, whether or no Von Bülow had much talent for composition, the analytical faculty in him was so strong as hardly ever to allow him to be satisfied with anything he wrote without making so many alterations of all kinds that in the end the result would not be very satisfactory. It would seem that in this branch the inspiration which made itself felt in his conducting and playing was entirely absent, or if it was ever there that it was trodden under by being "thought about down to the minutest particle." It would not be difficult to divide musicians and music-lovers into two sections, the emotional intellectualist and the intellectual emotionalist; Von Bülow would surely be in the first of these, where the intellect is the predominating force, governing strong emotional power; amongst composers Brahms might be mentioned as in this group, while Chopin, to mention but one, would come into the latter category. Perhaps the completest example, among the old masters, of intellect and emotion going hand in hand is in Beethoven, especially in the Symphonies.

Just as with composers, conductors and performers, so also with listeners, one side or the other is nearly certain to predominate, the intellectual or the emotional; the perfect balance of the two is seldom vouchsafed to any individual, and, as far as music is concerned, the emotional—covering as it does a much wider and more easily accessible domain, from the most ordinary or sensational effects to the nobler and deeper sentiments—is not unnaturally far more in evidence. Both are subject to discipline; undisciplined intellect is of no more service to any one than undisciplined emotion; the one should be ordered by the other, or the results will probably be in the one case arid, or in the other, flamboyant. And here I come back once more, so to speak, to my base, and regard my subject from a point which embraces my three classes of listeners with the numerous subdivisions they are

doubtless capable of. The result is that one can only come to the conclusion that, while the appreciation of music is a gift which gives endless pleasure and happiness to those who are fortunate enough to possess it, this gift, like any plant, having once been set, must be cultivated and cared for to make it blossom and reach maturity. The necessary technical teaching should go hand in hand with a gradual and sympathetic revealing of the musical idea, until the determination to realize the latter should make the former a labour of love instead of a drudgery. Drudgery is like utter poverty; it kills the soul. The soul's very existence depends upon the light of day being cast upon it, and the musical soul depends upon the light of music, as opposed to technique, being shed upon it. Therefore to all those that have ears to hear and wish to hear, I would repeat:

> Let knowledge grow from more to more
> But more of reverence in us dwell.

A STUDY OF OLD ENGLISH SONG AND POPULAR MELODY PRIOR TO THE 19th CENTURY

By FRANK KIDSON

IT may be rather trite to reiterate the remark that a nation's character is embodied in its songs. Any one who studies the type of song which from time to time has been in general use in England and equally observes the contemporary English character as shown by the historical side lights that exist, will grant that full confirmation of the axiom can be found. It may also be noticed that while many new-born songs have had a transient popularity, yet they have not, unless in full accord with our nation's general feeling, retained any length of currency. Others have won their way into the confidence and affection of the English race and so become "National." Our English character has had its movements which like ripples on the surface of a lake have momentarily disturbed it, but the under surface has remained ever the same and the surface itself returned to its usual aspect as the extraneous influences passed away.

English song is neither hysterically patriotic, deeply melancholy nor too erotic in its love expression. It is not self-reflective, dwelling, like the songs of Irish birth, on its past glories or present misfortunes. Its general note is sanity and it ever gives forth a plain statement regarding the subject in hand. It sings its patriotism with cheerful confidence and proclaims England as the best place to live in and to fight for. It had once a confirmed belief that a Frenchman (the only enemy it deemed worth singing about) was a poor, weak creature whom it was the pleasurable duty of every British tar to sink, blow up, or to befriend when conquered.

We of the twentieth century laugh at such crude sentiments, but without doubt that type of song reflected the general feeling of the country in Nelson's time. The English love song is, in general, of a restrained, healthy character. It mainly points to an ultimate virtuous union, and addresses the lady in the soberest manner, breathing respectability in every line.

Perhaps we may grant some little exception for those bright verses that emanated from the Elizabethan poets, and from such writers as Herrick and Waller, where the object of passionate

declaration is addressed as nothing less than divine. But charming as these productions are, they never really appealed to the general mass of English people: they were rather for the cultured, who regarded them as examples of clever but artificial verse. Our sporting songs mirror the delight of an Englishman in the green fields, the open air, the breath of morning, and the excitement of hunting the hare or the fox. No other country, so far as I am aware, has quite a similar class of song to call its own.

Even the English drinking song has its virtues. It is not a mere glorification of drinking to intoxication. It sings the charm of good fellowship, and contains something of wit, humour, and a fantasy that relieves the grossness of the subject.

The airs to which all these classes of song are united are much on a par with the words; they possess the same restraint and sanity. They are removed from the passionate wail of many beautiful Irish airs. They do not possess that which makes the wild chants of Russia or of Hungary so terribly earnest. They have not the suavity and smoothness of the German *Volkslied*, or the peculiarity that distinguishes the melodies of the Lowland Scotch, or the melancholy of Highland airs. Nevertheless they have a quality and a beauty all their own. It is therefore a thousand pities that a certain section of nose-led people regard our pure English melody as inferior to that which springs from alien nations. Such is mere snobbery of culture, and has no value in criticism from a truly artistic point of view.

The first English song, *Sumer is i cumen in*, may or may not be a typical example of the ditties England sang during the 13th century; but it certainly proves that music of a light, lilting character and of a high order of melodic composition was current.

Also, that the beauty of an English Spring was a thing appreciated by some people amid the clash of arms and the internal struggle for mastery among the nobles and their followers, and that class that retained its Saxon feeling as opposed to the Norman element. As it is the first "Spring poem" (that dread of newspaper editors!), so also it may claim to be the earliest English folk-song of which we have record.[1] It is not here the place to discuss the point whether the red cross which makes it into a round or "rota" has been added a hundred or more years after the manuscript was written, or whether it is contemporary. In the latter case the art of part-song is carried further back than many can believe.

[1]I disbelieve the assertion that it is the composition of the Monk of Reading Abbey, though he noted it down and fitted Latin words to the tune under the original Saxon verse.

It would take up an inordinate space to deal with the many interesting English songs that still survive to us in manuscript, dating from the 13th century to the time when music began to be printed. Before Elizabeth's reign secular songs mainly existed traditionally, or in manuscript. They were passed onward from mouth to mouth by the unlearned, or in notation from musician to musician, or performer to performer in manuscript-transcriptions.

Music printing has always been a difficulty with printers, and before Elizabeth's day it was in its feeblest infancy. We can but identify little more than a couple of fragments of English secular music from the early English presses. There is the bass part of that book of twenty songs printed by Wykyn de Worde in 1530, and *A New Interlude of the IIII Elements* of nine or ten years later.

With these exceptions and such examples as may once have existed, but of which we have no record, before 1560 music printing was confined to collections of Psalm tunes and other church compositions; later came a few books of lute music.

The Madrigal Era began when English people had time to turn to other things than defence against Spanish invasion, and after 1588 many collections of madrigals poured from the London presses. It is probably true that the madrigal had its birth among Flemish composers, but it certainly had a kindly reception in Italy, and from Italy (as all things Italian were welcomed by civilized Europe) it came to England and elsewhere. Among the cultured poets and musicians of our country its particular form pleased. Here was opportunity for cleverness in the advancing art of part-writing. Also for imagination, in pleasing melody, and, for the poet, the chance of brilliant writing.

So after the Flemish and Italian musicians had shown the way of it, our own Morley, Gibbons, Wilbye, Weelkes, and others made the madrigal into an English art that lost none of its savour during the three and a quarter centuries of existence among English music. The solo song was certainly also not a neglected art. Dozens of pretty and dainty lyrics could be named that are of the choicest.

At no time in our song history has there been more witty, clever, and original verse wedded to equally excellent melody than in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign and in the few years that followed its close.

"Greensleeves," "Phillida flouts me," "Since first I saw your face," and many more will at once occur to the reader as sparkling examples of the songs of that period. The composition of instrumental music and its performance was carried forward with vigour.

Every man and woman of ordinary culture was possessed of cittern, or lute (in one or other of its varied forms), and knew how to play them more or less effectively—a task by no means simple, as any one may realise who attempts such performance today; hence light music and song became the amusement of all classes, and those who could not play could at least sing that which they had heard the more skilled perform.

With the passing of Elizabeth and of the musicians of her period there came a lull in English music of all kinds. Whether people sang the old songs or not we have practically no information, but certainly few new ones appear to have come to light. It was an age of fierce religious controversy, and the devout solaced their souls with psalms and psalm tunes. There must have been a radical change in popular singing, for few musical collections were issued from the press until the Commonwealth was declared, when "Honest John Playford" led the way to a new musical England, for by his means a vast mass of secular music saw the light and remains to us today as a proof that musical England was still alive and healthy in spite of the injunction on the title pages of contemporary editions of the Book of Psalms, which suggested that "songs and ballads" were "ungodly" and "tend only to the nourishing of vice and corrupting of youth."

Monopolies for the printing of music had been granted by Elizabeth to Thomas Tallis and William Birde in 1575, and at a later date a press patent had been assigned to Thomas Morley. But all these had long ago been extinct when John Playford began his publishing career. English musicians had been patiently waiting for a man bold enough to risk, at least, paper and labour upon the issue of music books. What remuneration the composers and verse writers got for their work is not clear. It is, however, pretty evident that for a century or more they received little or nothing from the music publisher, though indirectly benefit would accrue to them from the publication of their work.

But Playford appears to have won respect from the musical world in general, and he was favoured with copies of the compositions of the best musicians of his time. Thus we find that such composers as Henry Lawes, Dr. Charles Coleman, and Dr. John Wilson with some others were the men whose work filled the pages of the early publications of John Playford. It must be remembered that from 1650 to nearly the date of his death (which occurred in 1686) Playford was practically the sole publisher of secular music. Some few booksellers issued an odd volume or so of songs with notation, or a treatise on the theory of music,

or on the method of playing a particular instrument, but these, before the date I have named, were few and far between.

The first collection of songs published by Playford apart from that book of catches, *Musick and Mirth*, 1651, was *Select Musicall Ayres and Dialogues*, 1652. This was a composite gathering of songs by Coleman, Webb, Wilson, and Henry Lawes.

The extraordinary method of appropriating these compositions by even the worthiest of publishers, is indicated in the preface to a collection of *Ayres and Dialogues for one two and three voyces, by Henry Lawes. First booke, 1653*, issued by Playford. Lawes, with some degree of sarcasm, tells the reader that the "Stationer" [Playford] "hath lately made bold to print in one book above twenty of my songs, whereof I had no knowledge till his Book was in the presse, and it seems he found those so acceptable that he is ready for more. Therefore, now the question is, not whether or no my compositions shall be publick, but whether they shall come from me or from some other hand." Henry Lawes appears to have been on very friendly terms with his publisher notwithstanding the appropriation above referred to, for Playford published and republished all his music that saw the light.

It must be confessed that to most modern ears Henry Lawes does not shine in tuneful melody. He is distinctly "dry" in this matter. The songs he set are by such poets as Herrick, Waller, Francis Quarles, Sir William Davenant, and by Francis and Richard Lovelace. Needless to say, here was talent enough for any musician's art.

The preface to the above quoted book throws some interesting lights upon the taste of the day. The English have ever been prone to set light weight upon their nation's productions, and more particularly does this refer to the musical art. Today our glorification of other countries' music has ever had its prototype and has ever stifled our own native art or diverted it into a channel not naturally its own. Lawes tells us in his preface:

> But wise men have observ'd our Generation so giddy that whatsoever is Native (be it never so excellent) must lose its taste because themselves have lost theirs. For my part, I professe (and such as know me can bear me witness) I desire to render every man his due, whether Strangers or Natives. I acknowledge the Italians the greatest Masters of Musick, but yet not all. And (without depressing the Honour of other Countries) I may say our own Nation hath had, and yet hath, as able Musitians as any in Europe . . . . But . . . . so to Musitians a man's next Neighbour is the farthest from him and none give so harsh a report of the English as the English themselves.

He goes on to say:

> I never lov'd to set or sing words which I do not understand, and where I cannot I desir'd help of others who were able to interpret. But this present Generation is so sated with what's native that nothing takes their ear but what's sung in a language which (commonly) they understand as little as they do the Musick. And to make them a little sensible of this ridiculous humour, I took a Table or Index of old Italian Songs (for one two and three voyces) and this Index (which read together made a strange medley of Nonsense) I set to a varyed Ayre and gave out that it came from Italy, whereby it hath passed for a rare Italian song. This very song I have now here printed.

And so he has, with the title "Tavola."

Italian dominance remained much in English music until replaced after the death of Purcell by the Handelian flavour. Still, in spite of this, many a delightful and truly English song held its own among the people—the people who had neither axe to grind, professionally, nor pose of culture to uphold. Too little study has been accorded to the vocal compositions of the contemporaries of Henry Purcell. We are blinded by his lustre and fail to see the smaller beauty of the lesser lights. For example, John Barret (1674-1735) was a worthy upholder of English music—sane, solid, and tuneful, and most assuredly English in feeling. He had drunk at the same fount as Purcell, for he, too, was a pupil of Dr. Blow. John Eccles (1668-1735) was another composer whose merits have lain too long in obscurity, and there were others. Dr. John Blow is more recognised, perhaps from his association with the career of Purcell.

In the late 17th and early 18th century vocal music was kept alive by the theatre productions. Single songs, put forth on their own merits, often fell flat and were frequently ignored. The theatre gave itself over a good deal to the newly introduced form of entertainment, the opera, and the public, who wished for a reputation in taste, began to like, or pretend to like, the separate opera songs.

It had tolerated Lewis Grabu in his setting of "Albion and Albanius" (1685) chiefly, perhaps, because it was under Royal patronage; and besides, Dryden had written the libretto. The imposing folio volume of its score had been bought in small quantity; but when Henry Purcell began his lengthy list of operas the public had had enough of Grabu and knew that here they had found something good. Thomas Cross was kept busy in engraving and printing many thousand sheet and half sheet songs from the operas that an eager public demanded. But Purcell died and with

him, save for one or two with whom he had been closely associated, died the composers of a type of song that had elevated English vocal composition to a height it had seldom before attained.

With the early years of the 18th century, many a robust song of purely English character saw the light. Some of these had been originally sung on the stage and others sprang from the unknown and from nameless composers. Take an example of the latter. Surely no tune embodies the best of English melody to a greater extent in sixteen bars than "Down among the dead men." We first know of its existence as a half sheet song where the only thing vouchsafed about it is that it was "Sung by Mr. Dyer at Bullock's booth at Southwark fair." This was about 1720-25. Speaking purely from a musical point of view, I may name two lesser known tunes of equal merit, "Of all the comforts I miscarried," and "The Riot Night," the last named beginning "As Tippling John was jogging on." These two tunes (I say nothing about the words) are of the best class of vocal melody peculiar to the juncture of the 17th and 18th centuries. Among English musicians who have produced this kind of robust work, too many of whom remain to us purely anonymous, there stand out such names as Henry Carey, Dr. Maurice Greene, and that long-lived actor, singer, and composer Richard Leveridge.

Carey produced a multitude of popular songs that were quite ephemeral, with one or two that deserved longer life. Greene, though chiefly engaged in church music, put forth one or two really delightful melodies, as "Sweet Annie frae the sea beach came," which simulated a Scotch song but gloriously failed, and was in consequence all the better and more truly English. Another of his songs is "Busy, curious, thirsty fly," and some others that might bear revival. Leveridge contributed at least one undying national melody—"The Roast Beef of Old England," and the lesser known, though very beautiful, setting of "Send home my long stray'd eyes."

In the "Beggar's Opera" (that "Excellent Choice," as one publication of the melodies is named) we get a capital epitome of tunes beloved of the English people in the early part of the 18th century. So well adapted to the English popular taste are these that the songs of the "Beggar's Opera," chiefly on account of the sterling tunes, remained in common remembrance or use for nearly a century and a half—for the opera died only with Sims Reeves.

It is not for me to here tell, for the thousandth and first time, the story of the "Beggar's Opera," but I cannot too clearly empha-

sise the tonic effect it had upon English song. After the death of Purcell, the stage was feeling about for something to replace his operas, and, by a rather unfortunate chance, it seized upon the Italian opera. Lady singers were imported, and men with artificially produced voices, and the Town was over-run with Italian sentiment, while the music shops were stocked with sheet songs from the operas. The lyrics were not only in Italian, but, except to a specially trained singer, were exceedingly difficult of execution. No wonder the sturdy race of Englishmen rebelled and the country squires, like Squire Western of "Tom Jones," were driven back to "Old Sir Simon the King" and such bygone favourites.

The great success of the "Beggar's Opera" was based less upon its political satire than upon the fact that it recognised the want of an Englishman for the simple popular tunes that were ousted from their place by a foreign importation. It was currently said that the Italian opera was "being pelted off the stage with Lumps of Pudding," the last three words being the title of the final song in Gay's opera. The Italian opera died from the peltings of more than the "Beggar's Opera," for following it were any number of similar productions which, though trash so far as literary merit is concerned, kept alive the purely English tunes that comprised the musical part. Finally the ballad operas disappeared and vocal music had a fountain head at another source, viz. the public gardens.

English song now entered another phase from an influence which lasted almost to the middle of the 19th century. There can be no disputing the fact that Vauxhall, Mary-le-bone, and Ranelagh, with the smaller gardens, were the nurseries of the 18th century English song. Concerts, as we know them, were scarcely existent, and all public singers were either on the stage or at the gardens; frequently they filled a double position—theatre and gardens. The origin of the London pleasure gardens that formed such a feature in the 18th century social life was this: The craze for "taking the waters" began in the 17th century, and doctors and proprietors of fields, where a Chalybeate, or in fact any nasty-tasting spring occurred, were only too anxious to foster the belief in their good. As a consequence, owners and leaseholders of such lands provided accommodation for those who chose to take an evening walk from the city into the rural parts, that in those days were within half an hour's stroll from Temple Bar. At first benches and wooden buildings were placed, and here ale and cordials were sold "to take off the taste" as well as for general refreshment. Then a fiddler or a couple of performers added a little

amusement to the scene and brought more custom for the waters and, incidentally, for the ale and cordials. Other gardens which could not boast a spring depended for their first custom on rural beauty—groves and the song of birds; Vauxhall was originally of this character. Simple as these pleasures were, they worked a revolution in musical taste and English social life as they grew from insignificance into importance.

It was in the "thirties" of the 18th century that the musical scheme of these gardens grew into something that was worthy of consideration and this increased year by year. Vauxhall and Marylebone were the leaders and each management spared no expense or thought to maintain their garden's music at a high standard. Later, in 1742, Ranelagh Gardens entered into competition with the two first named. These were the important London pleasure gardens but there were many minor ones, both in the London suburbs and in the provinces, that followed the lead set and helped to foster and popularise a certain class of English song—a type that, whatever its demerits may have been, was at least native born. Each place had an organ, a musical director and chief composer, with capable performers and vocalists—men and women among the first rank of native and English resident musicians.

The Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and Mary-le-bone songs generally aimed at being arch, lively (as liveliness was then understood) and charmingly simple. It is quite true, many of them were so artificial that to the present day reader the words appear somewhat ridiculous, but in judging we should put ourselves in the position of an 18th century audience, who were prepared to accept artificiality as part of a song's charm. Wit, fantasy, and delicate humour frequently were not absent.

For example, take a couple or so of verses of a song sung at Ranelagh about the season of 1757:

While beaus to please the ladies write,
Or bards to get a dinner by 't
  Their well feign'd passion tell;
Let me in humble verse proclaim
My love for her who bears the name
  Of charming Kitty Fell.

That "Kitty's beautiful and young,"
That she has danc'd, that she has sung
  Alas I know full well;
I feel, and I shall ever feel,
The dart more sharp than pointed steel
  That came from Kitty Fell.

Of late I hop'd by Reason's aid
To cure the wounds which love had made
And bade a long farewell.
But 'tother day she cross'd the green
I saw, I wish I had not seen,
My charming Kitty Fell.

I ask'd her why she passed that way?
"To church, she cried—I cannot stay;
Why don't you hear the bell?"
"To church! Oh, take me with thee there"
I pray'd; she would not hear my pray'r
Ah! cruel Kitty Fell!

and so forth.

Or again, take this as a type of Vauxhall lyric, one set by Dr. Arne:

Let others Damon's praise rehearse,
Or Colin's at their will;
I mean to sing in rustic verse,
Young Strephon of the Hill.

As once I sat beneath a shade,
Beside a purling rill;
Who should my solitude invade
But Strephon of the Hill?
etc., etc.

He tap't my shoulder, snatch'd a kiss
I could not take it ill;
For nothing sure is done amiss
By Strephon of the Hill.
etc., etc.

Still another of this type:

Young Molly who lives at the foot of the hill,
Whose fame every Virgin with envy does fill,
Of beauty is blessed with so ample a share
That men call her "the lass with the delicate air."
etc.

In spite of the puerility of this last song it has lately been revived and has delighted modern audiences. The exquisite music which Michael Arne, the talented son of Dr. Arne, wrote for it is no doubt the reason of its present day popularity. And besides, there is something of a charm in its innocent artificiality.

The musical history of the three famous London gardens, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and Marylebone, has never been written and those who have read only passing notices can have no idea of the interest that lies in the subject. Fully dealt with, it would cover

much of the musical history of the 18th century. Here were first heard many of our greatest singers and instrumental performers, and here many a famous song had its birth. Our greatest English composers were not ashamed to be associated with either of the three, and a lengthy list, ranging from Dr. Arne to Sir Henry Bishop, could be given. Of the singers there might be named Vernon, Beard, Lowe, and a dozen others of the period, at the middle of the 18th century. Charles Incledon came a little later, so did Dignum and in late days John Braham. I am not sure whether Sims Reeves did not sing at Vauxhall, certainly his most famous song, "My Pretty Jane," was originally sung there by Robinson, a once famous vocalist.

The list of lady singers who have sung at Vauxhall—all stars of magnitude—would be a lengthy one.

Miss Stevenson, one of the most popular at the middle of the 18th century, and about whom little or nothing is known, sang here, and Miss Burchell, afterwards Mrs. Vincent, was her contemporary. This lady was originally a milkmaid employed by Tyers, the proprietor of the gardens. He had her instructed in music, but after her marriage she left Vauxhall to sing at its rival, Marylebone. Miss Brent, Dr. Arne's most famous pupil, had her seasons at Vauxhall. Then there was Mrs. Arne, and followed a long catalogue which would include Mrs. Baddeley, Mrs. Weichsell (mother of Mrs. Billington), Miss Wewitzer, Mrs. Wrighten, Mrs. Martyr, Mrs. Mountain, and the charming Mrs. Bland, who seems to have been able to render the typical Vauxhall song in all its charm. Mrs. Bland's career at Vauxhall dates from the first years of the 19th century, and contemporary with her was Mrs. Franklin. In the twenties of the 19th century, Madame Vestris appears and with her Horn's delightful cavatina, "Cherry Ripe." Miss Kitty Stephens was a Vauxhall singer, and the combination of her, Vestris, and John Braham was sufficient to send the prices of admission up to a high sum. Dr. John Worgan, the organist and musical director at Vauxhall, in the fifties of the 18th century provided much Vauxhall musical fare—a poet named "Mr. Boyee" (Samuel Boyee), John Cunningham, and a few others writing many of the songs. When James Hook held the musical management, from 1774 to 1820, many a pretty song was sung there. It was in the season of 1780 that his famous "Within a mile of Edinburgh Town" (founded on an earlier lyric by Tom D'Urfey) was first sung at the gardens by Mrs. Wrighten. Some few years later Charles Incledon sang Hook's other famous lyric, "The Lass of Richmond Hill."

Dwelling somewhat largely on Vauxhall I am wishful that the reader shall understand that these gardens were only doing, musically, the same as Marylebone, and Ranelagh, while the smaller places of open air entertainment followed in the wake of the larger ones. That they really dictated the fashion in English song cannot be doubted. Among the type there was of course the bad and the good, and could we but bring ourselves to look at life with all the simplicity of our ancestors, no doubt we should see a great deal more in the Vauxhall song than we can do at present.

Another great factor in the production of English song besides the gardens were the ballad operas. I mean the second period, commencing with "Love in a Village,'' 1762, and carried forward by the operas of Shield, Storace, Mazzinghi, Reeve, and the rest. Items from these pieces formed a good deal of the popular songs not only of the period of production, but for many years afterwards, and song books were filled with selections from them.

Among the operas that provided this fare may be mentioned, after "Love in a Village," Arne's "Thomas and Sally," 1760, and his "Artaxerxes," 1762, which latter contained that "genteelest of tunes" "Water parted," with "In infancy our hopes and fears," and "The Soldier's tired of war's alarms," "Midas," 1764 (from which "Pray Goody please to moderate the rancour of your tongue" was taken), and Arnold's "Maid of the Mill," 1765. Linley and Sheridan's opera "The Duenna," 1775, gave that charming song, "Had I a heart for falsehood framed," and two or three others that had a lesser degree of popularity. Dibdin's "Waterman," 1774, gave forth one or two songs which took the public ear. "The Jolly Young Waterman," and "Farewell My Trim Built Wherry" were at one time as well known as any of his later sea songs.

William Shield provided the singing public of his day with a large number of songs, notably "The Thorn," "Old Towler," "The Wolf," and the many songs from the ballad operas "composed and selected" by himself. In "Rosina," 1783, he gives us "When William at eve" and adapts Garth's glee into "When the rosy morn appearing." Shield's "Woodman," 1791, is extremely tuneful, and among other good things in it we find "The Streamlet" which, sung by Charles Incledon, was then pronounced one of the finest of English ballads.

The fine song "The Arethusa" appears in "The Lock and Key," 1796. It was written upon a naval engagement in which the British ship, the Arethusa, took part and the verses describe with very tolerable accuracy, the circumstances of the fight; this

took place in 1778. The air is constantly ascribed to Shield, but this composer never claimed it; he distinctly stated he had "selected" the air. The tune is "The Princess Royal," and is claimed by the Irish as the production of Carolan—a claim which, personally, I cannot accept.

The mention of "The Arethusa" brings us to the consideration of other songs that were called forth by the French war of the 18th century. The famous "Heart of Oak" formed an item in a sort of pantomime, "Harlequin's Invasion." David Garrick wrote the song, and Dr. Boyce the spirited air. It was sung by Mr. Champness in the eventful year 1759. In the matter of sea songs one naturally regards Charles Dibdin as being the one and only writer of sea songs in the 18th century, but Dibdin did not write the bulk of his sea songs until he had given the world a great deal of his muse on other topics. One of his earliest sea songs is "Blow high, blow low," from a dramatic entertainment called the "Seraglio," in date 1776. "Poor Jack," (Go patter to lubbers) was issued by Preston in 1789. "Poor Tom, or The Sailor's Epitaph" as it was originally named, though now better known as "Tom Bowling," is without doubt one of the most manly and yet most pathetic songs in the English language, with a melody that fits its mood and sentiment admirably. Dibdin wrote it on the death of his brother, Captain Thomas Dibdin, drowned at sea. It was sung by the composer in his entertainment "The Oddities," in 1789. "The Token," another of the excellencies of Dibdin's lyric muse, was sung in his entertainment "Castles in the Air," in 1793.

But all our best sea songs were not by Dibdin; "Lash'd to the helm" was by Hook, while "Loose every sail to the breeze," "The Topsails shiver in the wind," and "Farewell to old England," were set by Michael Arne to clever words by Captain Topham. The charming song, "The Heaving of the Lead," appears in the little opera "Hartford Bridge," 1792, the music of which was "selected and composed by Wm. Shield." "Sling the flowing bowl" is Thomas Linley's, from a pantomime called "Robinson Crusoe," 1781, and the words were probably written by Sheridan.

The rich field of 18th-century song can only be indicated, and the examples I have named are merely taken at random from the wealth that is called to the mind by the subject of this article. Any attempt to do more than give a desultory sketch of so large a subject must necessarily fail in the limited space of a magazine article.

Besides all these lyrics, which were by composers musically educated, there was a great under-current of song that never reached

what may be (rather snobbishly) referred to as the "cultured", or "superior" classes. This we now call "folk-song" and, strange as it may appear, this unnoted and unnoticed stream of song has passed downward entirely by tradition—from one singer's lips to another's, from one country fiddler to another rustic performer—never even put upon paper. Also it is very probable that many examples of such ditties may yet survive, where songs that are apparently all that musical technique and verse-writing may demand will gradually sink into oblivion. Up to the past ten or fifteen years musicians as a body have ignored the simple melodies of the people—though practically such constitute our sole native music; that which has remained entirely uninfluenced by any culture save its own. Folk-song has sprung from an unlettered class; from a class which knows not even musical notation and is therefore not only unable to set before the public the compositions which have sprung from its brain but is, happily for the integrity and originality of its compositions, also unable to read or to be influenced by the musical work of others outside its range. These country ditties have been born in and passed down completely within the circle in which they were produced, and their greatest charm, and the quality which makes for their endurance is their perfect sincerity and good faith.

If it be a song that sings the delights of a country life, however doggerel the verse, or ill-formed, we may be perfectly sure that the maker of the song and all singers of it among the folk-song singing class thoroughly believed in the sentiment that the song voices. It is a subtle thing, but there lies the soul of it. The professional song-maker may have an infinity of skill and know all the rules of the game, but if he lack the sincere belief in his production such will not survive, and the folk-song that truly means what its poor verse attempts will hold its own. And so in regard to the melody that is fitted to it.

English folk-song has existed from all times. It has gone on its quiet way and amused the class for whom it was made and who produced it. Ignoring the songs of the musically educated, it found its audience by farm kitchen firesides, in snug corners of village ale houses, in byres—sung by girls milking—, in the fields, sung by plough men to while away the monotony of a hard day's ploughing, and in a thousand places where "culture" entered not. But however simple its character no sketch of English song can be complete or satisfactory that does not at least indicate its existence.

A FRIEND OF DR. JOHNSON

By LEWIS M. ISAACS

OF the brilliant group of Englishmen who clustered about Dr. Johnson in the second half of the Eighteenth Century, there are few who are not familiar figures to latter-day readers. No other period of English literature has been so thoroughly exploited. From it emanates the greatest biography in the language, with its remarkably vivid pictures of contemporary life; and the diaries and letters of illustrious people of the age, in astonishing abundance, containing the most minute particulars of the daily régimes of the writers and covering whole decades of time, have yielded themselves freely to modern editors and biographers. Not only in letters, but in art, in politics, indeed in every sphere of human activity, the greatest men of the period are presented almost in the flesh, as, embalmed in contemporary records, they come down to us with every feature, every lineament, in a perfect state of preservation.

The remarkable coterie which time thus threw haphazard together, possessing the greatest and most diversified talent that England has produced since the Elizabethan era, improved their natural gifts by the stimulus of mutual intercourse. Membership in such society was no mere favor of fortune, but the coveted reward of merit. For the aristocracy of brains then ruled and was jealous of its prerogatives. Intimacy with Johnson was a badge of highest nobility.

Dr. Charles Burney enjoyed that distinction to the fullest. He was welcomed and sought after by the choicest spirits of the age. How highly he was regarded by his literary and artistic contemporaries is shown in their many references to him. In matters pertaining to art or letters, his opinion was accepted as weighty; and his approval of an enterprise once secured, its success was certain. When Oliver Goldsmith planned the dictionary whose completion was interrupted by his death, he wrote to Garrick, who had enlisted Burney's services:

"It makes me very happy to find that Dr. Burney thinks my scheme of a dictionary useful; still more that he will be so kind as to adorn it with anything of his own. I beg you also will accept my gratitude for procuring me so valuable an acquisition."

Associated with Goldsmith in his plan were also Johnson, who was to write on ethics, Reynolds, on painting, and Garrick, on acting. Dr. Johnson's judgment of Burney is preserved in the record of a conversation at Mrs. Thrale's at Streatham:

"Dr. Burney is a man for everybody to love. It is but natural to love him—I question if there be in the world such another man altogether for mind, intelligence and manners as Dr. Burney."

To call forth such a panegyric from the great lexicographer Burney's personality must have been one of unusual charm, especially as his vocation was music, to the appeal of which Johnson was singularly deaf. The critical Walpole, who entertained him and his daughter Fanny at Strawberry Hill, pronounced him both "lively and agreeable." In fact there seems to have been no dissent from the chorus of praise that surrounds him. Yet his claims on posterity's notice have been allowed to lapse, until now he seems to shine only by reflected glory. Burney's real strength was that of personality; like Johnson himself he was a magnetic, not a creative force. But unlike Johnson, he lacked a Boswell to keep his personality a living power. His daughter Fanny, the celebrated author of "Evelina," tried to supply this lack; but her "Memoirs of Dr. Burney," written at a time when her pen had lost its youthful spring, displays more filial devotion than literary charm, and its stilted and colorless pages are unread save by students of literary history.

The bare facts of Burney's life are easily told. He and a twin-sister, the youngest of the large family of an impecunious portrait painter, were born at Shrewsbury in 1726. From his father the boy doubtless derived the art sense which was shown not only in his music, but in the broad love of art which made him a congenial spirit with Garrick, Johnson and Reynolds. He received his earliest education in the care of a foster mother; but when he was thirteen he rejoined his parents, who had moved to Chester, and went to the public school at that place. His first music teacher was the organist of Chester Cathedral, and he soon made sufficient progress to be able to eke out the service when his teacher was ill. He also took singing lessons, and even made a public appearance at a concert when but fourteen years old. At Chester he first saw Händel and in one of the numerous autobiographical notes in his "History of Music" he records the event as memorable. "Being extremely curious to see so extraordinary a man, I watched him narrowly as long as he remained in Chester." Returning to Shrewsbury, he studied under his half brother James, organist at St. Mary's Church—a post he held for fifty

years. He tells how he was aroused by hearing some celebrated organ players who passed through the city. "They amazed and stimulated me so forcibly by their performance on the organ, as well as by their encouragement, that I thenceforward went to work with an ambition and fury that would hardly allow me to eat or sleep." The remarkable enthusiasm for work which possessed him all through his long life is illustrated by the story told of his youthful device to insure a full day's activity. He would tie one end of a ball of string to his big toe and let the ball drop through his bedroom window, within reach of a laboring boy who, he arranged, should pull it on his way to work in the early morning.

His musical talent must have been unusual; for it attracted the attention of Dr. Arne, the most celebrated English musician of his day, who offered to take him to London as his pupil. Burney, of course, seized the opportunity and went to London full of ardor and aspiration. He remained with Arne three years and gained more socially than musically. Arne used his ready and indefatigable pupil to copy music for him and to perform other tasks more helpful to master than to scholar. At the same time, through Arne's sister, the celebrated actress Mrs. Cibber, he made the acquaintance of many interesting people, Garrick, Händel and Thomson among them; and thus began his intercourse with the artistic world of London. About this time, too, he met Fulke Greville, a gentleman and a *bon vivant*, a descendant of the celebrated friend of Sir Philip Sidney and a social lion. Greville had expressed contempt for musicians as a class and was wont to inquire whether a man could be at once a gentleman and a musician. For answer, one of his friends introduced him to Burney. He was quickly taken with him and attached him to his household after the manner of the day, paying Arne £300 to cancel his articles of apprenticeship. The new set with which the young man was thus thrown enlarged his circle of friends and correspondingly his view of life. The dissipated mode of living did not, happily for Burney, last long. His patron married soon after and Burney himself discovering an attachment, the two severed their connection.

Burney married in 1748, His wife, Esther Sleepe, was said to be "very attractive and very amiable." To what extent these admirable wifely qualities contributed to his material success does not appear; but it is certain that his prospects soon brightened. He was appointed organist of St. Dionis-Backchurch at the modest salary of £30 a year; but this was augmented by music lessons which the young man gave to a rapidly growing clientele.

His faculty of making friends stood him in good stead and he always had his hours filled. Hard work and close application undermined his health, and on the advice of his physician he gave up his work and moved to Lynn-Regis, Norfolk. Here he obtained the post of organist at St. Margaret's and his salary, officially the same, was increased by private emoluments to a fair competency. The organ, which was "execrably bad," was replaced by a fine new instrument. Everything moved smoothly for Burney and his growing family. His mental energy, far from being exhausted by professional duties, seemed to grow by what it fed on. He began to plan his "History," he studied Italian poetry and otherwise sought cultural improvement. He found time also to watch achievements in the great world of London. On the publisher's announcement of the appearance of Johnson's Dictionary, he wrote to him in appreciative terms, begging to be informed whether he could subscribe for it for himself and some friends. He received a cordial reply, which started their lasting friendship.

Nine years of country living freed Burney from his threatened weakness and he returned to London in 1760. He rapidly established himself as a music teacher and soon had his days occupied with lessons from early morning till night. He became a fad. One fashionable and ancient dame who wanted to place herself under his tutelage was informed that his time from eight in the morning was completely filled. "Come to me then at *seven*," was her reply. Despite his teaching, he found time for original work; and besides some sonatas for harpsichord, he composed a setting for a burlesque "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," performed at Ranelagh with great éclat. In 1761 Mrs. Burney died, leaving him with a family of six children, the oldest but twelve, the youngest a baby. Her loss was deeply felt by Burney, who after a time sought to divert his mind by attempting a prose translation of Dante. A visit to Paris in 1764, where he placed two of his daughters at school, brought him in contact with Rousseau's "Devin du Village"; and on his return, at Garrick's suggestion, he translated and adapted the operetta for the English stage. It was not, however, a great success.

In 1767 Burney married again, his second wife being the widow of a wealthy wine merchant of Lynn, and a close friend of his first wife. Intelligent and well read, she encouraged her husband in his artistic and literary pursuits and presided ably over the celebrated salon that became the recognized meeting-place of the élite of England. Fanny Burney's diary has preserved a lasting and almost photographic record of the events that took place under the Burney roof. The chronicle bears the strongest

testimony to the considerable place Burney now held in the art life of the time. It shows plainly, too, how his personality and conversational charm won all with whom he came in contact. Two years after his second marriage Burney received the degree of doctor of music at Cambridge. His "exercise" was an anthem which had the distinction of being performed later in Hamburg under the direction of Carl Philip Emanuel Bach. The energetic doctor also brought forth this same year "An Essay towards a History of Comets," and about this time began the serious preparation of his magnum opus, the "History of Music." His daughter Fanny was his willing secretary. He soon felt the necessity of acquiring at first hand data which could be procured only by a visit to the Continent. Armed with powerful letters of introduction, he left in June, 1770, making a six months' tour in Italy, France and Switzerland. From Naples he wrote to Garrick (October 17, 1770):

"I must say that my treatment among these men of learning and genius throughout my journey has been to the last degree flattering. . . . I am almost ashamed to tell you how many men of eminence both in the literary and musical world have interested themselves in my enterprise— When I left England I had two objects in view. The one was to get from the libraries to the *viva voce* conversation of the learned what information I could relative to the music of the ancients; and the other was to judge with my own eyes of the *present state* of modern music in the places through which I should pass from the performance and conversation of the first musicians of Italy."

Among the illustrious men he visited were Diderot, Rousseau and Voltaire. On his return, he published an account of his tour, which attracted the admiring attention of Dr. Johnson, who later acknowledged his indebtedness in writing his own "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland" to "that clever dog Burney." Encouraged by the success of his first trip, Burney made another in 1772, to Germany and the Netherlands, preparing for it by studying in advance the German language. He had interviews with Gluck, Hasse, C. P. E. Bach and other musicians only less prominent, and everywhere was well received. Musical libraries and private records were placed at his disposal and he collected a large mass of original material. The only mishap occurred on his return trip in December, when he was compelled to repeat a stormy Channel passage, because, overcome by nausea, he had fallen asleep on the boat's arrival, and was unknowingly carried back to the French coast. This unenviable experience, which would have daunted the

spirit of ordinary men, did not conquer Burney's; and although made severely ill by the strain and confined to his bed, he dictated an account of his trip to his daughters. This book of travels appeared in print the following Spring, and was received even more warmly than its predecessor. It prompted Johnson to say to the author, "Sir, the public is always disappointed in books of travel, except yours." In the same year Burney was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London.

The Burneys now moved to more commodious quarters in St. Martin's Street, taking the house formerly occupied by Sir Isaac Newton. The family was deeply impressed by the atmosphere of the place and soberly endeavored to be worthy of its great predecessor's habitation. A small wooden turret thought to be Sir Isaac's observatory was the chosen retreat of Fanny, who there "popped down" her thoughts and unbosomed herself in the famous diary. Here the Burney salon grew and expanded until it became the most celebrated of meeting places in London. Johnson, Garrick and Reynolds were frequent visitors. All the celebrities in the world of music flocked eagerly to these functions and were proud to be asked to participate. The reigning stage favorites, Agujari, Ranuzzini, Pacchierotti, and others, gave of their best to enliven the evenings. There were also such notables as the Society Islander Omai (Cowper's "gentle savage"), Alexis Orloff, the Russian "man mountain" as Fanny calls him, and the explorer James Bruce. All are faithfully reproduced to the dot by the talented daughter, both in her diary and in her news-letters to "Daddy" Crisp, her correspondent. In her father's house she had extraordinary opportunities for the exercise of her unusual gifts. Thus Burney is responsible for some of the most delightful pictures of Eighteenth Century life that have been handed down to posterity. And painted vividly, though in the background, is the unusual personality of the master of the house, who had gathered about him such a remarkable and variegated array of talents.

The crowning event of Dr. Burney's life was the publication of his "History of Music." It was awaited with scarcely less eagerness on the part of literary England than Johnson's "Dictionary" itself. By royal permission, the dedication was to Queen Charlotte, the wife of George the Third; and the long list of subscribers was headed by the Prince of Wales. Rousseau, Metastasio, C. P. E. Bach, Reynolds, Garrick, Warren Hastings and Sir John Hawkins, the rival historian of music, were on the list. The first volume appeared in 1776, and it was read or at least skimmed, by the entire literary and fashionable world. Even

Horace Walpole delved into it, and though he found the first part "absolute Hebrew" confessed that the work "was not barren of entertainment." Six years elapsed before the second volume appeared; the third and fourth volumes were issued together in 1789.

In 1778 the Burneys were thrown into a flutter of excitement by the discovery that one of their number had become a novelist and had set all of London by the ears with "Evelina." Published anonymously, its authorship was soon traced. The frankness and spontaneity of the character drawing, its fidelity to life, its graphic power, were at once recognized. Dr. Johnson's admiration knew no bounds and put the sensitive and bashful Fanny into many a quiver of modest fear. Dr. Burney, his brain teeming with projects of his own, was rather slow to appreciate the fact that his shy little secretary was a successful writer of fiction and destined to fill a place in the literary life of her time no less considerable than his own. But he gradually summoned his enthusiasm and shared in the general rejoicing over the event. Thenceforth, too, he became Fanny's chief adviser and aid.

In 1783 he received at the hands of Burke, then in the cabinet, the post of organist of Chelsea College. It was Burke's last official act, and the gracefulness with which it was tendered was as pleasing to Burney as the gift itself. The following year he was elected a member of the celebrated Literary Club of which Johnson and Reynolds were the founders. The Club, originally consisting of nine members, was soon increased to thirty-five. It included practically all the literary lights of the time. As illustrative of the exclusive spirit that prevailed may be cited a story told by Boswell. It seems that Reynolds spoke to Garrick about joining and he replied: "I think I shall be of you." When Johnson heard of this he said: "*He'll be of us;* how does he know we will *permit* him? The first duke in England has no right to hold such language." But later he relented and Garrick was accepted as a member. In this company Burney was welcomed as heartily as any. No better evidence could be given of his position among the elect of the day. In 1785 he wrote an account of the first Händel Festival at Westminster Abbey—a really valuable piece of work.

Haydn's visit to London in 1791 stirred Burney's enthusiasm to fever heat, and, as not infrequently happened on such occasions, he eased his mind by writing a verse or two on the event. A warm friendship sprang up between them, and on Haydn's second visit, three years later, they spent several days together in close companionship. Burney was instrumental in procuring a number of subscribers to the first edition of the "Creation."

While at Chelsea College, he found leisure to write a life of Metastasio and to collect materials for a dictionary of music, never published. He also contributed the musical articles for an encyclopedia, for which he is said to have received £1000. He thought seriously of writing a biography of Dr. Johnson, but gave up the idea, of which others had already taken hold. He was favored by another administration in 1806, when Fox secured for him a pension of £300 a year. He suffered a paralytic stroke the following year, but recovered; and with his wonted energy set about preparing an autobiography. In 1810 he was elected a Foreign Member of the Institute of France. He was now well on towards ninety years of age; but his interest in music and the affairs of the world remained unabated. Johnson and the rest of his contemporaries were gone. He alone survived, keeper of the traditions of those memorable days. A vigorous correspondence now sprang up between Burney and Samuel Wesley on the subject of J. S. Bach. Burney knew and admired the English Bach, so called, and also C. P. E. Bach, both sons of the great Leipzig cantor; but the father he had failed to comprehend. Wesley sought to show him the error of his ways. It is significant of the man's breadth and openness of mind that even at this age he was ready to acknowledge his mistake; and it is pleasant to note that his conversion was quite complete. Wesley, in a paroxysm of delight, writes to a friend: "Dr. Burney is stark, staring mad to hear Sebastian's Sonatas."

Little has been said of Dr. Burney's creative musical gifts. Considering the busy life he led, his compositions bulk large enough, and a number of them attained a popular success. But judged by the usual standards of musical criticism his talent in this direction was slight. He claimed to have originated the idea of the pianoforte duet, and the claim is probably a just one. He published a set of "Four Sonatas or Duets for two performers on the Pianoforte or Harpsichord" and prefaced it with a dissertation on the subject. He also tried his hand at fugues for the organ, and following in the direction of the great Bach, wrote a series "alphabetically arranged in all the keys that are most perfectly in tune upon that instrument." The "History of Music" was a serious and admirable effort to treat a subject of which little had up to that time been written. It has been largely superseded by the results of modern research, but still bears eloquent testimony to the persevering energy and enthusiastic love of the subject which prompted it. In historical perspective it is very faulty; but the survey of contemporary musical activity in the various parts of

Europe, the result of the author's original and first-hand observations, is even yet of great value to students of musical history.

Burney died April 14th, 1814, at the ripe age of eighty-eight. He was buried at Chelsea College and a tablet was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. All England mourned the loss. Fanny, then Mme. D'Arblay, survived her father twenty-six years. Several other members of the family made their mark and have found places in the "Dictionary of National Biography." James entered the navy and sailed around the world with Captain Cooke. He was the friend of Lamb, Hazlitt and Southey, and died an admiral. Charles became an eminent Greek scholar. Susannah and Sarah both had literary gifts of no mean order. The oldest daughter, Hetty or Esther, was a skilled harpsichord player and appeared as a youthful prodigy at a public concert when she was nine years old. She was always to be counted upon for a "piece" at the Burney evenings at home, and was sure to receive the sincere applause of the famous musicians present.

If Dr. Burney's life story left room for doubt as to his unusual qualities, it would be dispelled by a glance at the splendid portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which they are clearly discerned. The bright eye and high forehead betoken the alert and ever active mentality, the firm but pleasing lines of the mouth and jaw evidence steadfastness of purpose, the posture shows the reposeful yet energetic worker, while over all there is the atmosphere of genial humor and broad culture that were his unfailing charm. The portrait tells the story of Burney's great personal magnetism better than words.

MUSICAL MEMORY IN PIANO PLAYING AND PIANO STUDY

By EDWIN HUGHES

EVER since the time when the feat of playing whole programs without the notes originated among the great virtuosi of the first half of the nineteenth century, musical memory has occupied an important place in piano playing and in all serious piano study. Today the frequenters of concert-halls have come to take it quite for granted that all public performers on the instrument shall play from memory, so much so in fact that to have seen Vladimir de Pachmann with the notes of the Chopin F minor Concerto in front of him on the music-rack, or the late Raoul Pugno tripping gaily out onto the platform with the music of the Italian Concerto in his hand, was to have experienced a slight shock to one's accustomed sense of the fitness of things. Entirely aside from any feeling among the artists themselves as to the advantages or disadvantages of playing from memory, their audiences have quite decided that they want their Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, and all the rest performed without reference to the printed page, so that it well behooves the young aspirant for public pianistic honors to question himself about the quality of his musical memory.

The possession of a reliable musical memory is valuable to all musicians, is important to some and is an absolute necessity to others. The composer who can retain his own musical ideas, wherever and whenever they may occur to him, without the use of his cuff or a scrap of paper, may well rejoice in his independence of material aids. The critic who is able when placed face to face with the first performance of a novelty to hold in his mind's ear the subject matter of importance as the work develops will be in a position to write an intelligent account of what he has heard.

The orchestral conductor has thus far been immune from any widely outspoken desire on the part of concert audiences to see him lead without the score, although there is no reason why he should not be expected to so do if he is expected to know his scores well at all. The task of learning a symphonic score well enough

to conduct it from memory does not compare in difficulty with that of memorizing a piano sonata and playing it in public. The conductor is never under the anxiety that the proper course of the symphony will be broken if his memory fail him for an instant. A lost inner voice can be picked up after a measure or two and the whole performance will be none the worse off. I have been told that even Toscanini, who has accomplished the feat of memorizing whole Wagner operas sufficiently well to be able to conduct performances of them, nods just a trifle at times. There are occasional moments when the men in the orchestral pit feel that he has lost the thread for a bar or two, but the men play on, and of course it is quickly found again. The fact is that no conductor can have absolute control of his men unless he can look them in the eye every minute of the time. This is impossible when a large part of the conductor's attention is occupied with the printed notes of the score, and it is encouraging to note that most of the big men among the present-day conductors realize this and conduct largely, some of them entirely, with the exception of accompaniments, without the score. A little pressure on the part of the public might aid this movement for a better knowledge on the part of orchestral leaders of the works which they attempt to interpret, for we want virtuoso performances of great orchestral works just as we want virtuoso performances of great piano compositions, and the first requisite for this is such a detailed knowledge of the work that a performance without reference to the score is a natural consequence. Those of us whose ears are a trifle above the average in sensitiveness do not want to hear the Symphonic Etudes played by an "all-'round" musician, and we also prefer to have the Brahms C minor Symphony conducted by one who is a virtuoso of his craft.

From the singer's point of view musical memory is absolutely necessary or merely important, as the case may be. The opera singer must of necessity possess a goodly amount of memory ability, and with the singer of songs the ability to appear on the platform without a bundle of music in his hands and to deliver his message to the audience without having to peer into the printed page at the end of each line of verse, in order to know what happens in the coming line, gives him a large advantage over his colleague who has to lean on a bit of sheet-music for support when appearing in public. How kind are concert audiences towards singers with their notes, when the self-same members of such audiences attending a theatrical performance would leave at the first opportunity if the actors came on the stage each with his little play-book in hand!

When the violinist and 'cellist appear before the public as soloists we like to hear them play from memory and there is a general compliance with this preference.

Of all these musical specialists (how specialized music-making has become since the days of Mozart and Beethoven!) the pianist it is whose task, from the standpoint of musical memory, is the most difficult. The singer in memorizing has merely the one melodic line on which he must focus his attention, the matter of the accompanying background taking a position of importance in this respect only in such cases as the later Wagner operas and some of the Wolf Lieder. For the violinist and 'cellist the problem is practically the same, except for occasional double-stops and chords. For the conductor absolute accuracy in the memorizing of every single voice of the orchestral texture is not unconditionally necessary.

The pianist has almost constantly to do with a many-voiced musical texture, and he must not only be able, as the orchestral conductor, to hear the various parts, but must be able at the same time to execute them himself. He is melodist and accompanist at once; he is soprano, alto, tenor and bass of the quartet of voices in a Bach fugue. In the mere matter of the number of notes to the measure, the pianist's task is ten-fold that of the singer. In addition to these differences in kind comes the fact of the enormous difference in quantity, due to the immense literature for the instrument, far exceeding in size that of any other branch of musical composition. And the pianist as reproductive artist must be eclectic in taste and versatile in execution. He must have delved into every nook and corner of the vast pianoforte literature, and it behooves him to carry around in his noddle a goodly portion of that literature at all times.

Although there are pianists with such natural gifts in memorizing that the process of learning to play without reference to the notes is accomplished with remarkable facility, still I am quite certain that in the case of most pianists who play in public this process is, aside from all musical problems concerned, the subject of a good deal of patient effort and careful study. Blind Toms and persons who can read a composition over once, away from the instrument, and then go to the piano and play it through without a mistake are rare birds in the musical world. Such deeds are interesting, just as are the lightning calculations of the gentleman at the variety-show who tells you without thinking twice about the matter, exactly what the result is of 796,431 times 28,172. But they are not of the slightest assistance to less gifted persons.

Now the fact that all pianists have taken upon themselves this additional burden of memorizing all the solo numbers which they play in public, thus developing a very decided taste among their audiences for just this sort of thing, must have back of it a reason other than the mere joy of the pianist at being able to show his hearers that he is capable of the "stunt" of playing so and so many pieces by heart. Absolute freedom of expression and the most direct psychological connection with the audience are prime necessities to effective piano playing, and these things would be immensely hindered by a bundle of notes upon the piano rack. They overbalance by far any consideration of the fact that some fine day the performer's memory may play him a scurvy trick at a most inopportune moment, something which happens now and then with even the most routined concert pianist. Occasionally a protest appears in print against the now time-honored custom of playing long programs and piano-concertos from memory, urging the point of view that such mental gymnastics are unnecessary to a highly effective performance. If playing with the music happened to be so common as to afford any means for comparison with the popular way of doing without the notes entirely, the results would be not long in confirming the very evident advantages of the general custom.

By far the best way of attaining an excellent musical memory is, of course, to be born with it, and those of us who ever expect to reach anything of pre-eminence in this respect must in fact bring a good deal of it with us when we are first placed upon the piano-stool. For others less gifted there is hope up to a certain point, provided the necessary amount of will-power is at hand.

Elaborate psychological discussions of memory are of as little practical use to the pianist seeking to improve his prowess in this direction as are the tales of the imbecile who could recite by heart a whole oration of Cicero in the original, or the farmer who could remember the state of the weather on every day for forty-two years. In distinguishing between susceptibility, retentiveness and readiness, however, the seeker for mnemonic improvement may better be able to discover just where his weak points lie.

In dealing with a pupil who is possessed naturally of an excellent musical memory it is worse than a waste of time to attempt any analysis of the processes of the faculty. Any discussion of this most wonderful function would only tend to invite anxiety that perhaps the magic perfection of its workings might after all fail at some important moment. Those readers then who have been well taken care of in this respect, may, if they have already reached this point in the discussion, well skip to the next article.

For those who have the courage to continue let us write the word CONCENTRATION in big letters. In memorizing music, as anything else, it is the principal, the one most necessary factor. If one possesses it in any sort of degree one must cherish it, exercise it regularly and use every effort of the will to improve it.

The susceptibility of the memory, its sensitiveness to the reception of new images, is directly proportionate to the intenseness of concentration and the degree of interest which one brings to the subject at hand.

Retentiveness in piano study depends largely on the strength of the impression made during the first attempts to master a new composition, also to a great extent on systematic repetition of the composition at longer or shorter intervals, after it has become a fixture in the repertoire.

Readiness means for the pianist the combination of a perfect mental image of the composition to be reproduced with a certain agility of thought in bringing the flow of musical ideas from their mental storehouse in proper order. Reflex action plays of course a large part in the process, as does the assurance given by an adequate technical equipment.

In all the processes of memorizing and of reproducing from memory one's physical condition is a most important consideration. A sleepless night or a nervous headache mean death to concentration, upon which susceptibility and readiness are alike dependent.

Nervousness in playing from memory in public is largely a result of the mental defect of lack of concentration, when it is not directly caused by a run-down physical condition. When the mental image of a composition and the ability to reproduce it falls to pieces like a house of cards the minute the attempt is made to play before an audience, large or small, it is a pretty good sign that the performer is not accustomed to a sufficiently Spartan discipline in concentration during his study hours. It is so easy, after the memorizing of a piano composition has progressed to a certain point, to leave nine-tenths of the work to the purely reflex action of finger memory. This is one of the worst hindrances to the acquisition of sureness in memory work. Every effort must be made to secure the clear and uninterrupted focus of *conscious* thought on the matter at hand during the practise periods.

At the first public airing of a piece learned entirely by finger memory, this slipshod method of study revenges itself at once upon the performer. The moment the pianist plays for other listeners than himself, conscious thought is brought to an uncomfortably sharp focus not felt at all when playing alone, and there come, more

likely than not, those awful moments of mental helplessness when everything seems a blank. A slight nervousness, induced by one thing or another, is sufficient to destroy the mental poise of which the player seems so sure when he is by himself. Reflex action can never take the place of conscious knowledge at such moments, which come at times to even the most practised concert pianist. The player can only regain his grip if he is able to say to himself with complete assurance, "I *know* that I know every note."

This brings us to the point of the various methods which may be employed in memorizing piano music. In the first place it is quite important to know that there is no one best way of memorizing, for the memory faculty is so different in different individuals that each must seek his own salvation in the matter along the lines of least resistance. The teacher who thinks that he has found the only way to memorize and then tries to apply it to all of his pupils indiscriminately will not achieve very much better results in this respect probably than the piano pedagogue who upon being asked by one of his class, "How do you memorize?" replied, "Oh! I memorize very easily."

Piano music may be memorized in three ways: by ear, by visual memory, either of the notes on the printed page or the notes on the keyboard, and by finger memory or reflex action. On one or both of the first two ways are dependent the very useful and important methods of learning the harmonic and formal structure of the composition to be memorized and of being able to *say* the notes, or at least to bring up a very distinct mental picture of them.

The bringing to the pupil's attention of these various methods, and the discovery or invention of ways and means of making them more rapid, accurate and dependable will enable the student to find out for himself that method of memorizing which is the easiest and surest for him.

I think that most persons who are especially gifted in memorizing and who are at the same time highly musical rely to a very great extent on pure ear memory, the ability to hear a composition in the mind's ear and to find the outward expression of it easily at the keyboard. I am quite sure that all *Wunderkinder* memorize in this manner. This, together with the gift of utter and complete confidence which such talents usually possess, would render any sort of analysis in memorizing perfectly superfluous for them, and it may be that, even after such gifted children are grown-up enough to have lost their unconsciousness, they adopt other methods of memorizing only as an extra precaution for absolute surety when playing in public.

For the average mnemonic ability, however, some sort of analysis is always necessary, although I am not at all of the opinion of many musicians who pretend to look down with scorn on memorizing "by ear." In fact I believe that memorizing by ear is, after all, not only the most natural way of memorizing, but also the most musical way, and that teachers should take every opportunity for developing this faculty in their pupils, even with those who possess only slight ability in this line. A course of ear-training is very necessary for such development, as well as for the general musical well-being of every piano student, and piano teachers as a class should interest themselves to a far greater extent in this matter than they do.

Visual memory of the notes of a composition on the keyboard is one of the commonest methods of memorizing. It is the readiest and quickest way of memorizing for most of those who are less gifted musically than the ear memorizers. One notes the position of the hands and fingers, the look of the chords as they are struck and the pattern which the various figures make upon the keyboard as they are played. Muscular feeling also plays quite a part in this manner of learning by memory, for which reason it is advantageous to practise with the eyes closed, or looking away from the instrument, seeking to gage accurately the positions and distances remembered in the mental vision of the keyboard.

I had always been in the habit of considering the method of memorizing by learning to visualize the notes on the printed page as one of comparatively little importance until recently a very well-known concert-pianist, one who has accomplished some prodigious feats of memory, informed me that he depended to a very great extent on this method. He assured me also that he would never be able to conduct an orchestral score from memory were it not for his almost complete reliance on this form of memorizing. I have also known a number of other persons who play the piano who have told me that visualizing the printed notes was their mainstay in memorizing. Persons who memorize most easily in this manner have a gift similar to those who learn a poem most readily by recalling the look of the printed words, in distinction to learning the sound of the words or the meaning of the lines, which of course they may, and very probably do do, in addition. In memorizing music after this fashion, the additional mental action is involved of transferring the visual image of the printed symbols from the page to the actual keys under the fingers, and it would seem therefore that this method would be more complicated than that of learning to visualize directly on the

keyboard in the first place. However, each individual must be a law unto himself in the matter.

In any case visual memorizing, in order to be completely trustworthy, must be carried to the extent that one can say off the notes of a composition away from the instrument, or at least go over them in his mind's eye with a great deal of certainty. As one of the greatest aids to this sort of memorizing must be mentioned the study of the printed page away from the piano. This is most important, whether one memorizes printed notes or keyboard patterns. Students who possess any aptitude at all for the mental hearing of printed music should be urged to give part of their daily study to such sort of practise, in order to improve this faculty, which is a most important aid in memorizing, as well as a necessity, from a general point of view, to every educated musician.

No really intelligent memorizing is possible without a knowledge of harmony and musical form, and, for the stricter polyphonic forms of composition, of counterpoint and fugue as well. For the reproductive artist, of course, this way of memorizing can never take the place of the other methods, but must be looked on as a valuable supplement to them, to make sureness more sure. The writing out of the chord progressions under the notes will prove of assistance to some.

Finger memory, the least reliable and most unscientific of all, is still something which the pianist cannot possibly dispense with. Fatal as it would be to rely on it entirely, one must always leave a good deal to reflex action in actual performance.

In fast passage playing for example, it is quite impossible to say over, even to think over, all the notes with perfect accuracy at the proper tempo. At any rate it is impossible for the average talent, although a few particularly sparkling intellects may be able to compass such a task. For such intellects of course this article was not written, as they are not in the slightest need of any discussion of the matter of musical memory. One may in rapid passage playing visualize the notes by groups, and if they happen to occur in scale or chord form, even approximately, the task will be so much the easier.

However, finger memory must always be bolstered up by one of the other methods of memorizing. There must always be the feeling of perfect assurance that, if finger memory go back on the performer for a moment, he can fall back on one of the other methods. The safest way is of course to have *all* the above mentioned methods to fall back on, to know the composition well by ear, hearing the piece unfold in advance of the fingers, to know

it by visual memory of the keys or the printed page, and also from a harmonic and formal standpoint.

When one is perfectly sure of knowing a piece thoroughly after several different methods of memorizing, one can leave the matter of its reproduction more and more to finger memory. Freedom in execution and a concentration of one's attention on the interpretation, so necessary to a beautiful and effective reading of a composition, are in fact only possible when one is able to leave the more mechanical details of reproduction to a very large extent to reflex action. The controlling conscious thought must of course be always present and alert in the background, but the constant thinking of chord and key changes, of figuration patterns and the other technical details of memorizing would mean a hampering of the player's fantasy and feeling, and a taking away of his attention from the finer details of interpretation.

In beginning the study of a new composition one must play it through once or twice to get its meaning as a whole, to become familiar with its character, its form and any striking peculiarities. At this point the work of memorizing should begin, and should be carried on simultaneously with the study of the phrasing, shading, fingering, pedalling and so forth, for these things must all be memorized as well as the mere notes. One may go about the memorizing in two ways, either slowly and analytically, proceeding bar by bar or phrase by phrase, or in the more haphazard fashion of merely practising the piece with a view to technical mastery, letting the memorizing come of itself without giving it any special study.

I mention both these ways because I know that both of them seem to work equally well with different individuals. Those who choose the latter method must, if their memorizing is to be successful, possess considerable faculty for learning by heart quickly. And in order to attain surety, they must set aside some time daily for practise away from the instrument, be it during the afternoon walk or a quiet hour with closed eyes in the arm-chair, and must be able to mentally go through the compositions studied with as little hesitation as when seated before the instrument. Every opportunity should in fact be taken for this mental practise, for the pianist who plays in public must live with his pieces constantly. He must *know* them, and not simply *remember* them. They must be a very part of him.

In proceeding by the analytical method, one takes a bar or two, perhaps a whole phrase, but in no case more than one can easily compass mentally, and learns it from the printed page, memorizing notes, fingering, pedalling, shading, phrasing and

everything else that musically goes with the passage at the same time and trying it over once on the keyboard after a mental image of it has been made. If the first trial is not a complete success, one reads over the passage once more until one can finally reproduce it perfectly, proceeding then to the next bar or two. Perhaps the next day the mental picture may have become a trifle hazy. If so, one must repeat the process. The reward of such painstaking study is the fact that pieces so learned have an undeniable tendency to stick by the player for a long period of time. They may be taken out of their corners again after months, sometimes years of disuse, and after a bit of brushing up they are as good as new.

An excellent plan in such sort of study is to throw the notes over the music-rack on the top of the instrument, so that one is compelled to get up every time in order to take a look at them. This cultivates a more intense sort of concentration, to obviate the trouble of having to jump up and down too often. Even a few lines learned in this thorough manner daily will amount up in the course of a month or two to quite a small-sized repertoire. In studying after this manner or in the one first discussed, one must have in mind the ways of memorizing mentioned earlier in the article; namely, by ear, by visual memory, by knowing the harmonic structure and by being able to say over the notes, so that these may be of mutual aid to each other. Finger memory does not need to come in for consideration, as it is perfectly able to take care of itself. No amount of thinking about finger memory will help it in the least, and it cannot possibly be neglected because it is in itself a perfectly automatic process.

When one is quite certain of a piece, one must be able to stop anywhere during the course of the composition and to begin again where one left off without the slightest hesitation. To test one's ability in the matter it is an excellent exercise to stop suddenly in the midst of a melodic phrase or a difficult passage, get up from the instrument, walk around the room once and then see if one can take up the thread of the composition again just where it was left off. Or, when studying away from the piano, it is good to try if one can begin at various points during the course of the piece and still keep the continuity of the composition clearly in mind.

When a composition has been completely memorized it is often well in practising to try it over as a test just once, no matter if it is perfectly done or not, leaving it then and coming back to it again later for another single repetition. In public performance remember that there is only *one time*; and therefore, before one airs a piece before an audience, one must be able to

get up at three o'clock in the morning, if necessary, and go through it without either fear or trembling for the result. It is good to try to imagine sometimes that there are other listeners in the room besides one's self when playing over memorized compositions. Leschetizky used to recommend calling in anybody for an audience, even the cook, as soon as a piece had been learned by heart. Trying it on the dog is in any case a very beneficial process for the performer, as it shows up any weak spots that may exist: or, if the trial be quite successful, gives him that confidence in himself which is so eminently necessary to successful public performance.

In order to keep a large repertoire in trim there must be a systematic arrangement of practise. Pieces most recently learned will require more frequent repetition, those which have been played for a longer time, less, particularly if they have been through successful appearances on the concert stage. Compositions learned early in one's pianistic career, especially those studied in the later 'teens and early twenties, seem to enjoy a particularly long lease of memory life—a hint as to the best years of one's life for accumulating a large repertoire.

There is a curious superstition among many people, even among persons musical enough to know better, that the possession of an exceptional gift of musical memory entitles a pianist to a place among the great in art. "Have you heard so-and-so? Wonderful! He can play anything you ask him for in the whole pianoforte literature." Who among us has not heard such an effusion at one time or another? It is as though there happened to be an actor whose mnemonic powers were so elastic that he could recite the whole of Aeschylus, Seneca, Molière, Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, Sheridan and Bernard Shaw by heart, and for this reason we placed him among the Thespian gods. One of the ablest vocal artists of the nineteenth century, Frau Schroeder-Devrient, had the greatest difficulty in learning a new rôle from memory, and many other such examples among gifted opera-singers could be cited.

I have known several pianists, excellent musicans in the general sense of the word, who were possessed of the most remarkable memories and perfectly adequate technic to boot, to whose playing it was most painful for any one with a pianistically educated ear to listen.

Memory is one of the technical requisites of the pianist, but in itself it has as little to do with art as have fleet fingers and supple wrists. Let us recognize its importance, but let us not rate it too high nor those who happen to possess it in especial abundance.

After all, when it comes to the matter of repertoire and absolute certainty in reproduction, we must all of us make place for our greatest rival in all such technical matters, the pianola.

Musical memory is usually no longer a very reliable factor after a pianist has reached fifty years or thereabouts, although there are exceptions of course. Rubinstein abandoned the concert stage mainly on account of the fact that he could no longer depend on his memory in public performance, and many other well-known virtuosi have followed his example, leaving the concert platform when they were otherwise at the very height of their artistic powers.

The most routined players are not absolutely immune from occasional lapses of memory, even the younger ones. I remember once hearing a very well-known pianist play himself into a maze in the midst of such a lucid composition as the Beethoven G major Rondo. Another concert I remember where the player wandered off into a false key during the Schumann Fantasie. Fortunately he was musician enough to be able to extricate himself very cleverly from the situation. On still another occasion a pianist whom I had always given the credit of possessing a remarkably clear mental grip was playing the Haendel-Brahms Variations. After he had done about two pages of the Fugue-Finale he completely lost himself, but saved the day by calmly beginning the Fugue all over again and going through it this time without the slightest hesitation. A pianist who enjoys in certain countries quite a reputation as a Beethoven player once became so tangled up during the slow movement of that composer's G major Concerto that both he and the conductor of the orchestra had a most painful few minutes straightening matters out. These are all examples from the pianistic elect, men whose names are known wherever the art of piano playing is appreciated, and it is really only a wonder that such lapses are not more frequent. The study and memorizing of a great part of the pianoforte literature makes such extraordinary requirements on mental capacity that the training for the mind which it gives can hardly be overestimated, its value in this respect being fully equal, if not superior, to the study of the dead languages.

THE RENAISSANCE ATTITUDE TOWARDS MUSIC

By HUGO LEICHTENTRITT

THE Renaissance period in Italy, so fertile for the growth and ripening of arts and literature in general, has also its particular significance in the history of music. Whereas, however, the study of this fascinating epoch has attained to definite, detailed results in the domains of literature, architecture, painting and sculpture, the Renaissance attitude towards music is still a problem. This problem seems to become more intricate, the more profoundly we enter into the knowledge of its details, which are being accumulated by modern historical research. The purpose of this study is to present the different sides of this problem, to show which parts of it have been answered with certainty or at least probability, to present a critical estimate of the different modern theories which at present tend to give an entirely new aspect to this part of the history of music.

It is necessary at the outset to define what is meant by the Renaissance epoch; all the more so, since older historians have treated this question with considerable vagueness. Ambros, without doubt the most authoritative writer of the last generation, whose history of music, as far as it goes, is still unsurpassed, held the opinion that the Renaissance spirit in music became effective generations too late, long after the other arts had gone through the Renaissance development. This curious opinion of Ambros is founded on the belief of his generation that Italian music up to 1500 meant no more than an infantile stammering, that the 16th century in Italy was most profoundly influenced by the traditions of the Dutch school, and that really original Italian music did not exist before the second half of the 16th century. The acme of this national uprising in music, according to this older view, was reached in the so-called reform of Italian music towards 1600, by the introduction of dramatic music, opera, of monody, thorough bass accompaniment, instrumental solo music, etc. By 1600, however, all the other arts were past their youthful vigor and freshness, the Renaissance spirit had already been superseded by the destructive tendencies of the baroque style, and amidst this general decline music alone maintained the ideals of the Renaissance spirit.

This theory of Ambros can no longer be maintained. None of its assumptions can hold its ground in the light of modern research. We know at present that in the 15th and even the 14th century Italy possessed a national, original and valuable musical literature of its own, that the influence of Dutch style on Italian music has been largely overrated, that the reform of 1600 loses its startling aspect and a good deal of its historical importance by recent discoveries, that even the rise of the dramatic style is not due as much to the pure Renaissance ideal as to its continuation, the baroque.

In this way, the natural development is restored and the curious, erroneous opinion of Ambros is done away with, that music limped a hundred years after all the other arts in its application of ideas, modern at that time. It is certain at present that also music was imbued with the Renaissance spirit from the start, like all the other arts, that the Renaissance ideal was one and the same in the entire artistic and spiritual life of the Italian nation.

In recent years the entire estimate of the Italian Renaissance epoch has undergone some changes. No doubt there has been an overrating of Renaissance art, and correspondingly an underrating of the preceding and following periods, the end of Gothic art and the rise of baroque. This judgment is due in considerable measure to J. Burckhardt's famous books "Culture of the Renaissance in Italy," and "Cicerone," which for two generations have been most influential. Burckhardt's wonderful appreciation of Renaissance art will always retain its value, even if his exaggeration and his lack of justice to the art of the 17th century cannot fail to appear clearly at present.

The modern science of Art has changed the limits of the different styles considerably. Each new, rising style is necessitated by a new mode of life, a new aspect of the world, new ideas. The Gothic style is the most perfect expression of mediaeval thought, in its grandeur of typical sentiment rather than individualism, its subordination of the individual to the community in state, religion, art, its unsurpassably lofty expression of religious feeling, the feeling of a congregation, nay even of the whole mass of the people. The baroque style marks the beginning of modern tendencies in art and leads straight down to our own times. Between the mediaeval Gothic and the modern baroque extends the Renaissance style as a connecting link between old and new, continuing and bringing to solution some of the mediaeval problems, but also foreshadowing a number of modern tendencies.

Applied to music, the historical facts, according to this modern view, would have to be grouped somewhat as follows:

Mediaeval music, corresponding to Romanic and Gothic art, comprises Gregorian chant (which was practically brought to an end towards the 12th century), the troubadours' songs, the beginning of polyphonic music in France and England (the different kinds of organum, discantus, faux-bourdon, conductus, the old French motet).

Towards 1300, the so-called "ars nova" in Italy marks the beginning of the Renaissance period. This period has its name from the revival of classical studies; but this "new birth" of antique literature and art is only one characteristic trait of the whole epoch, and perhaps not even the most significant one. The importance of the individual, the personality of the artist, becomes the most salient characteristic of this new Renaissance spirit. Mediaeval art, music, architecture, poetry, painting, lack this charm of individuality; in most cases not even the name of the artist is known.

The rise of Italian literature in the 13th and 14th centuries (St. Francis of Assisi, Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio) marks the end of mediaeval and the beginning of Renaissance art. Closely connected with this first unfolding of poetry is the astonishing development of Italian music after 1300. Thanks to the studies of Johannes Wolff, Hugo Riemann, Friedrich Ludwig and others, this Florentine "ars nova" is now for the first time presented to us, and though there remains still some doubt as to the proper interpretation of this early Florentine art, one is justified in saying that its discovery is one of the most important results of modern historical research.

One of the most beautiful paintings of the famous "campo santo" in Pisa is Orcagna's (died 1368) "Triumph of Death." In one corner a group of the blessed in paradise is represented, a little gathering of ladies and gentlemen; evidently a portrayal of the social entertainments of nobility at that time. Some are engaged in conversation, others are seated with pet-dogs and falcons in their arms; they listen to the music: a young man, playing the viola, accompanied by a lady playing the psalterium, a sort of guitar, similar to the sounding board of the gypsy cymbal or of our piano, What kind of music might they have been listening to? No doubt to some of the Florentine madrigals of the 14th century, to some composition of the "ars nova," the modern, fashionable art of that epoch. Glancing over Dante Gabriel Rossetti's wonderful English translation of Dante's "Vita nuova" and the early Italian poets, we find the kind of poetry set to music by the composers of that time.

Boccaccio in a beautiful sonnet speaks of Fiammetta singing:

> And then I heard a song as glad as love,
> So sweet, that never yet the like thereof
> Was heard in any mortal company.
> A nymph, a goddess, or an angel sings
> Unto herself, within this chosen place
> Of ancient loves; so said I at that sound.
> And there my lady, 'mid the shadowings
> Of myrrh trees, 'mid flowers and grassy space,
> Singing I saw, with others who sat round."

These lines might be put as a motto under Orcagna's painting. The song of course is accompanied by instruments, in this case by viola and psalterium, which play preludes and interludes and adorn the melody with flourishes.

Dante in "La vita nuova" tells of his vision of a youth advising him what to do in order to attract the attention of his beloved Beatrice: "And so write these things, that they shall seem rather to be spoken by a third person . . . . but have them fitted with a pleasant music, into the which I will pass whensoever it needeth."

Folgore da San Geminiano in his twelve sonnets, "Of the months," mentions music among the pleasures of April:

> Provençal songs and dances that surpass;
> And quaint French mummings; and through hollow brass
> A sound of German music on the air.

Whoever has passed attentively through the cathedrals and galleries of Italy and the old world in general will have noticed thousands of pictures of the time from about 1300 to 1600 which contain musical representations of many kinds and give evidence of the musical culture of the Renaissance. Only within the last few years has the testimony of these pictures been utilized for the increase of our historical knowledge. One of the most remarkable results of this study has been the establishment of the fact that instruments were used much more extensively than had been supposed formerly. The older text-books of musical history consider the rise of instrumental music one of the great results of the reform of 1600. According to our present knowledge instrumental music merely passed into a new phase of its development after 1600, after having been practised most extensively for centuries. Hardly less important was the part instrumental music played in the accompaniment of one or several voices. Until a few years ago the entire literature of the 15th and 16th

centuries was supposed to have been written for several voices *a cappella*, i. e. without any accompaniment. Nowadays evidence tends to prove that *a cappella* music was limited only to a small part of the literature, and that a great number of the pieces which were considered *a cappella* formerly, were, more or less, written for a combination of voices and instruments, combinations of the kinds we see in old pictures. Flute and lute, lute and viola, harp and viola, flute and harp, two lutes and viola, flute, harp, little hand organ (portative), clavichord, with other instruments, are some of the most frequent combinations; but beside these duos and trios, quartettes, quintettes and even little orchestras are by no means unusual. As early as in the 14th century combinations like the following are found:

Organ
Flute Flute
Lute Lute
Viola Psalterium
Organ Flute

Similar to the arrangement in this picture of an unknown painter (Coronation of the Virgin, Venice, Academy), is a painting by Jacopo Avanzi (14th century) in the Pinacoteca of Bologna, which shows two groups of angels playing the following instruments:

Right side: } two trumpets, two lutes, psalterium, viola, double flute
Left side: }

One of the most beautiful musical representations is given by Hans Memlinck in his marvellous altar picture (about 1480) in the museum at Antwerp:

LEFT SIDE	RIGHT SIDE
Three singers, chalumeau, trombone, lute, monochord, little organ, psalterium.	Three singers, viola, harp, little organ, trombone, long trumpet.

The discovery and close examination of 14th century music has brought to light many new and interesting facts. Johannes Wolff, professor at the University of Berlin, has contributed perhaps most to our present knowledge of this Italian literature by his fundamental studies on the notation of the "ars antiqua" and "ars nova," which laid open all the hitherto undeciphered intricacies of the so-called "mensural notation." All the libraries of Europe were searched for manuscripts of these early centuries, and at present a number of experts are occupied

in translating this music into our notation. This problem being solved satisfactorily, a number of new problems make their appearance. The interpretation of the early Renaissance music gives rise to different views. Hugo Riemann, the well-known Leipsic professor, and Arnold Schering of the Leipsic University are the main authorities on this subject. Riemann was struck by the fact that most of these early Italian compositions contained extended passage work, fiorituras of exaggerated length, hardly possible for singing. Utilizing his knowledge of the early Italian poetic literature and fine arts, Riemann finally came to an interpretation which has great probability in its favour. He distributes the music between a solo voice and accompanying (mainly stringed) instruments. The solo voice sings the plain melodic parts, with little or no ornamental passage work, which is reserved for the instruments in preludes, interludes, postludes.

Schering likewise is convinced of extended instrumental collaboration in this style. He even claims that this early Italian music is mainly instrumental, and that most of these pieces are written for organ, the organ being the most important instrument of those times. This does not exclude the fact that voices frequently took part, singing the melody, the cantus firmus, in its plain form, while the organ accompanied in its ornamental style, embellishing the melody by all sorts of "diminutions," trills, figurations.

This view also has a good deal of probability. It will be the next problem of historical science to decide which of these two interpretations comes nearest the truth, or whether there is still a third way out of the difficulty. I myself am inclined to take a middle point of view, considering both interpretations as satisfactory, without however accepting either one exclusively: the early Italian music seems to me of manifold character, partly vocal, partly instrumental, often intended for the organ, but just as frequently for various other instruments or combinations of instruments.

It is necessary at this point to explain more in detail the character of "ars nova." This term occurs for the first time on the title-page of a musical treatise by *Philippe de Vitry* (died 1362 as bishop of Meaux). Formerly de Vitry was credited with a number of important inventions in notation, theory and composition. Modern research has divested him of most of his glory; his principal merit seems to have consisted in his introduction of modern Italian practice and theory into France. This "new art" of music stands in close connection with the rise of Italian language and

literature in the 12th and 13th centuries, in Sicily at the court of Emperor Frederick II, in Florence and Bologna. Quittone d'Arezzo, Guido Guinicelli, Jacopone da Todi, are the forerunners in the 13th century, and the next generation produced poets of the first rank like Dante, Petrarca, Boccaccio. Music had its share of this splendid development. The earliest madrigal composer was *Pietro Casella,* whose name has been immortalized by Dante in the "Purgatorio," though of his compositions nothing has come to light so far. During the first half of the 14th century lived *Johannes de Florentia* (Giovanni da Cascia), organist of the Florence cathedral, later in Verona, the first classical representative of the early Florentine madrigal style. Other masters of fame are *Jacopo de Bologna, Laurentius de Florentia, Ghirardellus de Florentia, Gratiosus de Padua,* the blind organist of Florence *Francesco Landino.*

Principally three forms were cultivated by this school: the madrigal, caccia, ballata. French Provençal influence is visible in the ballata, the dance song which has more or less similarity to the songs of the Provençal troubadours. The early madrigal, the pastourelle (not to be confounded with the madrigal of the 16th century, altogether different in character) also shows some slight traces of Provençal origan. The "caccia" seems to have been entirely original, purely Italian. It represents a hunting scene and regularly makes use of the canon, one voice chasing the other. All of these forms, however, whatever their origin may have been, were treated in a manner independent of foreign models; they are the first flowers in the garden of Italian music, imbued with peculiarly Italian beauty, characterized by that vivid movability, that alertness, grace and balance of form which have always distinguished Italian art.

The fifteenth century brought the rise of music in the Netherlands. The merit of the first Dutch school seems to have been that its masters developed the sense of harmony in the modern meaning, of euphony in the combination of several parts. Another important discovery of this age was the principle of "imitation." A melodic phrase is taken up successively by two or several voices, either exactly alike, in strict imitation, or approximately, free imitation. By this procedure the several parts of a composition gain a more logical coherence, a theme of conversation, in which all voices partake more or less. Vocal music especially gains an advantage in this new technique, inasmuch as the same words are retained for the imitating phrases in different voices, and thus the architectural structure of the whole composition gets more

clearness and compactness. The imitative style is distinguished from the older canon by its use of short phrases, whereas canon brings long stretches of melody which are taken up by the voices in succession. Both imitation and canon were developed in an astonishing degree by the masters of the Dutch school, Okeghem, Josquin, etc. This new Dutch style conquered the world. All countries of Europe were influenced profoundly by this new art, all the important positions in foreign countries also were in the hands of Netherlandish masters, who thus became the teachers of the world. The consequence was that towards 1500 music began to look so alike everywhere in Europe, that the distinct national traits of Italy, as well as of France, Spain, England, Germany were covered more or less by the uniform modern Dutch style.

As regards Italy, it is most interesting to observe the struggle between the innate Italian genius and the Dutch invasion. Till about 1530 it seemed as if Dutch music was to be victorious along the whole line. But from about that time the Italian musical sense begins to colour and to transform more and more the Dutch forms, until they are changed so thoroughly that they appear as something new, essentially different from the Dutch models. This is seen best in the efforts of the Venetian and also the Roman school.

Venice became an important centre of musical culture about 1530, when the famous Netherlandish master *Adrian Willaert* was appointed commander-in-chief of the musical forces in the venerable chapel of St. Mark. The spirit of Venice seems to have imbued this Dutch master. The wonderful sense of colour which we admire in the paintings of Bellini, Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, had its reflection in music. The school of Willaert is unrivalled in its art of producing effects of gorgeous colour by human voices. A principal means towards this end was the use of double choruses. St. Mark's Cathedral contains two chapels situated opposite each other. Willaert made effective use of this architectural peculiarity; he placed a chorus in each chapel, made these two choruses sing in dialogue, or both together at the climaxes of the composition. He and his followers developed this idea of double chorus to its ultimate possibilities. In the works of Claudio Merulo, Andrea and Giovanni Gabrieli, we admire the results of this technique. Eight voices are divided into two equal choruses of four voices each, or a chorus of low voices is opposed to one of high voices; three, four, even five choruses are placed against each other in a similar way; not *voice* is led against *voice*, as in Dutch composition, but *chorus* against *chorus*.

The difference between this style and the former polyphonic way of writing is like that between Raphael and Titian: in one case the purity of line, the beauty of delicate contour, in the other a broad brush of paint, drawing in opposition to painting. The delicate beauty of individual voice-leading, of drawing, which distinguishes the Palestrina style is given up in favour of the picturesque manner, the blending of gorgeous tone colours.

Religious music in Italy was brought to its most sublime heights by *Palestrina* and the Roman school. It is interesting to observe the influence of Italian spirit in Palestrina's music, which, though entirely Dutch in technique, is thoroughly Italian in sentiment. The sense of beauty of sound, fine balance of all parts, just proportions, is a characteristic Italian trait. In these particulars Palestrina surpasses his Dutch teachers, and he adds as the most precious element of his personality a loftiness of emotion, a purity and seraphic sweetness of temper, a craving for angelic beauty, which make his works incomparable specimens of church music, a music which has the power to elevate the soul above earthly things. There is nothing however of revolutionary tendencies in this essentially conservative art, none of those traits which gave Venetian music so interesting an aspect after 1550, not to mention at all the new aspect given to music by *basso continuo*, by monodic and dramatic style towards 1600.

One may say that the older Dutch schools, Dufay, Okeghem, Josquin de Près, Brumel, Obrecht and many others represented in music the northern, Gothic style at a time when in Italy the Renaissance spirit had already been awakened also in music. This Dutch, Gothic art, when it was imported into Italy about 1500, underwent so considerable a change that it appears as something altogether new, though founded on the technical principles of Dutch art. It shows the characteristics of Renaissance art in its clearness, purity of line, perfect proportions, its sense of cultured forms, and even foreshadows the tendencies of baroque art. This is seen occasionally in Palestrina's works and still more distinctly in those of the Roman school from about 1600 and later. The example given by Venice—double and triple chorus—was taken up by Rome, but developed in the direction of mass effect, four and even five choruses singing together, later on solo voices with several orchestras added, a display of masses which culminated in *Orazio Berevoli's* Festival mass for the inauguration of the new cathedral in Salzburg (1628). In this gigantic score, the biggest in existence, Renaissance ideals are already entirely abandoned in favour of the new, pompous and "grand" baroque

style. The colouristic instincts shown in the Venetian mixing of high and low voices in double chorus became manifest more and more distinctly. Another most effective means towards this end was the refined use of new harmonies. The sober dignity of the ancient diatonic church scales, the Doric, Lydian, Phrygian scales, etc., did not offer sufficient opportunities to these passionate lovers of colour. Chromatic harmony—which is wrongly claimed as a modern, 19th century invention—was discovered about 1550 and within fifty to seventy-five years reached a climax which was not equalled until almost 1900. Here, as often in the development of music, we find the curious fact that a reputedly modern means of expression was already in use centuries ago, was however neglected and forgotten later on and had to be discovered a second time, centuries afterwards.

About the middle of the 16th century a new form of vocal music sprang up in Italy, the *madrigal.* This new madrigal style is not to be confounded with the madrigal of the 13th and 14th century already mentioned. The new madrigal applied the polyphonic technique of the Dutch style to secular music, but remodelled it in a peculiarly characteristic Italian fashion. The madrigal, the French and Netherlandish chanson, the German Lied, the motet and mass, all followed the same technical principle of composition: the text of the composition was divided into sections and each section of the text had its own musical motive worked out polyphonically through all the voices. The main difference between the chanson and Lied on the one hand and the madrigal on the other lies in the fact that the madrigal music is an entirely free invention of the composer, whereas chanson and Lied are almost always founded on some cantus firmus, a folksong melody. The Italian madrigal is not at all popular in character; it appeals only to connoisseurs, to the refined company of artists and highly cultivated amateurs. The rise of Italian poetic literature in the 15th and 16th centuries furnished an ample supply of poems fit for music. The sonetti and canzoni of Petrarca were prime favourites among composers, but also Tasso, Ariosto, the pastoral poets Sannazzaro, Guarini and hosts of minor authors came in for their share. This poetry demanded means of musical expression quite different from those used in the simpler and less artificial (as regards the words) Dutch and German part-songs. Chromatic harmony was discovered as a most effective means to give shadings of expression hitherto unattainable.

Three madrigal composers are to be mentioned above others as masters of the chromatic style: *Luca Marenzio, Gesualdo*

principe di Venosa and *Claudio Monteverdi,* three composers of the first rank, who have produced works of immortal beauty. Alas, they are little known at present and will be generally recognized only when our singers and conductors of choruses will be better prepared to grapple with the considerable difficulties piled up in these works. Italian madrigal literature, even at its average, leaving out of consideration these extraordinary masters, shows a standard of musical culture in higher society hardly reached nowadays. All these difficult and complicated madrigals were sung in the palaces and houses of aristocratic society and of the better class of citizens. Ten thousands of madrigals have come down to our day, and this mass of literature shows that considerable demand existed for high-class music. In fact, every gentleman and every lady was expected to be able to do justice to his part when a madrigal was sung at sight as an entertainment for the company.

Baldassare Castiglione in his famous book "Il cortegiano" (Venice, 1528) gives us a clear notion of the important place accorded to music in the higher Italian society of his time. Music, singing as well as playing, was an indispensable feature of education.

This high general standard of musicianship in turn influenced the production, and was itself influenced by the leading composers. Musicians like Marenzio, Gesualdo, Monteverdi were encouraged to search for more and more refined ways of expression, and thus they finally arrived at their harmonic innovations, which prove a surprise even to modern ears.

Luca Marenzio, "il cigno il più dolce" as he was called—a compliment paid to him with the words of Arcadelt's celebrated madrigal "Il dolce e bianco cigno cantando more"—has left about six hundred madrigals, of which hardly twenty are accessible in modern score. The assertion is not exaggerated that nobody ever equalled Marenzio in the delicate beauty, the noble quality of sound he knew how to obtain from a few voices; his madrigals will indeed remain "a joy forever" for the happy few who know how to appreciate this wonderful art of voice treatment. Chromatic harmony he uses very daringly with an astonishing effect. In a five-part madrigal (published 1599) to words of Pretarca's "Solo e pensoso"[1] Wagner's famous "Erda" harmonies in "Rheingold" and "Siegfried" are anticipated by 250 years. The resemblance is striking in the long stretch of chromatic harmonies at the beginning, rising half step by half step until the climax is reached with wonderful effect, and then gradually descending.

[1] Published entire in Torchi's "L'arte musicale in Italia," in part in Ambros-Leichtentritt's "History of Music," IV, 113.

Gesualdo, prince of Venosa has published a collection of madrigals which belongs among the greatest treasures of musical libraries, being one of the first, if not the first full score ever printed, whereas only separate parts were usually printed up to his time. These six books of madrigals are among the greatest curiosities of musical literature. Their harmony is so unusual, even eccentric, that it could not be appreciated before the 20th century, because it surpassed in strangeness anything that had been produced up to our own age. Only at present, in the age of Richard Strauss, Debussy, Scriabine, Busoni, can one see that this great impressionist Gesualdo is akin to these modern masters, their brother. He is three centuries ahead of his time in his novel and extremely daring use of tonality or rather lack of tonality, his bewildering manner of modulation, his fine sense of colour in harmony—somewhat like Leonardo da Vinci, who in his sketches anticipated a good many modern ideas in engineering, mechanics, navigation, etc.

The great *Claudio Monteverdi* is the third member of this brotherhood of geniuses. His merits are still more considerable since he was master of several styles. He is generally appreciated only as dramatic composer. But his scarcely known madrigals are perhaps the most perfect productions of his genius. Lately two volumes of the Peters edition (published by the writer of these lines and Arnold Mendelssohn) have been brought out which give a fair idea of Monteverdi's powers as a madrigalist. These twenty-four selected madrigals belong to the most beautiful and fascinating vocal music in existence. They are full of daring harmonic innovations, surprising even for our time, powerful, striking modulations, sudden transitions into distant keys, strange and fascinating chains of parallel fifths, foreshadowing Debussy, original cadences and most wonderful treatment of voices.

One of the most salient traits of Renaissance life was the joy in masquerades, ballets and theatrical performances. Long before the first opera was ever thought of, music played a considerable part in these festive entertainments. The first faint trace of opera is visible in the tragedy "Orfeo" by *Angelo Poliziano*, the great scholar and poet at the court of Lorenzo di Medici in Florence. For Cardinal Francesco Gonzaga of Mantua he wrote in 1471 his "Orfeo," which is important as being the earliest specimen of Renaissance drama modelled after the classical Greek dramas; instead of the biblical subjects treated in the earlier "sacre rappresentazioni" since the Middle Ages, a subject from Greek mythology was here used for the first time. The preference for these mythological subjects became characteristic of Renaissance

drama, and was indeed preserved far beyond the Renaissance epoch, until the latter part of the 18th century. Music was used to a certain extent in Poliziano's "Orfeo." Performances of this sort at the princely courts became gradually more frequent. Italian literature is full of descriptions relating in detail the splendour of these festivals. The music, being only a supplementary part, has in most cases not been preserved, but numerous text-books are at our disposal which show clearly the part attributed to music here—the libraries of Venice for instance possess more than fifty text-books relating to festivities in Venice from 1571 to 1605.

One kind of these entertainments has become of special importance for music, namely the so-called "*intermezzi.*" They were dramatic scenes inserted between the acts of a drama, a sort of entr'acte music and dramatic performance which had nothing in common with the drama proper. The intermezzi in fact soon became the prime favourites of the Italian public, on account of their splendid stage-setting, their entertaining contents, their ballets and music. They were often the chief attraction, much more so than the drama. Italian authors abound in praise and admiring descriptions of these intermezzi. Baldassare Castiglione has written a famous letter describing the performance of Bibbiena's "Calandra" in Urbino, 1510. He dwells on the art and luxury of scenic decoration, gives a detailed description of the intermezzi which treated of the myth of Jason, Neptune, Juno, Venus. Filippo Baldinucci, an author of the 17th century, has written a book entitled "Notizie dei professori del disegno da Cimabue in qua," which contains critical estimates of Italian Renaissance artists. An entire chapter is dedicated to the Florentine architect Bernardo Buontalenti, who built the Teatro Medici, and here is inserted a most detailed description of the theatre itself and the festival performances of 1569, when "L'amico fido," and intermezzi with music by Alessandro Striggio were given. Striggio is known in the history of music as a madrigal writer of unusual brilliancy. His masterpiece is the madrigal comedy "Il cicalamento delle donne al bucato" (1567) of which more will have to be said further on. What Baldinucci relates about the theatre and the music is of greatest interest.[1] One is reminded of Richard Wagner's "Ring der Nibelungen," as regards wealth of imagination, splendour of scenic effects, complicated stage machinery. The caves of the lower world are represented in one scene, in the others a roaring

[1] To quote the entire chapter here would take too much space. A full German translation is given in Vol. IV of H. Leichtentritt's new edition of Ambros's History of Music, pages 245-251.

thunderstorm, green woods and meadows, the singing of birds, Thetis with her companions and tritons rising out of the sea, Juno on her chariot drawn by peacocks, with a rainbow of splendid colours as a frame around the whole stage-picture. Nearly thirty years before the first opera, a model of mise-en-scène was given here which had its effect up to the eighteenth century. Here we find the curious "macchina," the great machine which effects the opening of the clouds, the descent of gods or semigods from the sky: "il ciel aperto"—the open sky—became an indispensable requisite of opera for a hundred and fifty years and longer.

Beside the intermezzi the predecessors of opera are of various kinds: incidental music to tragedies and comedies, generally choruses, the masquerades, ballets, pantomimes, the favola pastorale, madrigal comedy.

For masquerades there was ample opportunity during the carnival, which in Italy was of no little importance in public and private life. Music had to give its share also. *Heinrich Isaak*, one of the earliest masters who brought the Dutch style to Italy, wrote a collection of "canti carnascialeschi" (carnival songs) before 1500! In the works of Orlando di Lasso we find a number of part-songs composed expressly for these "mascherate." Their text generally has reference to the disguise of the singers. "Zingari siamo" (We are gypsies) or "Ninfe siamo" (We are nymphs) they sang while marching disguised as gypsies or nymphs. Madrigals, villanelles, moresche, dialogues, echo pieces, partly sung, partly played, were the usual forms of music employed for these entertainments. The madrigal has been mentioned; the "villanella" was a sort of rustic song, more popular and simpler than the madrigal; the "moresca" was originally a Moorish dance, a relic of the Saracen period in Sicily. Both villanella and moresca were often employed as a sort of mimic solo scene, music combined with dance, singing, acting. "Dialogo" was a class of madrigal which by its treatment in dialogue form became a predecessor of oratorio and cantata, in a certain sense also of dramatic music. The echo-effect was in great favour in all kinds of music, up to the time of Bach.

Giorgio Vasari in his great work on the lives of artists has written a most interesting chapter on "Piero di Cosimo and the Florentine masquerades," which gives an extremely vivid picture of these carnival festivities.[1] "The chariot of Death was represented by this masquerade, which passed through the streets of Florence at night: a big black chariot pulled by buffaloes, painted

[1] German translation in Ambros-Leichtentritt's History of Music, IV, p. 262-264.

with skeletons and white crosses; on it mighty "Death" was sitting with a scythe in his hand, round about him many tombs, out of which skeletons arose covered with black cloth; glaring torchlight and lugubrious music of muted trumpets had their share in the effect. Sitting on their tombstones these skeletons sang a melancholy canzona: "Dolor, pianto e penitenze." A large suite of knights with black flags, riding on horseback around the chariot, sang with trembling voices the "Miserere."

Another step towards opera was the so-called "*favola pastorale.*" The earliest master of this "pastoral fable" was *Alfonso della Viola* of Ferrara, who lived about the middle of the 16th century. In Alfonso's music to Agostino Beccari's "Sacrificio" (1554), which is partly preserved, we find distinct traces of monody, recitative, chorus. The new element in this pastoral play consisted in the setting to music of one or more prominent scenes in their entirety, whereas generally music in plays was confined to some chorus or dance here and there.

Torchi in the third volume of his "L'arte musicale in Italia" has published a complete score of a favola pastorale: "I fidi amanti," text by Ascanio Ordei, music by Gasparo Torelli (1600) which gives a fair specimen of this style.

Much more interesting and valuable from a musical point of view, however, is the *madrigal comedy* which was in vogue from about 1565 till 1610. An attempt is here made to write music to entire dramatic scenes, and the means employed is the polyphonic madrigal style. Each person is represented not by a solo voice but by several voices, a whole chorus. Dialogue of course is largely employed. Like our oratorio this madrigal comedy is not intended for acting on a stage, but rather for concert performance. *Alessandro Striggio, Giovanni Croce, Orazio Vecchi* and *Adriano Banchieri* are the chief masters of this witty and burlesque genre. *Striggio's* masterpiece is: "Il cicalamento delle donne al bucato" (The chattering of women at the washtub) an extended composition full of good humour and perfect musicianship. The poet is listening to the conversation of women working at their washtubs. They are telling of their lovers; in another scene a bird of prey is carrying off a chicken, to the great excitement of the women, who try to frighten the bird by screaming *ai, ai,* while the poor chicken's piteous "più, più" is heard all the time. Several groups in animated discussion at the same time, a dramatic ensemble, two different conversations together. Another scene depicts a quarrel between the women; in a very realistic way two opposing groups are formed, very much as at the beginning of "Carmen," de-

fending their friend against opponents; passionate scolding; finally the two fighting women are separated from each other, shouts of the spectators, laughing, calling, at last one hears: "Give peace and let us sing a song"; a popular melody is here with great art woven into the complicated texture of the music. The quarrel ceases as quickly as it had begun, the opponents are reconciled, they all go home bidding each other good-bye in amiable words.

One more composition of this kind may be mentioned here, because it is one of the most curious works in existence and a masterpiece of humourous and burlesque music: *Orazio Vecchi's* "Amfiparnaso," published in 1579. Edw. J. Dent of Cambridge (England) has lately written a remarkable study which clears up this hitherto problematic composition.[1] According to Dent, Vecchi here set to music the popular "comedy of masks," as it was familiar to the Italian public of his time, in a variation due to the Bolognese poet Guilio Cesare Croce. To the familiar characters of Pantalone, the Venetian merchant, the Bolognese Doctor Graziano, Arlechino and Brighella, the two Bergamask buffoons (here they are named differently), Croce adds the courtesan Hortensia, a Spanish captain, a chorus of Jewish pawnbrokers and two pairs of lovers. To this funny comedy in three acts Vecchi wrote fourteen five-part madrigals without accompaniment. The music is partly serious and of great beauty, partly of a genial burlesque humour, which in its special kind has never been surpassed. The doctor's madrigal in the third act, a parody of Cipriano de Rore's "Ancor che partire," reminds one strongly of Beckmesser's effusions, in its nonsensical parodying of the original text. The piece following had to wait for its equal until Richard Strauss wrote his famous "quintette of Jews" in Salome. Francatrippa, the servant of Pantalone, wants to pawn a diamond; he knocks at the door of the pawnbroker's house, in which a whole company of Jews is assembled celebrating the Sabbath. The parodying of Hebrew words, of Jewish synagogue-melodies, is extremely comical in effect, admirable moreover in its constructive ingenuity and musical skill.

Italian carnival music of the Renaissance of the most characteristic burlesque kind is shown in *Adriano Banchieri's* "Festino nella sera del giovedì grasso avanti cena," published in Venice 1608. It consists of a series of madrigals intended to be sung by the masks. The craziest part of the whole is perhaps the "Contrapunto bestiale alla mente," which is explained as follows: "A

[1] In "Sammelbände" of International Society of Music, 1910-11, p. 330ff : "Notes on the 'Amfiparnaso' of Orazio Vecchi."

dog, a cuckoo, a cat and an owl have their fun in improvising a counterpoint on a given theme." *Cuccu, babbau, gnao, chiù,* are mixed together in intricate counterpoint against a Latin cantus firmus in the style of Beckmesser.

Looking over all the different topics treated here, one can easily see how the ground was gradually prepared for what was formerly called the great "revolution" of music towards 1600. It appeared as a revolution because one did not then see the single steps which led up to it in natural and logical manner. Opera, solo singing with instrumental accompaniment, a new harmonic system, were the principal elements which seemed to inaugurate an entirely new era of art. Modern natural science tends to prove that there is no leap, no sudden transition in nature. And the same law holds good in the development of art. Never in the history of music has there been a revolution in the strict sense of the word, a sudden overthrow of what had been considered good a short time before. New ideas were never born out of nothing, but always evolved from the things already existing. It is the task of history to search for these connecting links, these gradual transitions from one style to another. Applying the results of modern research to the "revolution" of 1600 it becomes evident that opera was a necessary, inevitable consequence of the state of things in music about 1590. Every one of the elements of the new style had been developed, more or less, previous to 1600; even the declamatory style of singing recitative had its root in Gregorian chant as well as in certain tendencies of madrigal composing. Solo singing was not so new about 1600 as has been believed by musical historians of the past generation. As has been shown above, the early Italian madrigal of the 14th century was mainly written for solo voices, and when afterwards Dutch polyphony had its great influence on Italian writing the old traditions of solo singing with instrumental accompaniment were not forgotten. Every motet or madrigal could be performed in various ways, either by several voices singing without accompaniment, i. e. *a cappella*, or by one or several solo voices with various instruments, as is shown by the pictures of the Renaissance epoch. A portion of the literature hardly known at present, the lute music, furnishes considerable contributions to the chapter solo voice with accompaniment. The lute, being the favourite instrument of those times, was to be found in almost every house, like our pianoforte. The vast literature for the lute is, however, not immediately available for our study, because lute-music is not written in the ordinary notation but in a special so-called lute-tablature. To read it one

must first find the key, which is not always easy, and then translate note for note into our notation, which is very troublesome.

As to the importance which organ and piano had in the music of the 14th and 15th centuries, a most thorough and instructive study has been written by Otto Kinkeldey[1], the most valuable contribution to the history of early music made so far by an American. The continuous practice of instrumental accompaniment finally led to a handy and practical way of writing accompaniments which we find for the first time applied in *Lodovico Viadana's* "Concerti ecclesiastici" of 1602. The "thorough-bass" (basso continuo) which makes its first appearance here proved so useful and convenient that it was taken over into the new monodic style and into opera, in fact into every kind of music, and it is well known how thorough-bass ruled all music for more than 150 years, up to the time of Bach and Händel. Thorough-bass is an abridgement of notation. Instead of writing down every single note of an instrumental accompaniment, as we are accustomed to do at present, only the bass part was written by the composer. A few signs and figures were often added, and on this "figured bass" the players improvised a full three- or four-part accompaniment according to certain rules of experience and tradition. This manner of improvising likewise had been practised most extensively in the 17th century. "Diminution," as it was called in organ-music, meaning all sorts of improvised ornamentation and development, was used most extensively, and a large literature is left to us regarding this subject, which may be studied conveniently in Kinkeldey's book just mentioned. The harmonic discoveries of the madrigalist's chromatic harmony have been spoken of already. This new harmony also found its way into opera; notably Monteverdi's "Orfeo" and "Incoronazione di Poppea" are full of the most surprising, effective harmonic devices. The connection of music and drama during the 15th and 16th centuries has been pointed out, likewise the great art of scenic decoration exhibited in the intermezzi.

All this taken together will show how well the ground was prepared for the great so-called "innovation," the opera. The history of its origin is too well known to need repetition here. That Florentine company of finely cultivated men of letters and artists who towards 1590 resolved in true Renaissance fashion to revive the Greek classical drama evidently did not have the ambition to create anew every detail of their work of art. They

[1] "Orgel und Klavier in der Musik des 16. Jahrhunderts," Leipsic, Breitkopf und Härtel.

made use of those elements of music which were adaptive for their purpose, remodelled them to suit the new aims and thus arrived at opera which was new and reformatory only in so far as it gave prominence to certain elements of musical expression which had hitherto been employed in a secondary manner only. This idea of music-drama may be called the last accomplishment of the Renaissance spirit in music: only a few years later baroque tendencies, which in fact are discernible as early as the 16th century, became prevalent to such a degree that the original Renaissance sentiment became less and less distinct. The lofty ideal of music-drama which found its most perfect expression in Monteverdi was soon abolished in favour of one-sided virtuoso tendencies, resulting in an extraordinary development of the art of singing, which became the distinctive trait of the 17th and 18th centuries. As in all the other arts, so in music the Renaissance ideal lost its vitality towards 1600. After a glorious existence of three centuries Renaissance art had fully accomplished its mission.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE MAN IN MUSIC

By W. J. BALTZELL

IN the spring of 1914 an incident occurred which has great significance for music in the United States in that it shows, very definitely, the change in the attitude toward Music which has come about in educational institutions, and therefore reflects a similar change in the attitude toward Music and musical activities on the part of many persons who shape their opinions upon the stand taken by institutions of high prominence and those who conduct them.

David Bispham, then on a concert tour, and singing in vaudeville, received a letter from the President of his Alma Mater, Haverford College, stating that the Board of Managers had decided to confer upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Mr. Bispham's surprise was great, perhaps even greater than that of musicians who read later the announcement that the degree had been conferred. Had it ever occurred in these United States that a man prominent in the profession of music as an executive artist should be honored thus for distinguished services to Art? To quote from Mr. Bispham's address on *The Ministry of Music*, delivered on the occasion of the conferring of the degree, will give an idea of the significance which Mr. Bispham attached to the letter:

> To say that I was surprised does not convey in any adequate manner an idea of the state of my feelings. That I. . . . a grand opera singer, a concert singer, and a vaudeville artist, I, whose life had been so unusual in regard to its public activities, should find myself being honored by my former companions and by the friends of my parents, by being made a Doctor of Laws by the college which, of almost all those in America, ha upheld religion and scholarship at the expense of music, was astounding.
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> Had anything happened to me, or was it that something had happened to Haverford? Nothing had happened to me except the daily, monthly, yearly, continual application of a mind that could do nothing else, to musical and histrionic pursuits. Therefore something must have happened to Haverford! The rising generation and those of the former generation who still remain upon its governing board had

lived to see the time, not contemplated by the founders of our Alma Mater, when Music and the Drama and those who occupy themselves therewith had become recognized factors in the daily life of the community. No longer are they to be looked upon as wicked, or at least idle pastimes, but as educators—educators as much as a school is an educator—and therefore the musician and the actor may be looked upon as educators.

In 1872 when Mr. Bispham entered Haverford, and during his four years there, no musical instrument was allowed within its walls. And this prohibition against music also applied to choral song, to be relaxed largely through his influence just before he graduated, when a glee club was organized, with a dramatic association, *sub rosa*.

As Mr. Bispham suggests in his address, this attitude toward music on the part of the authorities at Haverford was more severe than was the case at some other institutions; but in the main it indicates a point of view which was characteristic of a great many American colleges and universities. Music was tolerated as a means of entertainment or diversion for the young men students, but was not considered as having any claim upon the serious study of the educated man, or as offering a satisfactory and honorable career for the college graduate.

But a great change in this attitude has come over all educational institutions during the past forty years, especially in colleges and universities for men. The Glee Club is an established institution which assists in making valuable propaganda for the college, not so much so perhaps, but in the same way as the football team, that is, general publicity. A number of colleges and universities have orchestras and choral organizations, and find them helpful to the social and general interests of the school. Few, indeed, are the institutions which do not maintain a series of musical events during the year, quite a number even making a specialty of a Spring Music Festival. Professorships of music are being established, generally connected with departments of music to give technical instruction in singing, piano, organ, violin playing, etc., as well as the theoretical training necessary to form the well-equipped musician. At the present time Music has a recognized place in the curriculum, and the various courses offered receive ample credit toward the Bachelor of Arts degree. When one surveys these changes in music education in relation to American colleges and universities for men he cannot but feel that they are wonderfully significant of a change in attitude toward the fine arts in the lives of the American people.

Some fifteen years ago the president of a woman's college consulted a man prominent in musical affairs in regard to securing a director for the music department of his school. He explained that he desired a musician who was a competent executive artist, a man of good personality, social tact, and one whose educational training was equal to that of the professors in other departments. In other words he was looking for a man who was not only a trained musician, but also a college or university graduate, a combination which was almost wholly unknown a generation ago. Fortunately for the progress of music education in the United States, men with the training described above may be found, for American college men have gone into music, and are to be met in colleges and universities, in conservatories, in the private studio, in important positions with the great daily press and other journalistic enterprises, as composers of high reputation, and as authors of works in musical literature as well as text-books for the use of students.

First of all let us look at certain facts in regard to college men and the kind of work which they are doing, as well as the rewards which music offers to men who are ready to choose it as a career. Such figures as are given are not meant to be taken as complete, although they include men from a large number of colleges and universities in various sections of the country. The writer of this article sent letters to nearly all institutions likely to have students engaged in musical work, and regrets that the response to his inquiries was not more detailed and inclusive. A study of alumni registers, biographical dictionaries, and information secured from a number of persons, most of them college men and musicians, has resulted in the information which follows.

The number of college men who are engaged in pursuits which are connected with music and concerning whom it was possible to secure definite information is above 300. This total, owing to lack of printed records, does not include men who have taken up a musical career during the last year or two. Of course compared with the total number graduated from the institutions represented during the years when the men in question were at their studies, the percentage of men who went into music seems small, indeed pitifully small. And yet the number mentioned will doubtless surprise the general reader who has given but little thought to the subject. Compared with the number of college men who were working in lines connected with music, say a score of years ago, the increase is marked.

A survey of the facts in regard to the lines of activity represented by the men about whom information was secured shows that practically all kinds of musical work are included, namely, composition, authorship, musical journalism, criticism, conducting, teaching in university, college, conservatory, and the private studio, the executive pursuits such as singing, piano and organ playing, the playing of the stringed instruments, not a few being busy in several lines. Of late years a new field of labor has been entered by college men, that of public school music.

It is not astonishing that a very large proportion of musicians who received their general education in colleges and universities should show a marked leaning toward musical composition. In the first place most of them feel a very definite call to a musical career, generally the result of pronounced musical talent, in which the creative faculty is apt to be included. Musical composition calls into use the training which the student received in his literary studies, particularly in English composition. The principles of the two are analogous, closely so. The writer of poetry, of dramatic works, of fiction, of works of the essay type and pure reasoning, must have the ability to think in words which have an accepted meaning, and to put his material together clearly and interestingly. The composer must have the power to think in terms of music, to fill this indefinite material with the power to evoke from the hearer emotional activity which shall give the music definite appeal, and to handle his material according to the broad constructive principles which maintain in all the fine arts.

To the composer the value of a college education is marked. Not that it alone will suffice to carry a man to success. The creative instinct, the faculty for self-expression through music, the dominating desire for an art outlet for thoughts and feelings, must be in the man. That we grant. But composition of the finer and larger types demands more than that. There must be technical skill and understanding as to the best and surest methods of using the material which the composer's mind has brought into consciousness.

The acquisition of this necessary technic is most readily secured by means of systematic training, just as is the case with the student who seeks a technic for literary writing. The composer's technic is based on intellectual laws and perceptions and can be taught and apprehended. If the one is a suitable subject for university teaching so is the other. For many years we have been taught that the poet is born not made; a statement which may reasonably be considered to include the one who writes

dramatic literature. At the present time more than one American university offers courses in dramatic writing. It is the technic of an art that the student needs to acquire, and the composer needs a full measure of it. In spite of the pose affected by some there is no mystery about musical composition. The composer has musical ideas which come to him as ideas in words come to other men. To give them intelligible and artistic shape or form demands methods which are the outgrowth of the laws governing the action of the intellect. This is particularly the case in respect to works in the larger forms, which we find constructed according to esthetic principles observed and formulated centuries ago, and still regarded even today when they may seem to be set aside by radical modernists. The student should know form and law before he sets himself above them.

Therefore the college trained man who aspires toward creative work in music has before him a field in which he can use to the full his finest native powers and the sum of his training along intellectual lines. The character of the work of the composers to be mentioned in a later paragraph is ample proof of the statement just made, for the American composer and college man has done significant work in the various lines of composition, for voices and for instruments, in the small forms such as songs, pieces for piano, organ, violin, etc., and also in the large forms which demand solid constructive principles and fine esthetic discrimination, such as chamber music, works for the orchestra, cyclical forms for piano and organ, and choral works with accompaniment for the orchestra.

Among composers who have attended American colleges and universities, to cite some of the best-known names, are: J. C. D. Parker, Arthur Foote, Frederick S. Converse, Clayton Johns, Victor Harris, Ethelbert Nevin, George B. Nevin, C. C. Converse, Reginald De Koven, John A. Carpenter, Arthur Farwell, Philip Greeley Clapp, W. H. Humiston, Edward B. Hill, Blair Fairchild, David Stanley Smith, Paul Bliss, A. Walter Kramer, Rossetter G. Cole, Deems Taylor, J. Morris Class, and Paul Allen, names not the least significant in American music.

When we turn to work of a musico-literary character we find a product of considerable proportions, coming from men who have made a big impression upon the musical literature of the United States, including works of historical, biographical, and critical character, essays, esthetics, pedagogics, text-books covering the field of music education, with a great variety and volume of writing for the musical press as well as contributions to the secular

press and the many periodicals which make more or less of a feature of musical material. It is but natural that men who have had training along the lines of good writing should use their skill to add to the number of books about music and musicians. The man who has learned to write feels the impulse to put on paper his thoughts and experiences in relation to his art and its practice, and thus reach the wide field of persons who can be brought into touch with the written word instead of limiting their usefulness to the narrow circle of those with whom he can come into personal contact, in the classroom or studio. The literary phase of the musician's activity is one for which the college-trained man is peculiarly fitted, and each year witnesses worthy additions to the stock of musical literature by American college-bred authors.

Without undertaking to name all who have used their pens to promote the cause of music it is worth while to call attention to the work of the following men, splendid in quality, considerable in volume, and covering nearly every field of musicology: Henry T. Finck, in biography and criticism, the latter especially, appearing in the New York *Evening Post*[1]; W. J. Henderson, in general musical literature, history, and criticism, in the New York *Times* in former years, more recently in the *Sun*; Philip Hale, of the Boston *Herald*; H. T. Parker, whose articles on music and musicians in the Boston *Transcript*, signed H. T. P., are valued for their scholarship and wide information as well as discriminating judgment; Richard Aldrich, at one time connected with the New York *Tribune*, now with the *Times;* Daniel Gregory Mason, who has contributed articles of special value and critical acumen to *The Outlook*; George P. Upton, dean of Chicago music critics, and author of a series of handbooks on the master works in music; Karleton Hackett, another Chicago critic and writer on musical topics; and the critical articles in the daily and musical press by W. H. Humiston, Gustav Kobbé, E. B. Hill, Arthur Elson, who has a list of four or five fine books to his credit; Arthur Farwell; W. B. Chase; Caryl B. Storrs, of Minneapolis, who forsook medicine for art, Max Smith, and Philip Goepp, whose works on the great symphonies are a boon to the student of music. To this list we must add the work of such writers as Edward Dickinson, of Oberlin, whose latest book on "Music and the

[1]Some readers may miss here the name of Henry Edward Krehbiel of the New York *Tribune*. The distinguished critic and historian, so he informed me, began his career, indeed, as a student of law at Cincinnati, but, as was quite common in America forty years ago, he "read law" in a law office, not at a College.—*Ed.*

Higher Education" is a definite proof of the central thought of this paper, Waldo S. Pratt, C. H. Farnsworth, Rupert Hughes, Clarence G. Hamilton, George C. Gow, J. S. Van Cleve, Arthur Foote, W. R. Spalding, L. A. Coerne, T. W. Surette, Francis L. York, Sigmund Spaeth, A. L. Manchester, and Oscar G. Sonneck. The work of the men mentioned in this paragraph embraces a very large proportion of the works on music written and published in the United States.

The men in charge of music criticism for the great daily papers in the important music centers of the United States, with but few exceptions, are college graduates. They have given special study to the art and science of music, and their work has exerted a splendid and vitalizing influence upon the public taste, as a result of which the appreciation of the best art in music has been greatly increased. To their devoted efforts is due the large body of discriminating music lovers which may be found in the leading music centers of this country.

The educational work in music in the United States is rapidly going into the hands of college men with special musical training, who also bring to their duties a quality of general scholarship which enables them to stand upon equal ground with their colleagues in the other departments of college instruction. If music is to be a college study it is manifestly an advantage to an institution to have at the head of the work in music a man who has had a college training and experience, who is in accord with college methods of instruction, who is able to plan his courses of study along college lines, and substantiate the claims that it is a study which has disciplinary value and the power to quicken intellectually which justify a place in the curriculum. To give it the greatest possible educational value it is plain that it must be administered on the lines which have proven satisfactory in other departments of study. Therefore it seems fair to claim that the future of music teaching in the institutions for higher learning in the United States is to be in the hands of college trained musicians. Prominent among those engaged in college work in music, who are graduates of American institutions we note: George C. Gow and John C. Griggs at Vassar; W. R. Spalding, E. B. Hill, A. T. Davison, and W. C. Heilman, at Harvard; H. D. Sleeper, at Smith; Clarence G. Hamilton, at Wellesley; Philip G. Clapp, at Dartmouth; W. P. Bigelow, at Amherst; Sumner Salter, at Williams; Waldo S. Pratt, at Hartford Theological Seminary; L. B. McWhood, at Drew Seminary; Charles N. Boyd, at Western Theological Seminary; Daniel Gregory Mason, at Columbia, and

C. H. Farnsworth at Teachers' College, Columbia; Leo R. Lewis, at Tufts; David Stanley Smith, at Yale; Charles S. Skilton, at Kansas State; P. W. Dykema, at Wisconsin; Leon Ryder Maxwell, at Tulane, Charles L. Seeger, at the University of California; H. T. Henry, Overbrook Seminary, Pa.

Public school music has some notable representatives among college men, and the prediction is here made that the next decade will show a marked increase in the number of college-trained men to enter this very important and attractive field of labor. It is essential that one whose work is in the secondary and elementary schools shall have an acquaintance with the ideas and methods of education, and the mind trained to apprehend the possibilities of his field of labor. A vital element in pedagogy is the understanding and practical assimilation of the principles of psychology, which, in its fullest form, is peculiarly a university study. Public school work must be carefully and effectively organized, and for this work of planning broadly and practically on psychological lines the college man is better fitted than the one who lacks the educational discipline mentioned.

Here are the names of a few college men who are in the public school music work: E. B. Birge, Ralph L. Baldwin, Wm. J. Kraft, G. B. Matthews, Edward R. Hawley, Harold B. Maryott, F. H. Bishop, and R. Valentine.

A large number of men have been drawn to the organ as their principal instrument. It has been taking a larger and larger place in the musical life of the college, and today nearly every institution of any importance has an official organist who may also be in charge of all the musical activities of the school. Organ music has pronounced intellectual characteristics which appeal to the trained mind, and the thorough theoretical training received by the college musician is well suited to the organ and its music. Space will not permit the mention of those who are officially connected with colleges and universities as organists. Suffice it to say that nearly all of the men engaged in college musical work are organists. In addition we may find college trained men filling positions as organists in prominent churches in Boston, New York, and other large cities.

The piano is said to be the composer's instrument, *par excellence*. In the case of the composer with college training this principle also holds good. Most of them are pianists of more than average skill, and have done good work as teachers. But some have gone farther than others and are known as artists of high standing. Musicianship is a *sine qua non* of a high grade

of executive ability, and the college music studies give this important requisite. In the interpretation of music in the large forms intellectual processes are involved. The artist must appreciate the structural character of the music he presents to his auditors, and he must apprehend the emotional and poetic content which the composer has placed in the musical forms. Having been trained in the processes of musical composition the college man is well-fitted to reproduce the message of the creator of the music, a statement which applies to the college men who have devoted special study to the piano and its music. Think of the work of the following: Arthur Foote, J. S. Van Cleve, John H. Powell, Henry G. Hanchett, Harold Henry, Henry P. Eames, Victor Garwood, Charles S. Skilton, Carl Paige Wood, J. H. Densmore, J. C. Alden, Edward Ballantine, Alexander Russell, Arthur Howell Wilson, W. P. Price, Harrison A. Stevens, Frank L. Waller, Henry D. Tovey, and Charles Huerter.

When we turn to the singer's career we find a splendid showing. A full list of names would make the college singer who aspires to a professional career as a concert artist feel that he will be in very good company. It may be that American college men more or less naturally turn to singing; perhaps it is due to the influence of the glee club. At any rate many of them sing, some fairly and others well; and a small proportion of them are sufficiently gifted in voice and the special lyric feeling which marks the singer to keep on with their technical study and finally take up the singer's profession.

One can readily understand why the college trained man should make a success of his art as a singer. The study of English literature, of the principles of poetry, the elements of language, the familiarity with the subtle shades of meaning contained in words, an experience in public speaking, furnish the basis for an illuminating interpretation of a song text, whether it be lyric or dramatic. Then the study of esthetics with its application in criticism tends to sharpen the sense of esthetic values, making the singer discriminating in his choice of the means whereby he may realize the art ideals he has in mind. In the former days when sensuous beauty of voice and the ability to do sensational things were prized the text was not at all important. But to-day, when the pendulum has swung in the opposite direction, the singer must present the meaning of the poetic text; and to do this the college man, by virtue of his special training, is well-fitted. The following names of singers who attended American colleges are worth noting: David Bispham, George L. Osgood, Carl Martin,

Carl Dufft, Francis Rogers, Lambert Murphy, Gardner Lamson, Herbert Witherspoon, Reinald Werrenrath, Walter L. Bogert, M. W. Whitney, George Harris, John Barnes Wells, Franklin Lawson, Glenn Hall, Philip Spooner, G. Ralph Osborne, Romilly Johnson, Leverett B. Merrill, Richards Hale, Bennett Challis, Lyman Wells Clary, T. Morgan Phillips, William Wheeler, and Frank Croxton.

In the field of instrumental music, aside from the piano and organ, we find only a few college men. With the remarkable increase in the interest displayed in the orchestra there has come an evident desire on the part of college men to take part in the orchestra. But to make a violin player you must catch him before he goes to college. And that is being done now in the preparatory schools which are adding teachers of the violin to their corps of instructors. As a result when the boys go to college they are likely to keep on with their violin and 'cello study for the sake of the opportunity to play in the college orchestra. Within the past years several college men have found places in important symphony orchestras.

The commercial side of music has not been overlooked by college men, as is shown by the fact that in certain piano and music publishing houses college men are to be found. And just recently one has entered the managerial business.

The facts which have been cited show with considerable emphasis that college men have made careers in music, and have indicated the lines of activity in which they have worked. The splendid reputation won by many of them is a guarantee that their efforts have had public approval and that the seal of success has been placed upon their work. There is a career in music to-day for the man who includes its study in his college course, an honorable career, a useful career, one in which the rewards are probably as certain and as ample as the average in other lines of professional activity. It is seldom that a musician of this type is limited to one kind of work, as shown by the men named in previous paragraphs, many of whom combine several. He is a teacher, an organist, perhaps a festival conductor, a lecturer and writer on musical subjects, an author of text-books or general musical literature, and a composer. Each one of these activities represents earning power, the aggregate of income footing up quite satisfactorily, and the work is, in all cases, such as commands respect and gives dignity to the man.

But it is not the purpose of the present writer to lay stress only on the rewards of a financial kind. There is that other reward

which appeals most powerfully to the educated man; namely, the knowledge that one is doing a work in every way worth while; also the high standing, professional as well as personal, which the college man of good sense and sound judgment may gain for himself in a community. He is able to represent his art and his profession in any circle in which he may chance to be; he is welcomed in social organizations; and may be, should be, a force in the circle of his friends and neighbors. While education will not always ensure that quality of personal character which we admire, nevertheless the college trained man in music is likely to loom up large in any community in which he is working.

In connection with this subject it seems fair to recognize the work of certain men who studied at institutions in Europe, but whose work, for the most part, has been carried on in the United States. The regret of the writer is that the list is not more inclusive than as it stands now. There must be considerably more than the number mentioned below, especially among clerical musicians, but records were not available:

De Guichard, Arthur, Sorbonne, Paris; De Koven, Reginald, Oxford, Eng.; Brueschweiler, Frederick, a Swiss college; Busch, Carl, Univ. Copenhagen; Freund, John C., Oxford, Eng.; Owst, W. G., Cambridge, Eng.; Phillips, Harold D., Cambridge, Eng.; Sonneck, Oscar G., Heidelberg and Munich; Bonvin, Ludwig, Vienna; Fairclough, George H., Toronto.

In conclusion, at least two men are on record with a university training partly American and partly European who have gained distinction in the musical life of Europe: the well-known composer and historian, Hugo Leichtentritt of Harvard and Berlin; and Otto Kinkeldey, of Columbia and Berlin, until recently Professor of musical history at the University of Breslau and now the musical librarian of the New York Public Library.

A TENTATIVE LIST OF AMERICAN COLLEGE MEN IN MUSIC[1]

ALBANY UNIVERSITY:

CONVERSE, C. C.

AMHERST:

BIGELOW, W. P.; DICKINSON, EDWARD; HARRIS, GEORGE; OLMSTEAD, R. E. S.; SALTER, SUMNER; SLEEPER, JAMES T.

BATES:

BRUNNER, —; DAVIS, H. P.; MATTHEWS, G. B.; MERRILL, JOHN S.; PIERCE, —.

BELOIT:

HOLT, GEORGE N.; WHEELER, WM.

[1] The author realizes that this list is not complete, partly owing to disinclination of some college men to answer his questions promptly. The author will welcome corrections and additions addressed to him: 150 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

BOWDOIN:
JOHNSON, ROMILLY; KENDRIE, FRANK E.; WEED, FRANK J.

BROOKLYN POLYTECHNIC:
BROCKWAY, HOWARD.

BROWN:
ASHTON, JOSEPH N.; BALLOU, HARRY M.; BIRGE, E. B.; CHAFFIN, LUCIEN G.; ELLIOT, RICHARD M.; GILMAN, PHILLIPS S.; GOW, GEORGE COLEMAN; GUNN, WILFORD J.; HAMILTON, CLARENCE G.; LANGLEY, ALFRED G.; MARYOTT, HAROLD B.; MUNGER, EDMUND B.; PARKER, GEORGE; PROCTOR, NILLO G.; UPTON, GEORGE P.; WARE, GENE; WILLEMIN, LOUIS P.

CAMPBELL COLLEGE:
SCHOEBEL, O. M.

CARLETON COLLEGE:
STRONG, EDWARD.

CHICAGO, UNIVERSITY OF:
CHALLIS, BENNETT; HALL, GLENN; LEIGH, F. P.

CINCINNATI, UNIVERSITY OF:
BRADY, S. WILLIAM; BURKE, DANIEL L.; HOFFMAN, CLARENCE LEE; ROBINSON, BURTON E.

COLUMBIA (N. Y. C.)
BALSAM, JAMES; BANGS, E. ORLO; BELLINGER, FRANZ; BISHOP, F. H.; BOGERT, WALTER L.; BREITENFELD, EMIL; ERSKINE, ROBERT S.; FUCHS, HENRY H.; GERSTLEY, H. S.; GLOVER, CALVIN S.; GOLDSTEIN, WALTER; HAISCH, W. LEROY; HALE, RICHARDS; HALL, CECIL J.; KILENYI, EDWARD; KING, EMANUEL W.; KOBBÉ, GUSTAV; KRAFT, W. J.; KUGEL, ADOLPH; LOCKWOOD, S. P.; LORENZ, KARL K.; MANNING, EDWARD B.; McWHOOD, L. B.; NORDEN, N. LINDSAY; PEYSER, H. F.; PIKE, SAMUEL M.; TURNER, GEORGE C.; WARD, FRANK E.; WILSON, WM. H.

COLUMBIAN:
CLOUGH-LEIGHTER, H.

CORNELL:
CORTELYOU, GEORGE B., JR.

DENISON:
PHILLIPS, T. MORGAN.

DARTMOUTH:
ANDREWS, ADDISON F.; LARNED, RICHARD M.

FARIBAULT:
ABBOTT, FRANK D.

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL:
BOWERS, ROBERT H.; WHITMER, T. CARL.

GRINNELL:
PECK, WILLYS.

HANOVER (IND.):
BRITAN, H. H.

HARVARD:
ABBOTT, ERNEST HAMLIN; ABORN, J. A.; ALDRICH, RICHARD; ALLEN, PAUL; ATHERTON, PERCY LEE; BALLANTINE, EDWARD; BARRY, FREDERICK; BLOOMFIELD, DANIEL; BRUEGGER, FREDERICK; BURDETT, GEORGE A.; CARPENTER, JOHN A.; CHASE, W.; CLAPP, PHILIP G.; CLASS, F. MORRIS; CLIFTON, CHALMERS; COERNE, L. A.; COLBURN, S. C.; CONVERSE, FREDERICK S.; DAVISON, A. T.; DENSMORE, J. H.; ELSON, ARTHUR; FAIRCHILD, BLAIR; FINCK, HENRY T.; FITZ-GERALD, B. J.; FLETCHER, E. H.; FOOTE, ARTHUR; GIDEON, HENRY L.; GOEPP, PHILIP; GRINNELL, EDMUND; GRÜNBERG, MAURICE; HANCOCK, FRANK R.; HEILMAN, W. C.; HILL, E. B.; HUGHES, ROBERT W.; HYDE, ARTHUR S.; JACKSON, J. K.; JOHNS, CLAYTON; JOHNSON, F. H.; LAMSON, GARDNER; LANG, MALCOLM; LEWIS, LEO R.; LOCKE, ARTHUR W.; LOCKE, WARREN A.; LODGE, JOHN ELLERTON; LONGFELLOW, W. P. P.; LOUD, JOHN ADAMS; LUSK, TH. VON DER; LYNES, TWINING; MASON, DANIEL GREGORY; MASON, HENRY L.; MILLET, J. B.; MODERWELL, H. K.; MURPHY, LAMBERT; NICHOLS, NATHANIEL G.; OSBORNE, G. R.; OSGOOD, GEORGE L.; PARKER, H. T.; PARKER, J. C. D.; POORE, C. P.; PRICE, W. P.;

HARVARD (*Continued*)

RIX, FRANK R.; ROEPPER, C. B.; ROGERS, FRANCIS; ROYCE, EDWARD; SAFFORD, CHARLES L.; SANBORN, PITTS; SEEGER, CHARLES LOUIS; SLEEPER, H. D.; SMITH, C. H.; SPALDING, W. R.; STONE, HENRY LEROY; SURETTE, T. W.; SWEET, REGINALD; TRYON, WINTHROP; TWEEDY, DONALD; VALENTINE, R.; WALDO, FULLERTON; WESTON, G. B.; WHITNEY, M. W.; WILLIAMS, LEWIS; WOOD, CARL PAIGE.

HAVERFORD:

BISPHAM, DAVID; SEILER, C. LINN; SPAETH, SIGMUND.

HIGHLAND:

DOX, HOWARD E.

JOHNS HOPKINS:

HOUGHTON, J. ALAN; OHEM, ARTHUR; TURNBULL, EDWIN L.

KANSAS, UNIVERSITY OF:

HENRY, HAROLD; MANNING, JOHN C.

KNOX:

TOVEY, HENRY D.

LAFAYETTE:

NEVIN, GEORGE B.

LAKE FOREST:

HUMISTON, W. H.

LEHIGH:

BITTING, O. F.; CORBIN, J. ROSS; HARNED, ALBERT W.; HOWE, M. A. DE WOLFE; KOCHER, C. H.; RAU, ALBERT G.; WILSON, CHARLES F.

MANHATTAN:

WILKES, ROBERT W.

MASS. INST. OF TECHNOLOGY:

FARWELL, ARTHUR.

MICHIGAN, UNIVERSITY OF:

BIGGS, RICHARD K.; BOUGHTON, WILLOUGHBY D.; COLE, ROSSETTER G.; DYKEMA, P. W.; ERICKSON, FREDERICK W.; MOORE, EARLE V.; STEVENS, HARRISON A.; TENBOOR, MARTIN; WELCH, ROY D.; YORK, FRANCIS L.

MINNESOTA, UNIVERSITY OF:

BIBB, FRANK; MEADE, GEORGE; MILNOR, AUGUSTUS; NORTON, W. W.

MOUNT VERNON:

WILSON, ARTHUR.

NEW YORK CITY, COLLEGE OF:

DAMROSCH, FRANK; GARTLAN, GEORGE H.; GOLDMARK, RUBIN; HARRIS, VICTOR; KRAMER, A. WALTER.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY:

FERRIS, ROBERT; TAYLOR, DEEMS; WERRENRATH, REINALD.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY:

DICKINSON, CLARENCE; DOANE, JOHN W.

NOTRE DAME:

O'BRIEN, J. VICK.

OBERLIN:

ANDREWS, GEORGE W.; BENTLEY, WILLIAM F.; CADY, CALVIN B.; THOMPSON, J. W.

OHIO WESLEYAN:

GATES, W. F.; GILBERT, CHARLES; VAN CLEVE, J. S.

PENN STATE:

GARWOOD, VICTOR.

PENNINGTON:

MANCHESTER, ARTHUR L.

PENNSYLVANIA, UNIVERSITY OF:

BALTZELL, W. J.; HENRY, H. T.; HINCKLEY, ALLEN; KEMPF, PAUL M.; OREM, PRESTON WARE; WILSON, ARTHUR H.

PRINCETON:

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RHYTHM: THE LIFE OF MUSIC

By GEORGE COLEMAN GOW

AT the outset we have to remind ourselves that rhythm is not a factor essentially musical. Psychologically it is the apotheosis of the act of attention—attention at its greatest tension. It suggests motion, and can find expression through any of the senses with more or less efficiency. The identical pattern in time may be conveyed to the ear, to the eye, to the organs of touch, taste or smell with approximately equal certainty. The general nature of rhythm and the number of ways in which it may be displayed has direct bearing upon the development of music, since it explains the close connection of music with speech, with the dance and all forms of social activity.

RHYTHM AND NOISE. Mere noise can bring a rhythm vividly before one; and the shock of the reiterated sounds in contrasting loudnesses may stimulate the bodily organism to a high degree of responsiveness. Indeed the ease with which one is caught and held by such bald thrusting of the time-pattern upon his attention must be the excuse for the common conception of rhythm as the emotional element in music. A very simple experiment will, I think, prove quite the contrary.

If you listen to a loud tone sustained for a long time, for example upon the organ, you will find that the pleasurable feeling soon passes to pain; while if the same tone be broken into a rhythmic pattern of sounds and silences it becomes endurable and even pleasurable for a much longer time. That is, it is the tone that is the emotional factor, while it is the rhythm that controls and modifies the former to good uses. A little experiment with the imagination can prove the same point. Listen mentally to the sound of drums afar off. Create for the drums the catchiest patter you can conceive. As you listen, inevitably you will imagine the drums to come nearer. In order to render the rhythm vivid you demand a volume of sound. That is, the emotional stimulus which you instinctively desire cannot be reached without aid from tone. To hold the drums in thought still far away calls for a distinct mental effort. It is, then, the peculiarity and fascination of musical rhythm that it renders sound endurable and so reduces painful noise to pleasurable tone. A further

consideration to the same end is that in the use of tom-toms, drums and other percussion instruments valued in so-called primitive music, the excitement increases in proportion to the volume or to the approach to continuity (rapidity). The instinctive desire to reduce a rapid rhythm to lower terms (larger units) is the protest against this too strenuous approach to continuity. Even the act of attention, so powerfully stimulated by rhythmic repetition, cannot be forced to be constant, but insists on a suitable ebb and flow. On the other hand, the most engaging patter could be advanced to whirlwind speed without excitement if held at pianissimo. A goodly noise and yet more noise is the receipt for that sort of emotional orgy in which the primitive lover of rhythmic sound is wont to indulge.

Rhythm and Tone. But more is needed than the alliance of rhythm with sound to produce music. If one uses the phrase "the music of a voice" it is in recognition of something in addition to time keeping and sound, namely what is known as "tone," from which arises *melos*, that combination of musical timbre with the effect of rise and fall in pitch, that gives an immediate sensuous delight. When the characteristics of tone, namely pitch, volume and timbre were first consciously prized, rhythm was already at hand to avail itself of them for the creation of music, and, using them successively or in combination, to make of them a thousand different shapes, to swing them into a thousand fascinating forms, to lure them along a thousand enticing paths. But one must remember that rhythm is the *means of handling the material*, not the material itself. C. Abdy Williams states the case aptly when he says:

> The Art of Music consists, therefore, of combining pleasant sounds in a way that appeals to the ear, and of regulating them through rhythm in a way that makes appeal to the intellect. The pleasure we derive from mere musical sound is elementary and external: it is sensation only. The satisfaction that is given us when musical sound is allied to Rhythm is intellectual. Hence these two elements in music are always combined.

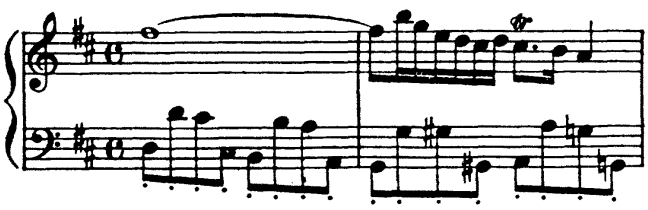
Rhythms in Music. In considering the rhythms of music it is needful to notice more particularly the musical material—*tone*. All of its characteristics admit of many emotional gradations. The positive and negative extremes are easily seen. High pitch, great volume and complex timbre bring the quicker and more pronounced nervous reactions. The opportunity that musical rhythm affords for exploiting these qualities of tone in connection

with the time pattern creates, therefore, a more intense as well as a more differentiated treatment than would be obtainable otherwise. One might from the physical side alone almost define music as an art-use of tone by means of vivid and varied rhythms.

Lovers of the dance are well aware that half of the exaltation of its rhythm is lost when dissociated from its music. Poetry not only demands a quasi musical rhythm of its own, but frequently tempts to the creation of actual music as a way of heightening its expressiveness. That half-way station to independent music which springs from the appreciation of musical values in speech held the mind of the world almost exclusively for many centuries. Indeed, speech rhythm has its own fascination—a fascination that has caused it to be retained absolutely in certain types of vocal music—notably the Gregorian chant and the recitative; while even the vocal delivery of measured music demands a yielding in some degree to the natural accent and grouping of the speech values, and holds out a constant invitation to deviate a little from the true regularity of the musical pulse in order to fit the varying size and stress of syllables.

But the real character of free musical rhythm is seen when we note the distinction between the syllabic and the tonal lengths; that of the syllable never greatly altered and somewhat indeterminate, that of the tone modified up to wide limits and itself subjected to the measurement of the regular pulsation. For example, the upper melody-tone that begins the accompanying illustration if heard alone could furnish no clue as to its meaning until at last it is linked with its measured successors, but given

Bach. Air from Orchestral Suite in D



forth as Bach presents it, in conjunction with a bass melody that proceeds with pendulum-like regularity from tone to tone, it is alive with interest, and gathers a wealth of significance through the nine half-pulses of its continuance, and then slips over into the graceful melodic curve of the resulting phrase with a rhythmical authority that is a delight to feel.

Basis of Musical Rhythm. Musical rhythm, thus, bases itself upon the regular heart-beat of a uniform time-unit, and

derives its satisfactions from the many and subtle combinations of pulse-groupings that can be developed upon this, and from the increasingly varied means for their expression. Hence it has a more definite as well as a more flexible standard than speech. There are, to be sure, no large number of fundamental types. Beats grouped by twos, fours or sixes, by threes, nines or twelves, more rarely by fives or sevens, constitute nearly all the useful rhythmical moulds (accent-groups). One finds here a limitation similar to that in the case of pitch. Out of the innumerable vibration-rates possible to musical tones the European system has gradually adjusted itself to twelve in the octave, and in spite of suggestion and experiment seems to prefer to exhaust the marvelous resources of this number rather than to subdivide and modify them. Both our rhythmical and our pitch formulas appear not so much to be final as to be practical and efficient. We are the heirs to materials that by long testing have proved of value, much as have those of architects and painters. It may be wise to extend usage, shift balance, make new applications of material; but we shall not be likely to abandon what on the face of it is so useful, in most cases so convincing.

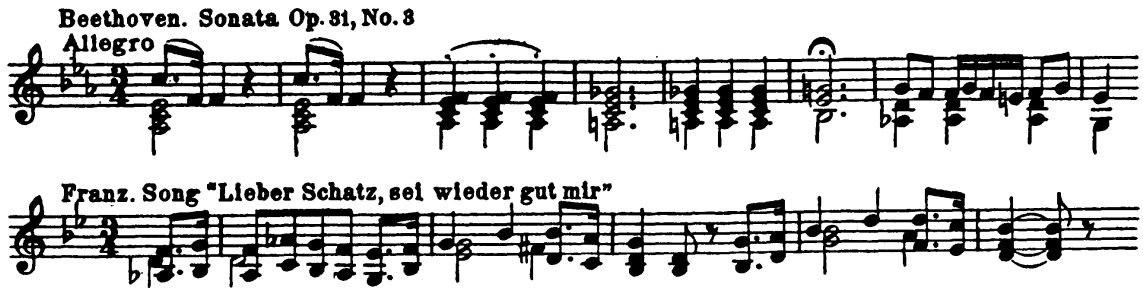
Means of Establishing Musical Rhythm. Hence it comes that the supreme interest to the student of music lies not so much in observing the number and variety of the rhythmical formulas as in noting the methods by which composers have established their rhythms. It is in these latter that the vitality of a rhythm is determined. By these the rhythmically sensitive person recognizes the genius. The savage may pound out gong patters by the hour; we, of broader vision, demand a wider range of rhythmical interest. Professor Edward Dickinson says "Composers who have pushed the art of music onward have done so by enlarging the resources of rhythm, and producing works which were beyond the ability of most of their contemporaries to grasp with intelligent satisfaction." Just how that enlargement comes about by readjustment, substituting the elusive for the obvious, the indirect for the direct, the complex for the simple when occasion permits, is essential to an understanding of the progress of music.

Lack of Adequate Notation. In attempting a study of musical rhythm we are met unfortunately with a grave inadequacy of notation. Those who are at all familiar with the history of musical orthography are aware of what a labyrinth of dark,

blind, clumsy, incoherent, complex paths had to be wandered through before even our present comparatively logical signs were reached; and in no respect was that complexity more incomprehensible than in the notation of rhythm. Composers have always given proof of the urgency of their musical message by a willingness to put up with the most awkward, the most unfortunate of written symbols. One who desires to interpret music must always draw nearer to the heart of its creator than the page of music alone can indicate. Pedagogues and editors have from the first engaged in a desperate struggle to force writers to be as exact as they are exacting. Only a few geniuses like Bach can at the same time be illuminating teachers of their own generation and write music for centuries to come. Much that is written, therefore, could have a far better notation than its composer chose for it. In fact, the best of our earlier music is constantly recast, either to supply deficiencies in the first writing or to utilize the clearer modern characters.

Yet, much as the entire revision of our system of notation may be desired, it is at least true that pitch symbols now are fairly exact, though often so clumsy that frequent misspelling of chords still takes place, and the matter of signatures is far from settled. The notation of volume, too, if not yet complete, is not seriously subject to misunderstanding. Rhythm, however, has a notation today both incomplete and misleading.

Take, for example, the various *phases* of the musical foot (three of them in three-time (1, 2, 3,) (3, 1, 2,) (2, 3, 1,), four of them in four-time, etc.). These have as distinct an individuality as do the separate poetical metres, such as the Trochaic—◡ and the Iambic ◡—. Yet our measure notation and time signatures afford no possibility of distinguishing such wholly different rhythms as those of the following examples:

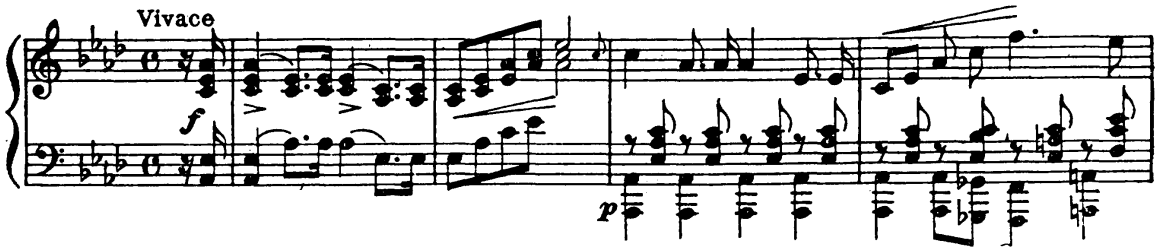


Failure to recognize the rhythmical structure of music patterned after the latter group-form gave rise to that ridiculous remark so often on the lips of teachers "When the music begins with an incomplete measure you will find the remainder of it at

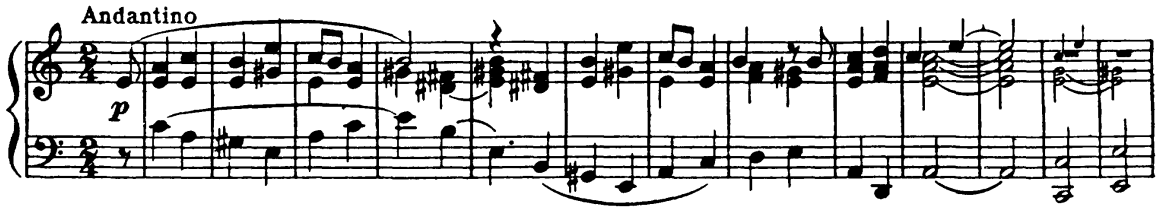
the end." As well say, "When you see a short brick at this end of a wall look for the rest of the brick at the other end!"

One must confess that the metres of poetry have no specific notation; but that is preferable to a misleading one. It is for this, as well as for other reasons, that modern musicians are beginning to query whether the bar line should not be done away with, so that the accent-group need no longer be confused with the measure, as it so often now is.

Volume, Length, Pitch and Figure Accent. It is the glory of the developing art of music that in place of the obvious and mechanical time-pattern there has come into being an art of rhythm as varied and supple as is the thought of man. It has found new channels by an instinct sure, and it ever holds out the lure of the unknown. The primitive effects possible to sound without definite pitch afforded but two methods of rhythmic grouping, that by volume accent and that by variation in the time value from attack to attack. Each of these methods is retained in music and is still to be met in modern music. But how far we have come from constant reliance upon them is easily noted by the annoyance we feel when volume-accent is overdone, and by the small number of pieces in which volume-accent is required. Indeed, the most frequent indication of rhythmic stupidity is when a player cannot keep time without resorting to the primitive method of loud thumps at the beginnings of measures. It is only where there is suggestion of community action, as in the march or the dance, that we welcome the extra stress of the intermittent emphatic noise. Such a song as the Schumann "Wanderlied" may use it, for it delights us by a hint

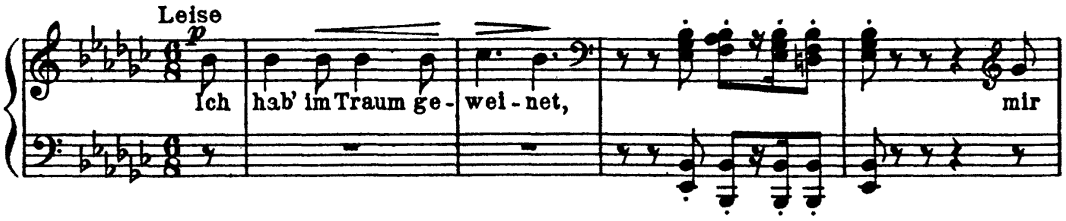


of joyous tramping. Such a song as the Brahms "Vom verwundeten Knaben" may need it to hold us in the grip of its

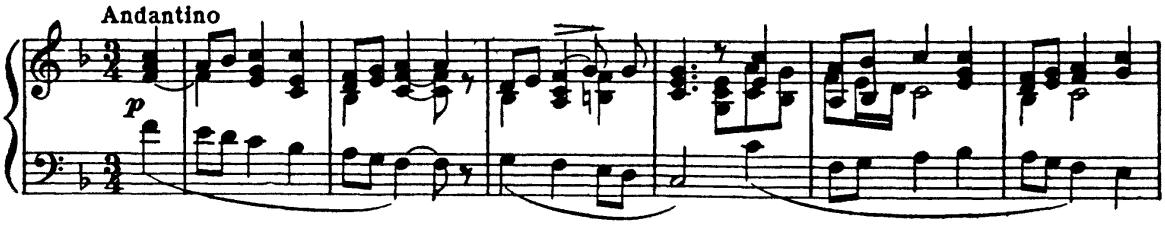


foreboding by the plod-plod of a death march. But seldom elsewhere are these thrusts of tone enjoyable.

More frequently alterations in the length of the tones fix the accent of the rhythmic group. There is a steadiness of pulsation that becomes an expectation and a suspense at the same time in the Schumann "Ich hab' im Traum geweinet." This has an unmistakable word-accent, to be sure; but it needs no volume-emphasis to make clear the nature of the group, so definitely do the longer tones establish the rhythm.

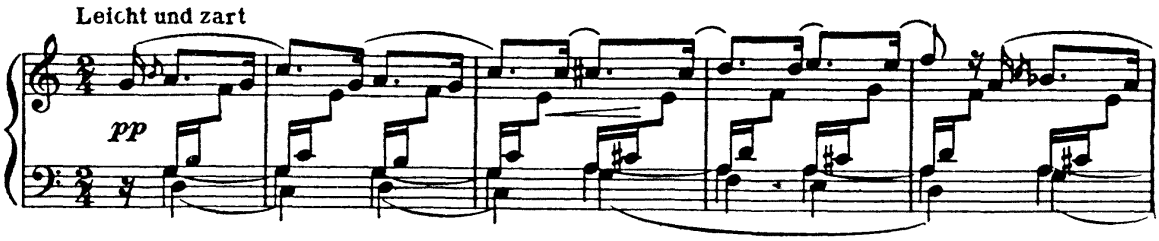


In his "Marie" Franz on the contrary utilizes the short tones to do the same service of accent, and so engagingly does he accomplish this that we feel the lilt of a graceful dance and are easily tricked into the use also of volume-accent.

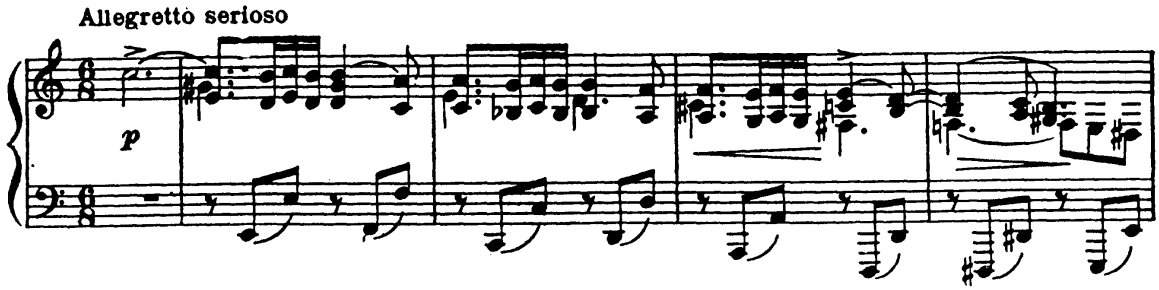


None of the great composers, however, have been often contented with one or even two methods of establishing the pulse and the group. Besides length and volume they use positives of pitch, repetition of figure, change of harmony, and the double-rhythm, together with all the devices of syncopation, whose first effect always is to strengthen the underlying, fundamental pulsation and group-form.

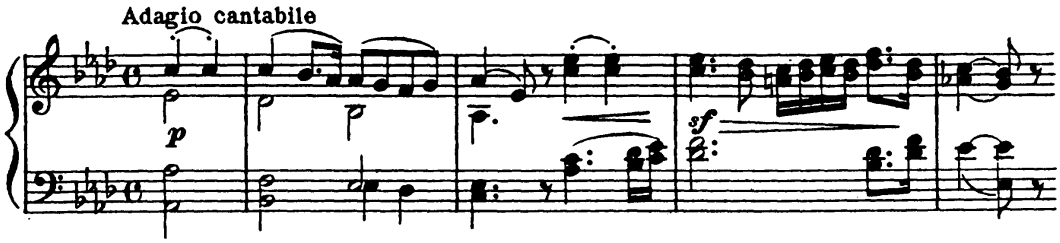
Notice, for example, in the Schumann "Arabesque" how the longer tone, the higher tone and the tone at the moment of changing the chord all unite to render unmistakable the rhythmic accent.



Notice the use of long tone, pitch-positive, chord-change, volume-accent, and repetition of figure, all serving to enforce the rhythm in the Grieg "Illusion."



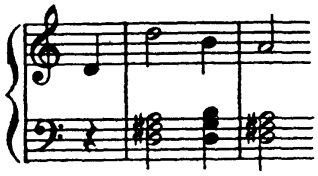
Notice how the harmonic potency of the theme from the Beethoven Violin Sonata, Op. 30, No. 2, reinforces the melodic stress, to render certain what would not otherwise so forcefully establish itself.



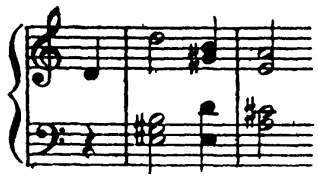
Harmonic and Color Accent. The contribution made by harmony and color to the means for announcing rhythms deserves a special paragraph because of the peculiar relationship this bears to the nature of tone itself. In the last analysis harmony is but a selective palette of colors. It is pitch in two dimensions, quality (timbre) magnified and simplified, an enlargement of the single tone. Harmonies are classified roughly into the restful or consonant chords, made up approximately from the lower partial tones of the chord of nature, and unrestful or dissonant chords, made up of further selections from higher partial tones of the chord of nature. (If one questions this explanation please observe that it is but an application of the idea upon which this whole article is grounded, namely that the development of music has followed in almost every particular the line of increasing sensitiveness to the underlying nature of tone.)

Chords are valuable, first for their own intrinsic beauty, second for their effect on melody, and third for their effect on rhythm. The first use needs no explanation here. The second use, that of defining and emphasizing melody, may have a brief illustration. Take the following bit of melody. Supported by

the chords here given this allies itself to a scale which has its own emotional background.

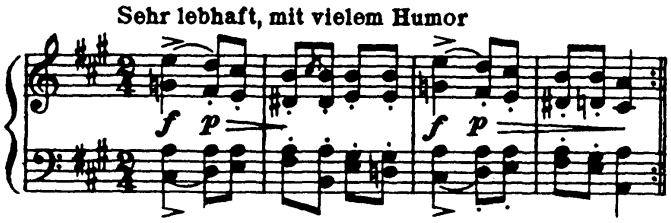


Supported by these other chords the melody has changed its scale relations and heightened suprisingly its feeling-tone.



But by far the most important function of the dissonant chord is to carry the music onward by the device known as resolution, that is, by intelligible motion into a suitable following chord. Thus the dissonant chord may become an active rhythmic factor; while the consonant chord is essentially a passive factor. In other words, the rhythm has to lift the consonant chord onward with it, while the dissonant chord can itself carry forward the rhythm. Harmony is, then, an important enlargement of the vocabulary of rhythm. Its force added to the other means of producing accent gives irresistible swing to the group; used as an alternative for other means it affords a welcome variety.

Schumann, Novellette, Op. 21, No. 6.



That color, both in the single tone and in the chord, through the special arrangement and emphasis of its individual tones, can be used likewise to enhance the effectiveness of a musical rhythm is becoming recognized to a certain extent. But the exploitation of this tonal characteristic has come last historically. The nineteenth century is sometimes called the century of the chord. It is possible that the twentieth century will be the century of musical color. One finds some reason for this belief in the fact that the greatest of present day composers are putting more stress than ever before upon musical color.

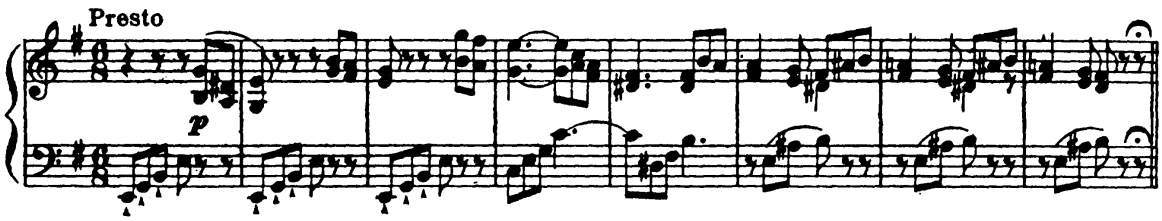
Enough at least has already been done to make it possible to assert dogmatically that musical rhythm has reached out its arms to every peculiarity of tone, and in proportion as it has become understood as an effect of beauty rhythm has adopted this beauty as its own. Rhythm thus enters into the life of the entire musical organism.

Double Rhythms. The one great step forward in the use of musical rhythms from the primitive sound-patterns came in the possibility of holding more than one rhythmic scheme in the mind at the same time. Williams makes a distinction between Primary Rhythms, which use tone values mainly as long as the beat or longer, and Secondary Rhythms, which are based on divisions of the beat. Two simultaneous melodies, or a melody and its accompaniment are frequently found to supplement each other in the use of these two species of rhythmic pattern. He declares that this usage is characteristic of the best music. In view of the examples already quoted, most of which are in one rhythm only, and of many others of the same nature, this statement must be regarded as too sweeping. It is, however, something to be noticed especially, that a large proportion of the literature of music consists of pieces in which hold is kept upon two or even more pace-units at once.

To appreciate this one needs to recognize two facts about rhythm in general, already hinted at. The first is the readiness with which regular pulsations become automatic. Now it is the characteristic feature of rhythm that it strives constantly and successfully against this tendency. The rhythm is a thing to be enjoyed, not to be relegated to subconsciousness. It does not wish to be forgotten or ignored, as one ignores the motions in walking. Hence it is that the rhythmic pattern seeks variation in its moments of initial shock, or (with music) in its methods of inducing the shock. Not the dullest of savages can content himself with a simple tapping like the tick of a clock. It is the beat, then, that does speedily become automatic. This alone it is that may properly be called by Professor Britan "mechanical, not intellectual or appreciative." On the contrary the group, which is the rhythm, welcomes every variety that is compatible with the underlying pulse. The second fact is that pace has a great influence upon the rhythm. Very rapid pace of the pulse permits less variety in the pattern; very slow pulse permits and to some extent induces wide variety in the pattern. Moreover, there are definite limits to the rapidity or slowness of the pulse,

and in the case of musical rhythm a certain mode of correcting the rate works almost automatically. If the underlying pulse is at nearly the rate of the heart-beat music seems to be of normal rapidity, neither fast nor slow. Wide deviation from this rate brings into the music the sensation of being positively fast or negatively slow. This feeling of rapidity attaches itself chiefly to the rate of pulsation, not to the actual speed with which tones succeed one another. So true is this that an illusion of change of rapidity can be induced merely by changing the number of notes that belong to a single pulse; and, more important still for the musician, if the pulses come too frequently the mind can restore a sense of the normal by assuming a slower rate of pulses to which the former are reckoned as subdivisions, while if the beats are too slow a similar restoration to normal can come through subdivision of the pulse into a group of beats.

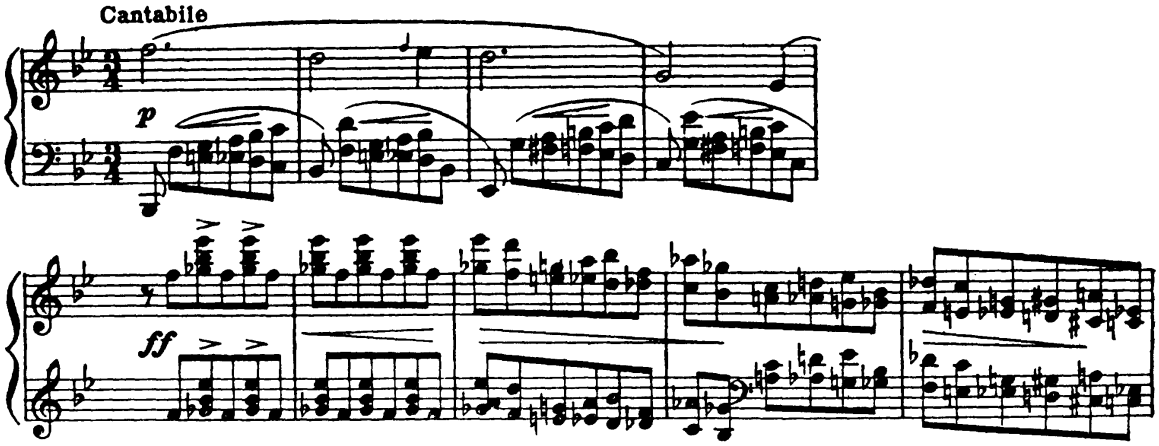
An interesting illustration of the effect of pace upon pulse sensation is to be found in the little Haydn Presto from the pianoforte sonata in E minor. This is marked $\frac{6}{8}$. If one takes this too fast it is well nigh impossible to avoid turning it into a moderato in double beat.



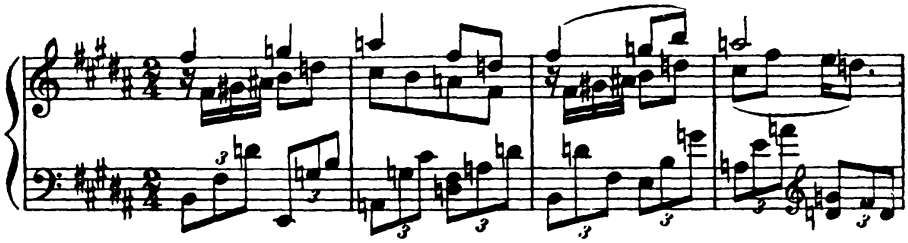
It is not at all a difficult thing to make this shift of pulsation-rate in the midst of a piece of music, or to carry as many as three pulsation-rates simultaneously in the mind, one fast, one medium, and one slow, especially if they conform to one series. Nor is it very difficult to do this latter when one of the pulsation-rates crosses the path of the others. Cross-rhythm has become almost a commonplace of recent writers.

Illustrations of the double rhythm abound. Those which conform to a single series usually are accepted without notice. Thus, in the Schumann "Arabesque," already quoted, two pulsation-rates can be kept in mind, one based on the quarter-note, one on the sixteenth. Later in the piece there comes a new theme in eighth-notes that could easily seem the main pulsation-rate. But manifestly the quarter-note beat is the important thing to hold to, as Schumann indicates by his time signature.

In the Chopin Prelude in B flat the use of the double rhythm takes on more significance. At the outset the rapid beat in sixes plays the rôle wholly of accompaniment to the melody in a pulse rate of threes, but, when the climax approaches, the rapid beat comes to the front as a distinct aid to the excitement, quite obliterating for the time the slower pulse. Notice here, too, one of our confusions in notation. There is no time signature for the group of six pulses compounded by three pairs of beats. Yet musically it is as valuable and well nigh as frequent in occurrence as is the group of sixes compounded from two triplets.



In the Dvořák "Sixth Humoresque," Op. 101, one finds places in which three pulsations-rates are carried on, and much of the distinction of the music depends upon feeling this sharply.



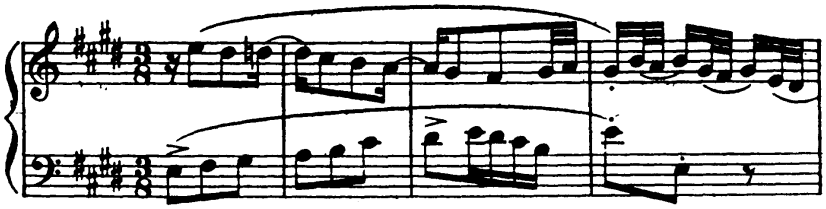
Many examples could be added, both of the subtle shift of pulse rate while still keeping a uniform note stride, and of the carrying on of two or more rates simultaneously, one or another of which is allowed to slip into the background when desired.

Rhythm and Syncopation. Still further, the interest that arises from omission of accent or misplaced accent, already perceived in the rhythms of percussion, is utilized both more subtly and more extensively in the rhythms of music. Mr. Williams says, "Though a hard and fast line cannot be drawn, it may be said in a general way that when Rhythms begin to omit any of their accents they begin to appeal to the imagination and the intellect more than to the physical faculties. For it

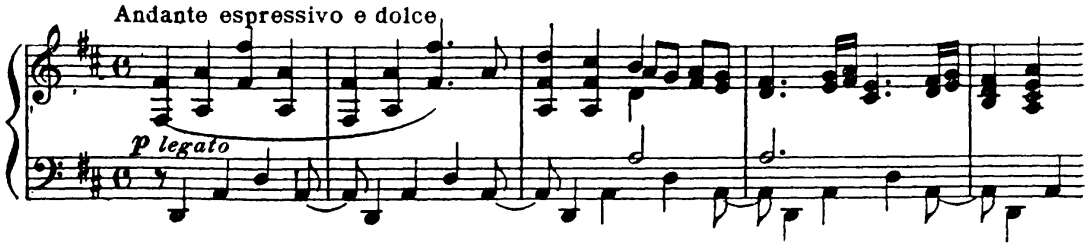
requires a higher degree of culture to recognize a thing that is only hinted at than a thing that is plainly set before one." A mere catalogue of the delicate shadings, omissions, cross purposes, and complicated suggestions that the nineteenth century has made familiar to musicians would extend this article beyond limits.

Syncopation is the piquant in rhythm. It is not in truth a misplaced accent, but an additional one, unexpected and frequently associated with an apparent, though not real, obscuration of the grammatical accent. It is not in the least difficult to understand, and is employed freely in primitive music and in folk-music of all ages. It becomes of greater value to the composer when it takes the form of double rhythms, either by setting the metrical group at odds with itself, or by juxtaposition of opposed metres (cross-rhythm).

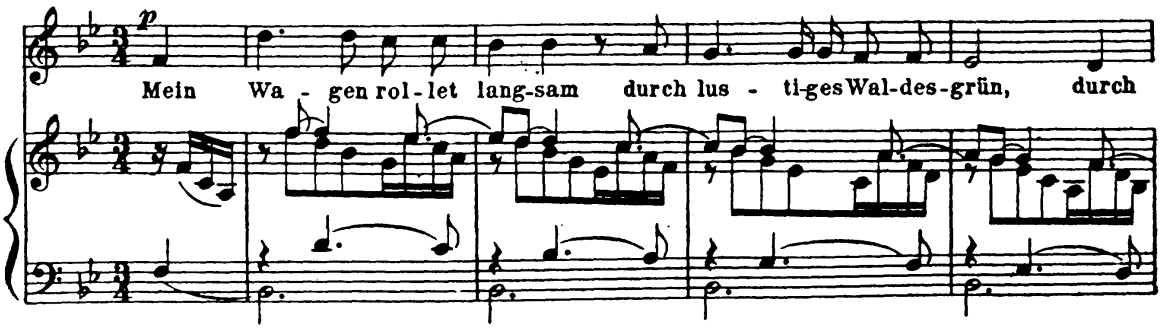
The Bach "Two-part Invention," No. 6, has a syncopation rhythm that lags a half-beat behind the principal rhythm.



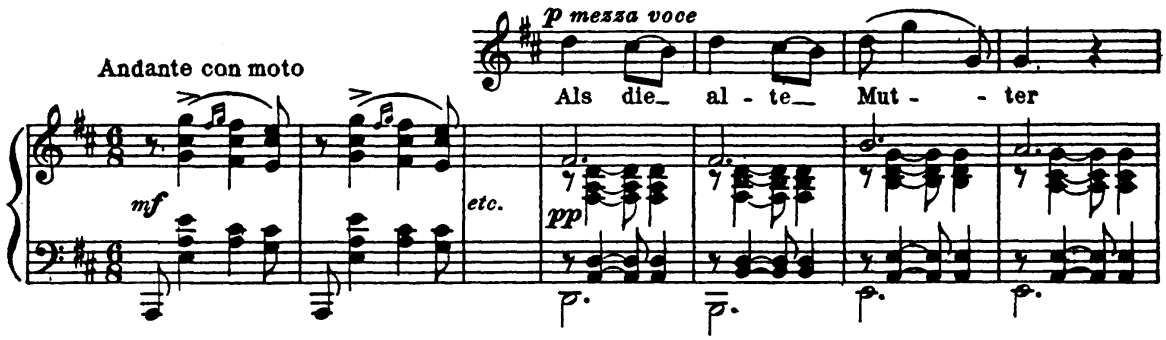
The first part of the Brahms "Ballade," Op. 10, No. 2, carries on a simple group syncopation for a long time without reverting once to the original rhythm.



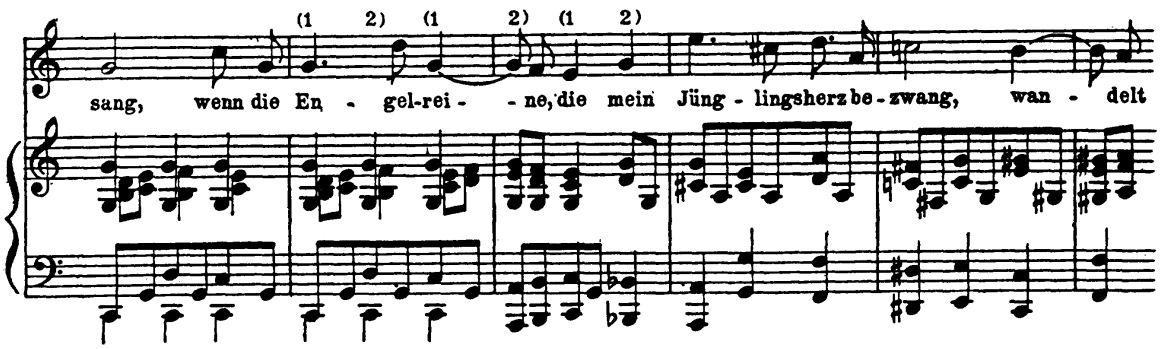
The Schumann song "Mein Wagen rollet langsam" is a remarkable example of the happy adaptation of this type of syncopation to suggest the mood of the poem.



Cross-Rhythm. A still more popular sort of syncopation in the nineteenth century is that known as cross-rhythm. This is an easy form of the double pulse idea, where the main accents coincide but the beat pulsations are at variance with each other. It is hardly necessary to give quotations, so well known are many of the compositions which do this. Two particularly striking examples are the Schumann "Des Abends" which uses three pulses against two, and the Chopin "Etude in A major" which has threes against fours. Dvořák's Gipsy song "Die Alte Mutter" is a notable illustration, in that the accompaniment is both in cross-rhythm to the voice and itself is full of simple syncopations.



Interpolated Rhythms. It is but another application of the idea of syncopation and cross-rhythm when we find Brahms making a shift of group without changing the pulse itself, as in the "Minnelied," where measures eight and nine are in fact a sudden interpolation of three measures of two-time for the apparent two measures of three-time.



Schumann had already done this, as what had he not done in the way of rhythmic evasions and subtleties! One could hardly find a more perfect test of his power to appreciate the delicate stresses of rhythm than in the "Abend-musik," Op. 99. After a brief introduction and a lovely straightforward theme Schumann begins his trick of cross-rhythms by putting metres of two in the place of threes, making recovery at the cadences. Afterwards he

returns to the simple rhythm and theme, perhaps to settle one firmly in the saddle, and then without warning plunges us into a new key and a cross-rhythm most astounding—for it consists in jumping the group one beat ahead without the slightest help in retaining the original rhythm, whose strong beat is never once struck throughout the section. To the person who can hold the sense of the original swing and so can conceive this as a true syncopation the effect is entrancing. Otherwise it disappears completely.

Other Irregularities. One may easily see that the logic of such procedures will justify also many another irregularity. It is not surprising to find such irregularities scattered along the path of the history of rhythm. Redundant or incomplete metrical groups, for instance, appear in early music mainly as slips due to failure to observe metrical distinctions, and recur in modern music as conscious attempts to "recapture the first fine careless rapture." It is no uncommon thing to find twentieth century writers changing time signatures almost from measure to measure in order to attain this freedom. Illustrations of surprising effectiveness in use of the occasional missing or superfluous beat might be given; for example, the Sinding song "Es schrie ein Vogel."

Rhythm and Form. A larger rhythmical problem of intense interest to the composer deals with the entire phrase (cadence group). The instinctive length of a musical line or phrase is two, four or eight measures (accent groups). Yet soon this becomes tiresome, and the best composers have always found means to avoid the irritating regularity. Mendelssohn is a master in the art of elision or of extension of the cadence group. His "Songs without Words" are full of constructive charm, and, though familiar, nevertheless deserve careful study. Such enticing devices as the three-measure phrases in the Mozart "Minuetto" from the G minor Symphony, and as the five-measure phrases in the Brahms "Rhapsodie," Op. 119, No. 4, are refreshing examples of this freedom in cadence group formation.

But rhythm, which starts as an expression of motor activity, finds its most exalted task in supplying the basis of form. The illustrations just cited were problems of form as much as of rhythm. It is at this point that tonality and harmony take the

place of rhythm and solve the difficulties it cannot wholly meet. The welcome flexibility in larger rhythms is prevented from seeming lawless by the contrasts of key and by the harmonic goals that mark the onward sweep of the music. With these factors becoming more important the delight in rhythm frequently shows itself as much by the elusive, almost subconscious changes which a composer knows how to weave into his web of beauty. It may be evident that certain tendencies of the present day point toward an abandonment of both rhythm and form, but at least it is true that these stand or fall together, for they are manifestations of the same spirit in music. It is also clear that rhythm ultimately merges into the larger architectural problems of music.

That this vast and complicated extension of a simple periodic motion to be the informing force of a glorious art is an intellectual process should go without saying. It is none the less an emotional process; for, though music without rhythm be dead, its life is the embodiment of the vibrant tone, which has in every way put itself at the disposal of rhythm. Though the object of life be far other than mere existence, one may still glow with the pleasure of the healthful organism and rejoice in its possession. Certainly we are justified in concluding, with Professor Dickinson, that:

> These forms, that rival the living forms of nature in affluence and beauty, are to music what the nervous system is to the human organism. Through this vibrating network the soul of music is revealed. It is not merely the means of obtaining unity amid diversity, *it is the very life of music itself.*